

STORY OF THE SAMPSON-SCHLEY FEUD

By FRANK PUTNAM

FIFTY YEARS OF RACING FOR A SEA CUP

September AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON Ten Cents

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



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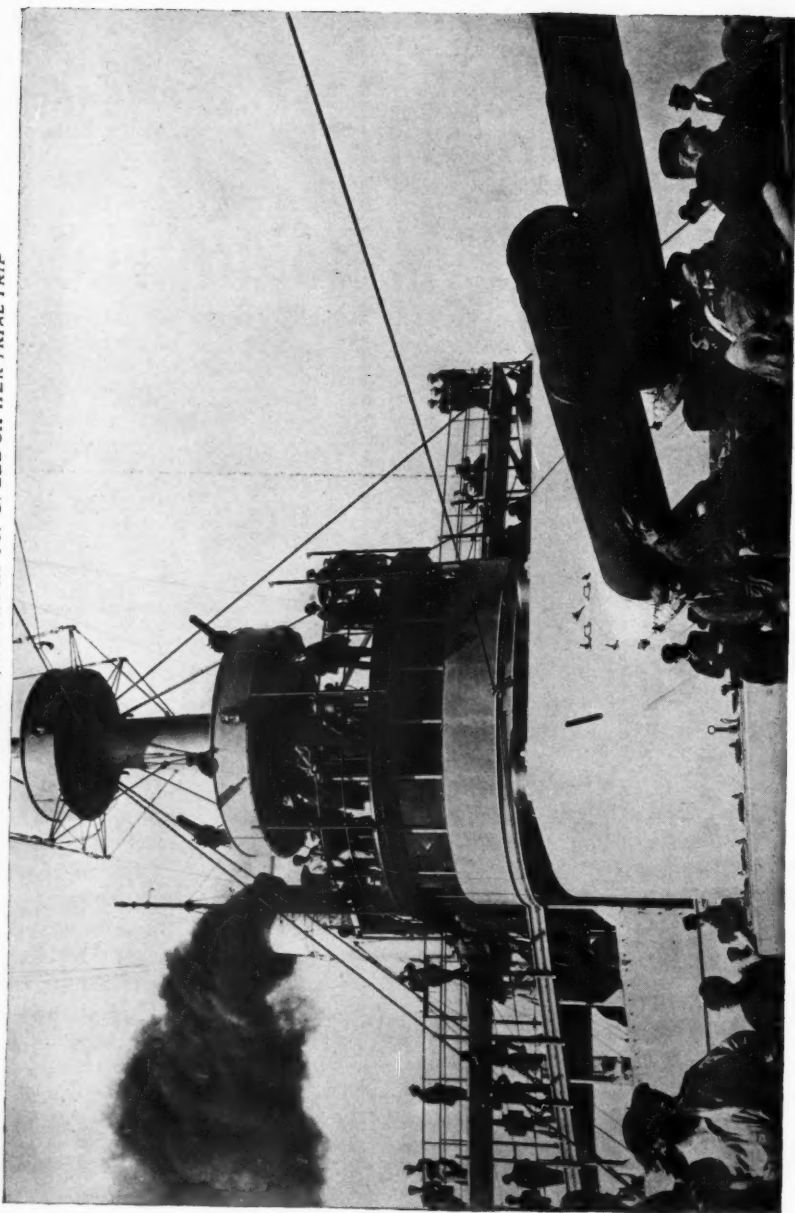
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THE BATTLESHIP "ILLINOIS," CHAMPION OF HER CLASS, RACING AT TOP SPEED ON HER TRIAL TRIP



# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## *Affairs at Washington*

*By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

**A**BOVE the seething caldron of smoke from the tall chimneys of factories, in the top story of a Cleveland office building, Senator M. A. Hanna spent the midsummer days. Presumed to be enjoying a vacation from his duties as United States senator,—he was at work. With his face turned squarely toward the desk, he was going through a mass of correspondence with vigor and determination, and a concentration that made the veins in his polished head shine. The office is reached by a circuitous route. In the outer and the inner rooms are large photographs of President McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, and it is not difficult from the portraits to surmise the senator's politics. Immediately over the desk was a picture of Senator Hanna and the engineer of the train during the memorable South Dakota campaign trip. It is called "The Two Engineers." One was the engineer of the train, and the other was the engineer of the campaign party. Surmounting the mantel was a large picture of D. P. Rhodes, father-in-law of Senator Hanna and founder of the business of M. A. Hanna & Co.; conspicuous among his diploma decorations is a membership in the red-coated fire department. Enveloped in a cloud of smoke, the senator greeted me in the

brusque, hearty way that does effective service in campaign work. I looked for the man in the cartoons and must say that if ever a cartoonist missed his mark—dollar mark and all—it is the man who made Mark Hanna his target. The malignity of it all is at once apparent to any one who has ever met the senator. For there are few men in active and successful political life who have more of the sincere confidence of those who know him. I ventured to suggest that there were thousands of people who would like to see Marcus A. Hanna president. He turned on me quickly and I thought I was going out of the window.

"Not a bit of it! I am not a candidate and I do not want any more such nonsense talked. Do you hear? Anyhow, it is too early to agitate such a question. The Republican party has plenty of good men. What we want more than all else is to keep the good times going right on—McKinley times. With plenty of work and wages we can manage somehow fairly and equitably to adjust these other problems."

\* \* \*

Seated at a "round table" like King Arthur's knights of old, in a stuffy upper room of the dingy Cleveland city hall, was the board of public works—plus the portly form of Tom L. Johnson. Clap-

ping his hands together in a positive manner, the mayor would call across the table, "What do you think of that,

CAPTAIN HENRY LEONARD OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS



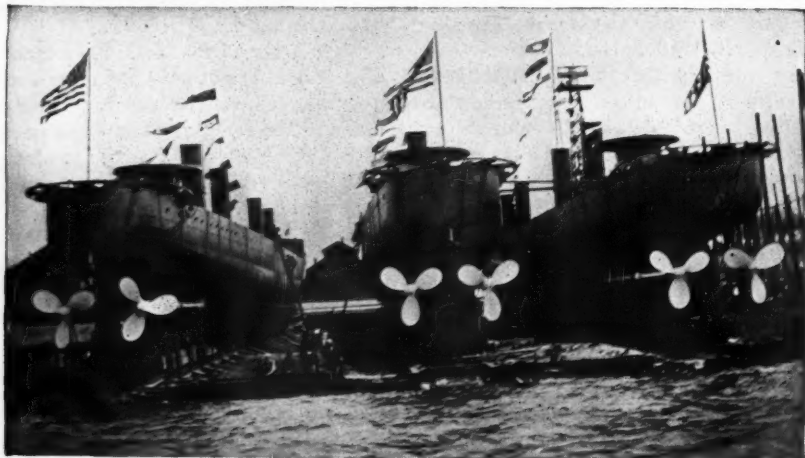
Charlie?" "What is your idea, John?" "Now, I think we had better do this, George." Some of the distinguished members of the board would reply in a familiar way, addressing his honor as

"Tom," who was smoking cigars at a fierce rate. The water question of Cleveland was under consideration. Oddly enough, there was an air of Kentucky chivalry about this board that was refreshing. Mayor Johnson has a pleasing, direct and open countenance. His manners are business-like and positive. He has a way of turning things about in the right way after the matter has been introduced by one of the members with the cart before the horse, that reveals his great executive ability. Tom Johnson is certainly a dominating force, and is devoting his energies to making a good mayor, putting the municipal affairs of Cleveland on a solid business basis, with an "Ohio man purpose."

\* \* \*

Somehow or other there is an air of reciprocity clinging about every congressman I have met recently. This is an impression gleaned from the listless midsummer observations at Washington. The question of foreign markets is one that has been studied at close range during the summer months, as there has been an exodus of congressmen to foreign ports to obtain facts at first hand.

THREE TORPEDO BOATS—THE "WHIPPLE," "TRUXTON" AND "WORDEN"—LAUNCHED AT SPARROW'S POINT, MARYLAND



Already a vast number of petitions are in circulation, involving that benevolent word "Reciprocity" in some way or other. Boards of trade, manufacturers and business men are actively enlisted in the cause, and Blaine's idea seems likely soon to become the policy of his party.

\* \* \*

In view of over a century of achievement, it is singular that the history of the United States Marine Corps is so little known to those outside the pale of naval circles. During the war with Spain, Congress permitted the temporary addition of a number of officers and men who were honorably mustered out with the declaration of peace. The Personnel bill was then pending in Congress, and with its enactment the officers were given the first opportunity to present themselves for examination for permanent appointment in the service; second, non-commissioned officers were given the opportunity; and third, young men from civil life, preferably graduates of military schools and academies.

The force now consists of a brigadier-general commandant, five colonels, five lieutenant-colonels, ten majors, sixty captains, sixty first and second lieutenants. These places having all been filled, there are no more appointments to the corps to be made, excepting from the list of graduates of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Lieutenant Henry Leonard, who was at the front in the battle of Tien Tsin and who, though badly wounded, crossed the field in the face of a galling fire to carry a wounded comrade to a place of

safety, is one of the Marine Corps. This act of bravery was recognized by the department in his retention in the service,

MISS ISABELLE TRUXTON CHRISTENING THE  
TORPEDO BOAT "TRUXTON"



when, under ordinary circumstances, he would have been retired for disability. Captain Leonard is now in command of a marine detachment at the Pan-American Exposition. At present there is in Cavite a large garrison of marines. Captain Frederick Leison Bradman, now in command of the Marine Guard on the cruiser "Philadelphia," at present en route to the Samoan Islands via Honolulu, is a Boston boy, one of two appointed from the old Bay State. Captain Bradman graduated from the Bordentown, New Jersey, Military Institute,

in June, 1898, when the war with Spain was at its height, entered the service at once and when peace was declared in the following December, was honorably discharged. With the passing of the Personnel Bill he was permitted to present himself for examination for appointment to the permanent service, and passed, ranking number seven in a class of twenty-nine. He is popular with his brother officers and is highly esteemed by his men. This is one of the many commissions given young men from civil life that have placed them in positions of great responsibility, high honor and with comfortable incomes. A marine officer serves until he arrives at the age

of sixty-two years, when he is retired with seventy-five per cent of the pay attached to the rank he then occupies.

\* \* \*

Secretary James Wilson has returned to Washington from his trip through the West studying the drought situation and the rain-making proposition. As a successful and practical farmer, he always has something interesting to say. Now he insists that a rotation of crops will prevent the disastrous effects of drought to a large extent. The secretary is going to ask Congress for \$10,000 to develop the silk worm industry. "And why not?" he said, wiping the dog-day perspiration off his corrugated brow. "The

girls on the farm would then attend to the silk worm instead of indulging in so much embroidery and fancy work, and have some American silk to work with. In Utah, the silk worms have thrived and they would also thrive in the southern states. The Osage orange leaves are most successful substitutes for mulberry leaves. We have made the raising of tea a successful proposition in South Carolina, and the silk worm problem will soon be successfully solved. In France it furnishes a revenue for more than 150,000 families." Secretary Wilson is just old-fashioned enough to believe in the thrift that makes his own race of Scotchmen so self-reliant and vigorous.

\* \* \*

There has been a national interest in the gubernatorial campaign which has been on for several months in Iowa. The nomination of A. B. Cummins of Des Moines for governor closed the combat.

THE CAPITOL DOME AS SEEN THROUGH A LANE OF GREEN IN THE BOTANICAL GARDEN



The plank in the platform on the trust question is aggressive and positive. The convention, numbering 1,641 delegates, was the largest ever held between the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers. Ten thousand people were present as spectators. Out of the field of six candidates, Mr. Cummins was nominated on the first ballot by a majority of thirty-nine. Mr. Cummins' nomination is the first gratification of a political ambition of ten years duration. Eight years ago Mr. Cummins was a candidate against five others for the United States senatorship to succeed James F. Wilson. John H. Gear, ex-governor of Iowa, popularly known as "Old Business," was chosen by the legislature. Two years ago Mr. Cummins again was pitted against Senator Gear but was defeated. Personally, Mr. Cummins is a striking man, six feet tall, broad shouldered and handsome. He is fifty-one years of age, and has been for years a leading lawyer of the state.

\* \* \*

It seems singular that in these times of prosperity, with all our natural resources being developed, when the money makers, possessing all the essentials of life, are searching for luxuries, recreation, change of scene and climate, that the development of American mineral springs as places of recreation and health resorts should be so limited. The report published by the department of the interior on the mineral springs of the

United States, gives these figures on the natural mineral spring waters sold in America in 1899: Amount, 39,562,136

PRETTY AND PIQUANT IN A PICTURE HAT



gallons; value, \$6,948,030; number of springs reporting, 541. In 1883, the first year that the figures were compiled, the volume in gallons was 7,529,423; value,

1,119,603, number of springs, 189. This indicates only a fair gain, for \$8,000,000 is small when we consider that the bill of the city of London is \$20,000,000 annually, and of the United Kingdom \$160,000,000.

The American people comprehend the value of fine water and surcease from

send thousands of patients to the spas of Europe, and import thousands of dollars worth of bottles of mineral waters annually. Why should we do so, when the country is fairly bubbling with mineral waters, low-mineralized, high-mineralized, hot, cold, black as ink, pure as dew, as light and sparkling as champagne,

ART LOVERS STUDYING PAINTINGS IN PAN-AMERICAN GALLERIES



labor. It seems as if it was time to make plain the great economic importance of the scientific application of the waters, and a more extended utilization of them for commercial purposes. England exports 1,000,000 dozen bottles of mineral waters annually, America none. We

and as heavy as the waters of the Dead Sea.

We have been mighty busy making money—so fast in fact that not one, but many, have got to move fast to spend it, and while doing this we are going to live and drink well, and get the gout,

rheumatism and those formidable ailments which prompt a physician to bundle us off to the springs to take a course of internal baths.

\* \* \*

Congressman Joseph W. Babcock has returned from his bridal tour to Europe with a set determination to see that those trusts no longer requiring a protective tariff shall be made to stand on their own bottoms. He is already accumulating a mass of documentary ammunition that will be brought into action during the early winter months. Mr. Babcock has his eye on the old mahogany eight-day clock that stands in the Senate lobby and greets new comers on that side of the capitol. The old clock has ticked its meted measure for over a century—beginning with the time when there were only seventeen states. What scenes it has faced in all these years! Unlike the traditional grandfather's clock, it keeps right on despite death and political avalanches.

\* \* \*

Despite the languor of dog days, there is an under-current of activity among the senators and congressmen in making plans for the winter. There is Senator Hanna joining Senator Frye on a fishing tour in Maine; and the Senate committee on commerce is likely to have the decks ready for action early in the session with each man at his gun. On a shady bank of a trout stream in the Pine Tree state they discussed the problem of merchant marine. The determination which budded in that leafy nook will bloom on the floor of the Sen-

ate in a shipping bill that will be launched with the same grace as a Bath brig. When a purpose comes right out of the soil and has a touch of real nature about it, the wiles and schemes of human nature must give way before it; and the real Maine pitch and tar is going into

MME. REGINA RENGIFO, RICH, BEAUTIFUL AND A WIDOW, WHO IS TO BECOME THE BRIDE OF FIRST SECRETARY THEIBAUT OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY



the merchant marine fight at the next session of Congress.

\* \* \*

In view of the acceptance of the Platt amendment by the Cuban Congress, and the probable political pacification of the island, some words of our third president, written to the fifth president in 1823, should prove of interest. "Do we wish

to acquire to our confederacy some more of the provinces of Spain? I candidly confess that I have ever looked on Cuba as the most interesting addition that ever could be made to our system of states and yet I am sensible that this can never be obtained, even with her own consent, but by war. And its independence, which is our second interest, (and especially its independence of England) can be secured without. I have no hesitation in abandoning my first wish to future chances and accepting its independence." And our statesmen of all parties are still looking hopefully to the future.

"Beware of much speaking," is as good advice now as when Jefferson—if his classic phrase may be quoted—was thus moved to refer to Patrick Henry:

"He began life as a barkeeper, failed in business the first year, and became a member of the house of burgesses. Oft times when opposed to me in debate, I have been interested while he was talking. But when he had finished I have asked myself, 'What in the devil has he said?' "

This picture may be applied to some public men of to-day. "Who?" you say. Well, just put the cap where it fits.

\* \* \*

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES, ONE OF THE MASTERS OF  
MODERN SCIENTIFIC ADVERTISING



Major Pruden's accomplishments are many and varied. The government relies upon his skill as a penman. Custom has made it imperative that certain official communications issued by the executive shall go forth from the White House in plain penmanship, and in this respect the major's product rivals engraving. He also employs a deft pen in connection with his water-color outfit for invitations and diagrams of the table at social functions at the White House, and his handiwork is to be seen in the home of almost every cabinet officer since Grant's administration.

Probably the most admired production from his pen is an engrossed copy of the Constitution of the United States that he made at the request of President Cleveland, and which the latter sent to the Pope on the occasion of His Holiness' golden jubilee; it is still preserved in the Vatican at Rome among the archives and souvenirs of the Pope.

When Mr. Pruden enlisted in the Eleventh New Jersey Volunteers and was required to sign his name, the writing so impressed the recruiting officer that he immediately detailed the recruit as clerk. His skill as a master penman became known to the brigade and department commanders and he was soon transferred to the judge advocate general's office, where his work again attracted wide attention, and he was then transferred to the clerical force of the White House, where he has served since 1872 as assistant secretary to the President.

Major Pruden was nominated for paymaster in the regular army, and gave up his place as assistant secretary to the President pending the appointment of the late Adelbert S. Hay to the latter position. After serving but two days he resumed his duties at the White House.

MISS LOUISE TUCKER, ONE OF WASHINGTON'S MOST BEAUTIFUL SOCIETY GIRLS, TO BE MARRIED THIS MONTH TO LIEUTENANT N. B. RITTENHOUSE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY



A perusal of "Franklin's Prospectus" of 1754, for the establishment of two

MISS NEWLANDS, THE CHARMING DAUGHTER OF THE CONGRESSMAN



western colonies in the great country back of the Appalachian Mountains on both sides of the Ohio, prompts the suggestion that the region thus embraced is almost identical with the country now populated by millions, which is so directly interested in the latest of the industrial expositions at Buffalo.

"From the natural advantages," wrote the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac," "it must undoubtedly (perhaps in less than a century) become a populous and powerful dominion and a great accession of power either to England or France." Thus did the sage of his day and generation speculate from the politi-

cal point of view. "If two strong colonies of English were settled between

"For the security of the colony," said Franklin, "a small fort might be erected

MAXWELL KENNEDY, THE BOY SOPRANO OF GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY. A KANSAS CITY LAD OF 13 YEARS, WHO GIVES PROMISE OF GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS



MR. THEIBAUT, FIRST SECRETARY OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON, WHO WILL MARRY MME. REGINA RENGIFO



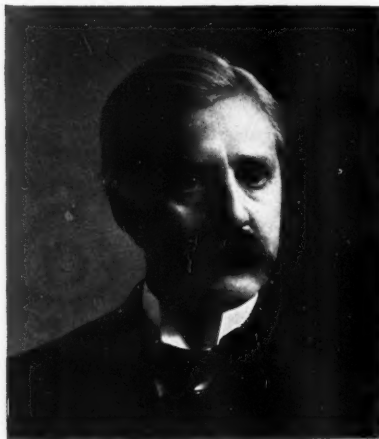
at Buffalo Creek, on the Ohio, another at the mouth of the Tioga, on the south

F U ADAMS, WHOSE SENSATIONAL NOVEL "TREATING OF AMERICAN PLUTOCRATS—THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES"—IS BEING WIDELY READ AND DISCUSSED



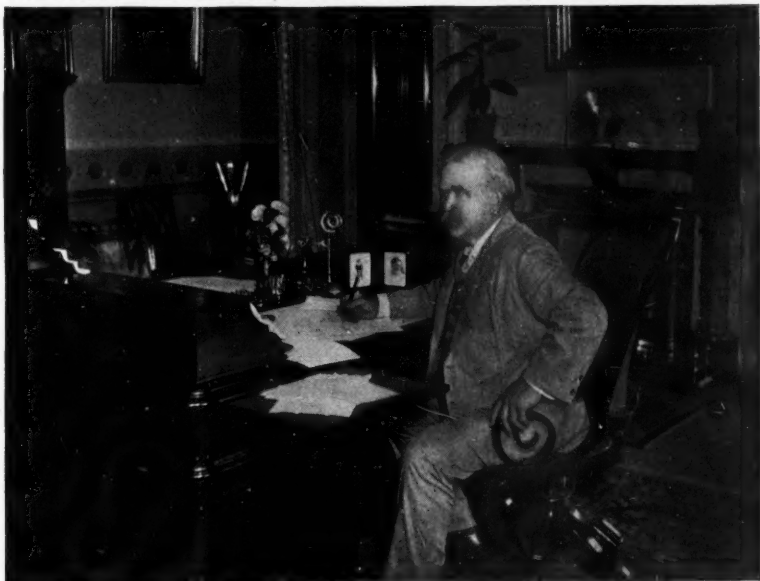
the Ohio and Lake Erie great advantages might be expected.

A B CUMMINS OF DES MOINES, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF IOWA



side of Lake Erie, and the banks of the river Scioto for forty miles back might be the location of still another colony."

SECRETARY LONG, WHO SIGNALIZED HIS SUMMER VACATION BY FORMALLY PRESENTING A LIBRARY TO HIS NATIVE TOWN, BUCKSPORT, ME., RETURNS TO THE WORK OF HIS POSITION, NOW ESPECIALLY TRYING, WITH RENEWED VIGOR



## THE STORY OF THE SAMPSON-SCHLEY FEUD

By Frank Putnam

*"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."*

*"The average man would rather talk against his own interests than keep his mouth shut."*

**Y**OU never realize how much homely truth there is in these nubbins of horse sense until you see a pair of good fellows, both capable of doing real man work, but just now having nothing to do, fall to quarreling over shadows. Let a lot of fool friends enter the fight, with no limit to the loud talk except the ceiling, and the spectacle it all affords is one to make the gods weep and plain ordinary bread-eaters take to strong language.

"Glory enough for all," said Schley, after the battle of Santiago.

It appears that he was mistaken. There doesn't seem to be enough to go around.

Here are the principal figures in the fracas:

**WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY**, rear admiral; a southern gentleman; a brave and a fortunate officer; a shrewd diplomat, master of the first principle in practical politics—to ignore intemperate attack, confident that it will react upon its makers.

**WILLIAM T. SAMPSON**, rear admiral; a master of naval strategy but no politician; brave enough, but unlucky in that he was absent when opportunity knocked at his door—the opportunity to be present and command in person when the Spanish fleet came out of Santiago harbor

and was destroyed. Quiet, not much of a talker; not a hale-fellow-well-met with all classes, but profoundly respected and well liked by his comrades in the navy.

*GEORGE DEWEY*, admiral; whom everybody loves.

*PASCUAL CERVERA*, admiral of the Spanish navy, commander of the squadron that was destroyed at Santiago; heroic in battle against odds;

a fascinating gentleman who captivated the hearts of his conquerors.

*EDGAR STANTON MACLAY*, naval historian.

Officers and men of both squadrons; politicians, hungry for notoriety and party advantage, rather pleased than otherwise at the prospect of a fight in which they can take a hand; partisan newspapers, bidding for circulation by emphasizing all

REAR ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, THE MAN OF THE MONTH IN AMERICA



the sensational details of the affair; the general public, eager to see justice done both rear admirals, wishing both to be liberally rewarded for their patriotic services, but more than a little puzzled and disgusted by what has the look of a fight for the spoils of honor.

Now, let's see if we can get the straight of the whole story, sift out the partisan

several other officers and gave him chief command, as acting rear admiral. Schley said nothing, but a section of the press and some of the politicians began to grumble about the "favoritism" shown Sampson. This grumbling, confined mostly to the peace-at-any-price papers, evoked no marked popular response; most people took it for granted that the navy department knew its men better

MRS. WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, THE CHARMING WIFE OF THE REAR ADMIRAL



feeling, and take a fairly accurate survey of the men and their motives.

When the Spanish war began, Schley was Sampson's senior officer. The navy department believed Sampson was the best man it had to put in control of our fleet operating in West Indian waters, best fitted to plan and direct the movements of its several squadrons, so it lifted him over the heads of Schley and

than the press and the politicians did, and was equally desirous to win success in the war.

#### THE FAT GENERAL HOODOOS SAMPSON

Next we find Cervera's squadron cooped up in the harbor of Santiago. The fleet commanded by Sampson is on guard outside. Schley is there on the

"Brooklyn," second in command. Sampson gets word from Shafter, down the coast somewhere, that he must have a conference with the fleet commander. Sampson, considering that Shafter is so hopelessly fat that he has to be lifted onto his horse, and assisted into his hammock even, and also that the army commander is his senior, decides to run down the coast in his cruiser "New York" to see what it is that Shafter wants. Sampson has told his captains what to do in case the Spaniards come out, but he dreads to go away for fear they may make the attempt while he is gone. He sails away, looking over his shoulder regretfully. Just within sight of Siboney he hears the roar of guns, and knows that the thing he fears has taken place—the Spaniards have started out of the harbor. So he fairly scorches the water rushing back to get into the battle. But luck is against him;

the best he can do is to see the finish through a field glass and hurl a few shot in the direction of the foe, just to show how he stands in the matter. Clark, and Philip, and Evans, and Cook, and Wainwright and the others have driven the fleeing, fighting Dons ashore or to the bottom of the sea. Schley has been senior officer present during the engagement, and the people give him the credit for the victory.

Next day we all read a telegram signed "Sampson," in which the author "presents a victory," etc., to his countrymen. The message leaves a bad taste in the mouth; it smacks of egotism; some think it fails to give sufficient credit to Schley. And this feeling grows, fanned by the sensational press, until the masses of the people become half convinced that Sampson has jealously tried to rob Schley of the honor due him for his part in the battle; and that Sampson is a conceited ass, anyway.

Meantime, there is a popular clamor for promotion of the men who won the victory. Here the politicians get in their work. The Schley men insist that as he was actually in command when the fight took place, he should be given higher rank than Sampson, the unlucky, who was absent. Sampson's friends insist that as he was the chief officer of the fleet, and gave the orders that were actually followed by the American captains fighting the battle, he should be given the higher rank. It develops that the parties to the controversy are of about equal strength, and there is a deadlock, neither man gaining the coveted rank of vice admiral.

The sensational press

*GEORGE DEWEY, OUR ONLY ADMIRAL, WHO HAS OVER 76,000,000 FRIENDS IN THIS COUNTRY AND A GOOD MANY IN FOREIGN PARTS INCLUDING SPAIN*



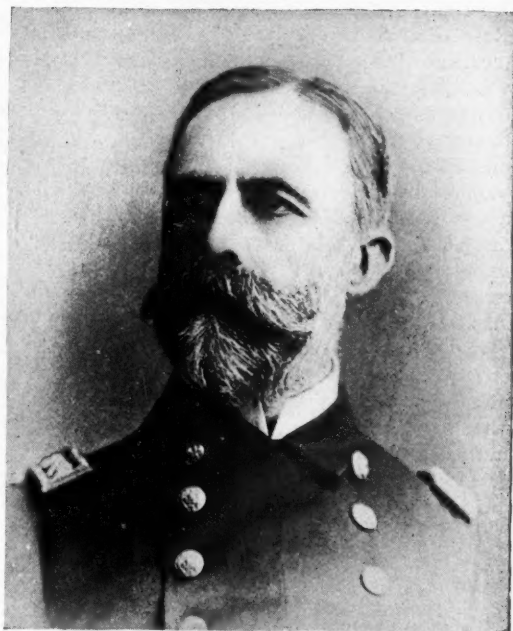
finds other matters to talk about, and the reading public gets a grateful rest from the controversy for a time. But the issue remains unsettled, and the politicians are at work on both sides, laying the wires for the next test of strength. One morning the country reads in its daily papers that Sampson has written a letter opposing the promotion of one Gunner Morgan from the ranks to the position of a commissioned officer of the navy. Sampson is shown to have set down in writing his opinion that men promoted from the ranks lack the polish required of United States naval officers in social intercourse. He opposes such promotions in the navy. This sets the Schley men after Sampson like a pack of hungry wolves after a wounded buffalo. We all join in the chorus, denouncing a sentiment so foreign to the spirit of our institutions, and shaking our fists at the man who uttered it. Gunner Morgan is held up to us as an injured hero, and we see plainly that Sampson is a snob. The papers make us aware of the fact that Sampson came of poor and plain parentage, and suggest by inference that he is ashamed of his origin.

Schley stock booms as Sampson securities decline, and the fight seems to have been settled. Many even of Sampson's former partisans wash their hands of him after the Gunner Morgan episode, and "guess that after all" they were mistaken; that Schley is the fitter man to be vice admiral.

The ink is hardly dry upon our printed denunciations of Sampson, the man who tried to keep down the noble Morgan

because of his humble station, when the same daily papers bring us news that this same Morgan has demonstrated his

REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, WHO PLANNED THE NAVAL CAMPAIGN OF 1898



personal unfitness to hold a commission, or to associate with the holders of commissions. This takes the edge off our opinion of Sampson as to this particular case, though it doesn't excuse the un-American quality of his views uttered in the letter.

#### ENTER MACLAY WITH A BOOK IN HIS HAND

Enter Maclay. This interesting person fires a bomb into the arena, and as all hands are hit by the splinters they all start talking again. Maclay asserts, in the newest volume of his "History of the American Navy," that Schley, by his conduct in the Spanish campaign, proved himself a liar, a coward and a poltroon;

that he disobeyed orders and generally made a muss of things.

Nothing left for Schley to do now but ask for a court of inquiry. He does it, and Secretary Long promptly selects Admiral George Dewey to preside, with Rear Admirals Benham and Howison as members of the court, and, as Judge Advocate, Captain Samuel C. Lemley. This court, composed of men who have kept their mouths closed concerning the famous feud, will soon sit to determine whether Rear Admiral Schley was a liar, a coward and a poltroon; whether he disobeyed orders and, if he did, whether he was justified in so exercising the discretion lodged in him as squadron commander.

While the court is being formed and preparing to begin work, the enterprising "New York Journal" obtains interviews with Admiral Cervera, Captain Eulate and some of the other Spanish officers

CAPTAIN EULATE, ONE OF CERVERA'S CAPTAINS, WHO PAID HIGH TRIBUTE TO THE VALOR OF REAR ADMIRAL SCHLEY



ADMIRAL CERVERA, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH SQUADRON THAT WAS DESTROYED OFF THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO



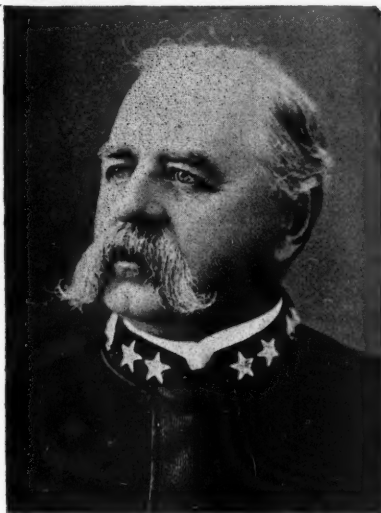
who fought at Santiago. They declare they are satisfied with the way they were licked, that the job was workmanlike and strictly professional. Cervera is reported to have said that he took advantage of Sampson's absence with the swift and powerful "New York" to make the rush for the open sea. He is made to explain the charge that Schley, in the "Brooklyn," ran away from the Spaniards' rush, and in so doing nearly sunk the "Texas," which had to shorten speed and turn out of its course to avoid a collision. Cervera is quoted as saying that his purpose was to ram and sink the "Brooklyn" at the outset of the battle, relying thereafter upon the supposed greater speed of his vessels to escape from the American battleships. He says Schley fathomed his purpose and played the game like an expert, dodging away to escape being rammed, and sweeping back into the fight like a tiger. This on the

face of it, added to the fact conceded by all concerned, that the "Brooklyn" both gave and received more punishment than any other American vessel engaged, seems to disprove, if so absurd a charge needed disproving, the assertion that Schley "ran away." This charge is about on a par with the charge that Sampson, knowing the Spaniards were about to come out, went down the coast to avoid the battle.

Just on the eve of the inquiry Sampson lets it be known that he did not write the obnoxious "I present you a victory" telegram; that it was written by one of his aides; that he would not have written it that way, but takes the responsibility for it, since it was written. We like him better for that, and begin to discount some of the mean things that have been said of him.

Perhaps the ugliest charge made by the Schley partisans—it seems improbable that Schley himself shares in the belief—is that Maclay wrote his history of the Santiago campaign to please Sampson. Some of the more extreme Schley

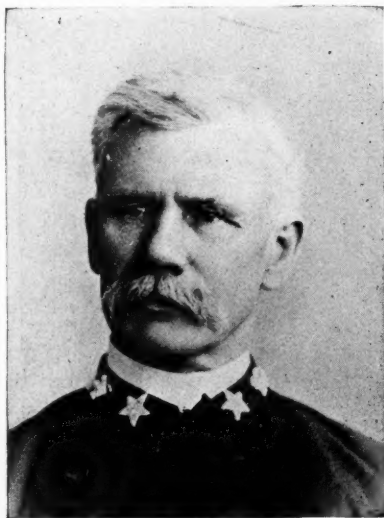
REAR ADMIRAL HOWISON, THIRD MEMBER OF THE SCHLEY COURT OF INQUIRY



men even assert that Sampson dictated the chapter in which Schley is most fiercely assailed. Sampson's denial of this was not needed to demonstrate its patent falsity. It has been said that Sampson and the much cited "navigation bureau ring," placed Maclay on the pay rolls of the Brooklyn navy yard as a laborer—a sinecure so far as he was concerned, it is explained—in order to control his writings and shape them favorably to Sampson. It may be true that Maclay's position as a laborer in the navy yard is a sinecure; consulships have been given to literary men before this day, and no protest was excited thereby.

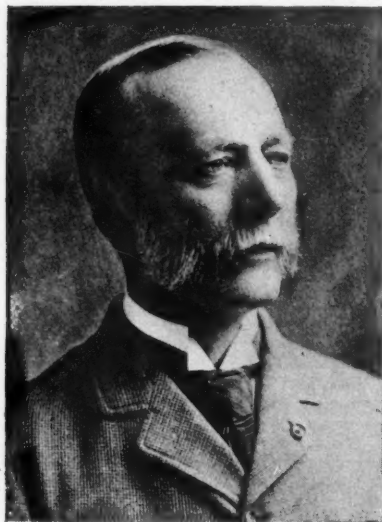
Presidents have even felt a special pride in having so placed opportunities within the reach of literary men of small means. Why should not this have been true in the case of Maclay? He was well known as a historian long before the Sampson-Schley feud began; and had won a respectable standing as a chronicler of our navy's career. He was never noted for much brilliancy of style, but his researches were thorough and his general

REAR ADMIRAL BENHAM, ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SCHLEY COURT OF INQUIRY



attitude judicial. It is beyond the bounds of belief that he has injured or can injure Rear Admiral Schley by the extraordinary and intemperate assault he has made upon the reputation of that officer, but he certainly has irreparably

MR. HACKETT, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY



hurt his own reputation as an impartial historian. There is not a shadow of doubt that he has become a violent partisan of Sampson in the current feud, but it is asking too much to require us to credit the story that he wrote at Sampson's dictation, for the paltry pay of a laborer.

#### UNPLEASANT WORK FOR ADMIRAL DEWEY

The board of inquiry will have a thankless and a repugnant task. Doubtless each member would rather fight another battle than take part in the inquiry. They will be forced to hear and weigh the testimony of many officers and men who shared in the Santiago victory. Some of these witnesses, it is expected, will support Maclay's charges. It seems hardly credible, in view of all the facts,

that any American seaman can testify to his belief that Schley played the coward's part in that campaign. Yet it is the difference in the point of view that makes differences of opinion. Prejudice becomes a factor in determining beliefs. Self-interest, also—"a lively appreciation of favors yet to come"—from the service of powerful individuals. Other testimony will be offered, it is said, tending to prove that Schley disobeyed orders on frivolous pretexts, wasting time when he should have been hunting Cervera's squadron; that, in short, he feared to find, and, having found, feared to fight the foe. This is the essence of the matter. It is a charge that strikes not more at Schley than at the national pride. Our naval officers have always been deemed our best exemplars of courage and courtesy—the pick of our youths, most carefully and rigorously nurtured to develop their finest, strongest qualities. John Philip's "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying," spoken impulsively in the very moment of triumph over foes who had fought with the high valor of race pride and the mad courage

CAPTAIN S. C. LEMLEY, JUDGE-ADVOCATE OF THE SCHLEY BOARD OF INQUIRY



**THIS IS THE ROOM IN WHICH IT WAS FIRST INTENDED TO CONDUCT THE SCHLEY INQUIRY. BY A CHANGE OF PLANS THE COURT WILL SIT IN LESS LUXURIOUS BUT EQUALLY COMFORTABLE QUARTERS IN THE GUNNERS' WORK SHOP**

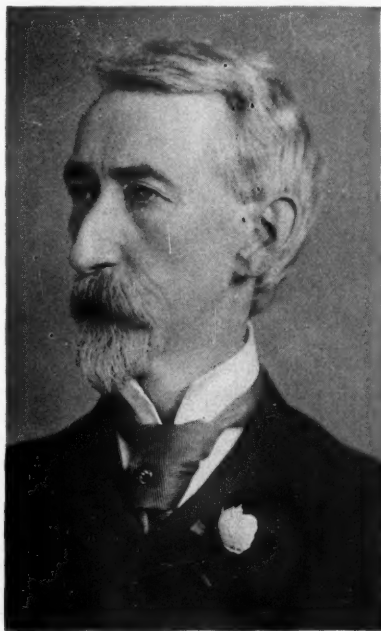


of desperation, stood and stands for the true spirit of the American navy. Logically, the resentment of the attack upon Schley, felt by "the man in the street," is at best two parts on his own account to one on Schley's.

History is written in the hearts of the people. No one writer, no set of writers, in this day of the free press and the telegraph, can make or unmake it. Whatever the finding of the court may be, Schley's place in the hearts of his countrymen is secure. His name has been written indelibly upon that scroll where shine the names of John Paul Jones and Bainbridge, of Hull and Perry, of Lawrence and Macdonough, of Farragut and Dewey. It may be found that he committed errors of judgment: who has not?—that he disobeyed orders, but was justified in so doing. But that he should be proven a coward is not to be thought of for a minute. Like Sampson, his rival, he is neither as good nor as bad as he has been painted. Popular opinion, which has gone to an extreme in the case of Sampson, will presently swing back and do ample justice to that brave and distinguished officer. One or two bad breaks will not be allowed to outweigh a lifetime of loyal service.

Schley's term of active service expires this month. He will retire with the rank of rear admiral. Sampson may go higher, but it is doubtful. The navy is with him but the people appear to demur.

JERE WILSON, CHIEF OF COUNSEL FOR REAR ADMIRAL SCHLEY



## BEAUTIES OF THE PAN-AMERICAN WATERWAYS

*By Thad Paul*

The most restful and wholly charming esthetic feature of the Exposition—whether in the heat of the day, when cool breezes lave one's perspiring brow beneath the canopied seats of the gondolas, or by night, when the electrical illumination reveals new harmonies of color and form in the quaint old Spanish buildings that line the canals—is the water route that like a silver ribbon winds in and out and around the grounds. These accompanying pictures afford an idea of some of the charms of this *chef-d'oeuvre* of the Rainbow City.

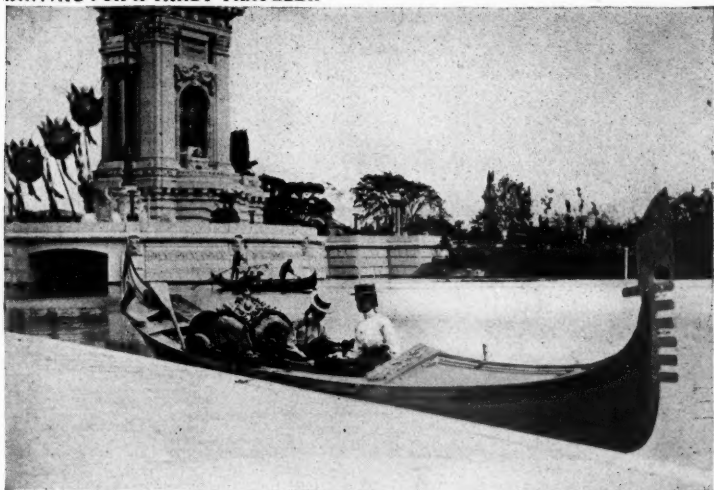
A SHADOW EFFECT



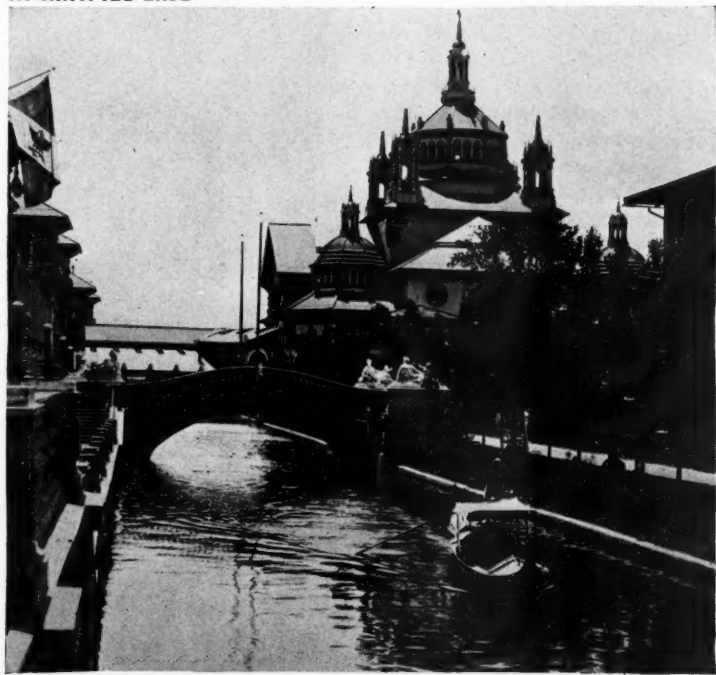
AT A LANDING



WAITING FOR A TARDY TRAVELER



IN CANOPIED EASE



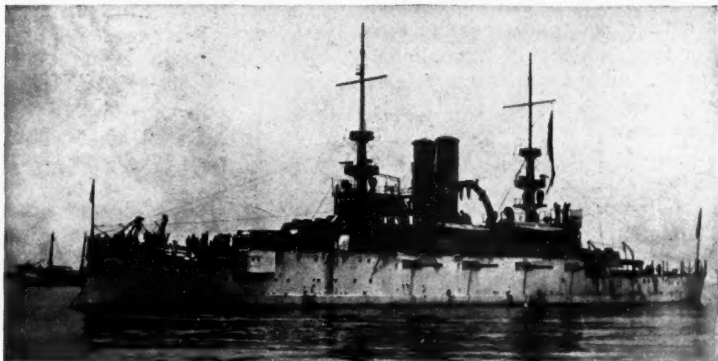
THROUGH AN ARCHWAY



"THE RYTHMIC SWEEP OF THE LONG CARS



THE BATTLESHIP "ILLINOIS" AT ANCHOR IN BOSTON HARBOR, A VERY IMPRESSIVE PIECE OF 'STILL LIFE'



## THE GRADUATION OF A BATTLESHIP

The Trial Race of Uncle Sam's New Sea Fighter, "Illinois"

Photographs by courtesy of the "Boston Herald."

*By David Duncan Fletcher*

ON a tug puffing its way down the harbor of the Hub excited voices of men accustomed to ships are discussing a certain work of the day. A battleship is to be weighed in the official balance of the United States navy. This company is going on the trial trip of Uncle Sam's new sea-dog, the "Illinois."

"There she is!"

Through the white-gray mist of the hot June morning, a cream colored mass of something rises from the waves. Two short, heavy, black, upright lines starting therefrom look like the funnels of a steamship. A few more puffs from the tug, and we are near enough to tell. The cream colored mass, seen better now with the warm haze lifting, is the man-of-war, Illinois, newest of Uncle Sam's sea fighters, named to honor the greatest state in the middle West, and between now and night she will have to show just

what her status will be among the other ships of war of the world.

Does any of the company fear that she will not acquit herself? On her bridge is Captain Hanlon, who knows the New England coast better than a book, ships better than holds full of literature, and new ships, like this which he commands for the builders to-day, quite as well as the Arab knew his steed in days of old.

But if the veteran master needs aught of advice or encouragement, here is one who can give it to him, Calvin B. Orcutt, the genial president of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, from whose yards this beauty of the ocean has come. To-day Mr. Orcutt makes a friend about every minute, on the average.

"Get that mud off the starboard anchor."

On the big hook there are, perhaps,

three or four hundred pounds of stuff from the bed of the sea. Compared with the enormous weights all around—the massive plating of the ship herself, the heavy armament, and other things—that is but a trifle, but trifles count in this race for fame, which will begin in an hour or so, and the tars spring to the bow, slip down and dump the black stuff into the water.

She's away! But you can hardly tell it, even by watching, so steady and slow is the good ship moving. Let's go up on the bridge, as near to the guiding hand of our beauty as we can get without unfairly using the courtesy which has left every part of the battleship open to us to-day. Bye and bye, when we get off Cape Ann, we must perchance come down, but just now, for a little while, we can study how these aristocrats of the waves trim their steeds for the race against time.

Hold your breath there now.

You are not treading on "sacred soil?" No. But you are in distinguished company—rubbing elbows with admirals, and

commodores, and captains. That man with the pale face, kindly eye and short, gray beard—with the love of duty

REAR ADMIRALS W. T. SAMPSON AND "BOB" EVANS MEDITATING



stamped on his every feature—with the quiet, firm, gentlemanly deportment that spontaneously compels your respect? When you are reading this, his name will be on every tongue in the broad United States. That is the man who planned the naval campaign of 1898. That is Admiral Sampson.

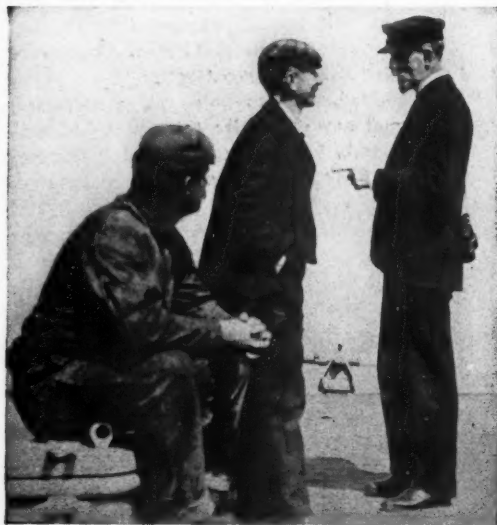
And the other with whom he is talking? He with the heavy jaw, the blunt expression, the steady, piercing, fearless, honest eye? He? Well, he is the one who helped to introduce Spanish as the predominating language in the unhappy hunting grounds.

O, "Fighting Bob?" Yes, that is Admiral Evans.

\* \* \*

Forward goes the fighter. The fog is lifting, chased away by the rising sun; the sea is smooth as glass, flashing like a vast blue mirror, gleaming and glinting under the rays of

REAR ADMIRAL SAMPSON TELLS A FUNNY STORY WHILE THE "ILLINOIS" IS MAKING HER RECORD RUN



old Sol; the air is still, save for the current made by the ship, which is gradually increasing her speed as she nears the first stake boat.

"Cape Ann on the port bow, sir."

The captain's voice: "Slow her down a half, Mr. Wood!"

"Slow her down a half, sir!"

"Stop her, Mr. Wood!"

"Stop her, sir!"

Slowly the great engine of battle comes to a stop on the summer sea, a boat

"All off the bridge!"

"Full speed ahead, Mr. Wood!"

"Full speed ahead, sir!"

The great, gray giant, on the edge of her metal now, cuts through the glassy blue, full of the fiercest life, but steady as a rock, except the throb, throb, throb of her own heart's blood. Gallant Hanlon has the glass at his eye, but never a craft, steam or sail, is ahead on the calm wave, as far as the racer's course is marked—'tween this and Cape Porpoise.

*THE NAVAL BOARD, WITH REAR ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS AT THE END OF THE LINE, GREATLY PLEASED BY SOMETHING, AS YOU SEE*



pulls alongside and we drop the pilot.

The captain's voice again:

"Half speed ahead, Mr. Wood!"

"Half speed ahead, sir!"

Once more the battleship gathers way, her hull throbbing with the mighty engines' action, the dark line issuing from her smoke stacks becomes blacker, and yonder is the stake boat, manned on every spar, flags streaming from every yard of rigging.

"Cape Ann abeam, sir!"

To port he can see the several stake boats, whose brave tars and flying banners will cheer him as he covers the knots between. Here's the second one. A land-lubber says we are "over the first lap" Watches, paper and pencils!

"How's that, Mr. Quartermaster?"

"It'll do, but we want a little better."

"She's gaining on the second." "Say, this is a great ship, old man." And "the old man" smiles but speaks not.

A minute ago that stuff pouring from

her funnels was gray, dark gray; now it is black as the vomit of Vesuvius. The companionway from the for'ard to the aft bridge is blistered with the heat, and the tarred planking sticks to the feet as you pass. You look up, and between the two streams of smoke, merging into one massive column, through the thinner part, a vermilion spot appears, all you can see of Old Sol from there. But yonder in the battleship's wake he is

with the grace and speed of the sea-gull, and the "Illinois" is on the home stretch. The bone is in her teeth again, the black trail marks a heavy line to the eastward now, the Massachusetts coast stands out clear in the full, strong light of the noonday sun, and the seconds are being carefully saved for the ship's credit. Before you know it, she is over the course and has won the record—17.31 knots an hour—for a battleship.

*VIEW FROM THE STERN OF THE "ILLINOIS" WHEN SHE IS RUNNING AT FULL-SPEED, SHOWING A LOT OF MEN WHO SEEM TO BE SEASICK,—BUT THEY ARE MERELY WATCHING THE WAKE OF THE VESSEL*



playing his bright beams on a seething, hissing mass of foam and flood, which makes the broad, curved road over which we have just passed. The outside blue, the dark outer green, the lighter tint next the cream and white, with the black mass of smoke-cloud overhead, and a broad dark shadow, heavy here and there, over a vast surface of the sea.

Meantime, the miles have been covered. We are off Cape Porpoise, and "Fighting Bob" is on the bridge watching how she makes the loop which proves her turning powers. The trick is done

"Well done, captain!"

"Thank you, my boy."

And some one asks if there ought not to be a broom somewhere.

"Bring up a broom and fasten it to the masthead."

Van Tromp nailed his to the mast of his flagship as he went out to meet the Dundee powder monkey, and the great Duncan took them down for him off Camperdown. But Hanlon nailed his broom to the mast after he had proved that the "Illinois" was the mistress of the main, and so we came up harbor.

## THE TRADERS THAT WHIPPED THE MAN-O'WAR

By M. Quad (C. B. Lewis)

**I**T was bad enough that the British insisted on the right of search on the high seas, and impressed our sailors and seized our crafts with the assurance that follows might, but when the French, after coming to our aid in the struggle for liberty, turned about and followed the example of John Bull, every American could see lots of trouble ahead. Trouble there was, and the national embargo added to it, but before our ships were laid up to rot at the wharves something happened at sea well worth relating.

Up at New Bedford lived Israel and Ichabod Jones, who had been sailors all their lives, and during the war had sailed out of Boston as mates of privateers. Brothers they were, and though not twins they looked alike, talked alike, and seeing one was as good as seeing both. With the money obtained from the prize courts each built himself a brig, and they were named "Mary" and "Susan."

As England and France were at war and the carrying trade was mostly in the hands of Americans, there was money to be made in supplying either side. Before the French edict, which was a blow at England, the French market was the best, but to avoid seizure by the British ships the cargoes were run to Holland. The brigs had made a trial trip together before loading, and they were fast and showed the same speed. They were almost ready to sail when Israel went over to the "Susan" and said to his brother:

"Brother Ichabod, I am a man of peace, who goes his own way and wants no quarrel."

"So 'm I," replied Ichabod as he put

down the hammer he had been using in the cabin.

"We are like to be overhauled by the British and French both and, as we know, there are pirates still on the high seas. Speakin' without heat and in a brotherly way, I am not goin' to be a worm of the dust."

"If you ain't then I ain't," said Ichabod as he looked up for the first time.

"We are to finish our cargoes in Boston, and I have been thinkin'—nay! Ichabod, I have concluded—to mount a Long Tom on the deck of the 'Mary.' I will also provide powder, shot and shell, and if any enemy seeks to overhaul me I will let fly at him in hopes to do him injury."

"And by gum I will do the same!" exclaimed Ichabod with commendable spirit as he resumed his work.

In due time the "Mary" and "Susan" reached Boston, and the guns were purchased and mounted. There were those who laughed and sneered at the idea, asking what a single gun would do against a broadside, but Captains Israel and Ichabod would be drawn into no argument. They were carrying out an idea which was shortly to make the humble brigs more famous for a time than the old "Constitution" herself. As both were bound for the same port across the seas, they finished loading at about the same time and got away together. Both brigs had been built on the lines of privateers and were well manned, and they had not been three days at sea when Captain Israel said to his mate:

"Joshua, speakin' as a sailor might, and without undue boastin', lemme say

that our craft can sail around the navies of England and France as a colt gallops around a hay-stack."

And in that same hour Ichabod heaved the log, looked at the record, and rubbing his big hands together he said to his mate:

"Jeptha, by gum and by thunder, but this brig has got wings and is overhauled in the sea gulls! I'm almost sorry we bought that cannon, for I believe that we can outrun anythin' that sails, leavin' out brother Israel's clipper."

For ten days the brigs ran almost side by side. Then in a strong squall and a dark night they became separated. When daylight came Captain Israel and the "Mary" might be far astern or far ahead, but it made no great difference. As a matter of fact he was fifty miles ahead. The squall had let go of him the soonest, and he had piled on the canvas under a favoring breeze and cracked ahead. With fair weather he had reached a point within a hundred miles of his port when the wind fell and he ran into a fog. After several hours of slowly forging ahead the fog lifted to find the "Susan" under the guns of a French frigate. Even had there been a capful of wind there would have been no sailing away. The edict had been issued, and the frigate was out looking for prizes. A boat's crew was sent aboard and the cargo overhauled, and as she was full of contraband goods there was no question about taking possession. It was just at sundown that she ran into the trap, and within half an hour the fog settled down again. The captain of the "L'Orient," with his brand-new frigate and eighteen guns on a side, was proud and pompous. After the report on the cargo he put a midshipman aboard to represent himself, the Directory of France and several other things, and when the fog cleared and the breeze came the "Susan" was to be escorted into port. It was a foolish move and proved that the officer knew

little about the tricks of Yankee land, though perhaps he may have been considerably influenced by the fact that the crew of the "L'Orient" had planned to celebrate his birthday that night. When the fog closed down the two crafts were not over a quarter of a mile apart, and at the end of every five minutes the little midshipman struck the brig's bell and was answered by that of the frigate. Captain Ichabod was surprised, eh-grinned and hopeless. It not only meant the loss of the brig and cargo, but imprisonment for the entire crew. His Long Tom, covered with a tarpaulin, and of which he had expected so much, might as well have been a log of wood. Even when the fog closed down and the little midshipman was the only enemy aboard, he sat in his cabin with his face in his hands and despair in his heart. He was sitting thus when he heard music and cheering aboard the Frenchman, and a minute later Joshua, the mate, descended the companionway with the baby officer in his grasp and locked him up in a stateroom.

"They are too happy over there to miss him," explained Joshua, "and we'll keep on striking the bell for him and pray for a breath of wind."

Both crafts were lifting lazily on the ground swell and pointing their bows all around the compass, but after ten minutes of careful watching Captain Ichabod became satisfied that they were drifting slowly apart. In order that the enemy might not suspect this the bell was struck with stronger hand for a time. Of a sudden there came a draught of air. The French captain may have heard of fogs without wind and fogs with wind, but he was not on guard that night. The "Susan" began stealing away, and had put a mile between them when the Frenchman woke up and fired a gun. Then he banged away with a second and third and fourth, and the crew could be heard making sail. The breeze increased

and the brig slipped along, and by and by the captain of the "Susan" knew he had a chance.

At the end of the morning watch the breeze freshened, the fog went swirling away, and when day broke Captain Ichabod's heart gave a sudden jump. Not three miles away to the westward was Captain Israel's "Mary" bearing down upon him, and ten or twelve miles to the east was the "L'Orient." Israel was coming along on his voyage, and the frigate was lying to until daylight should reveal her quarry. Half an hour later the captain of the "Mary" was aboard of the "Susan" to find out what it all meant. When he had heard the story of the capture and escape, Captain Israel smote his knee and exclaimed:

"By hen, Ichabod, speakin' as a brother might, but we are no worms of the dust!"

"By gum and by thunder, but we ain't!" agreed Ichabod.

"Ichabod," resumed Israel as he paused in his walk, "it's bad enough to be bounced about by the British, but when it comes to the French walkin' around on what's left of us we can't stand it. In a brotherly way, and not meanin' to do evil, I tell you we must go in and give that frigate a lickin'. She's got carronades and a plenty of 'em, but we've got Long Toms and can take our distance. By hen, brother, but we'll pound and bang and drub that Frenchman 'till he hollers for mercy!"

"By gum and by thunder, but we will, Israel!" was the reply, and they at once began preparations.

The breeze freshened 'till the brigs worked like a couple of tops, and they sailed down to meet the frigate. The Frenchman skipped with delight at the thought of picking up two prizes where he had expected only one. It was only when he saw them begin to maneuver that he was puzzled. A few minutes later a solid shot came crashing into his

side, and he began leaping about and chattering like a lunatic. The "Mary" sent in the first shot, but the twin "Susan" was not far behind. The frigate let go a whole broadside at them, but had the mortification of seeing the shot fall far short. Boom! went a Long Tom, and crash! came a third shot, and then the strangest sea fight of the century was on. Two merchant brigs, with holds full of flour and corn and groceries and cloths, and mounting only a gun apiece, were sailing 'round and 'round a frigate mounting thirty-six guns and carrying a crew of 180 men—not only sailing 'round and 'round her, but dropping shot aboard which made the splinters fly and reddened her scuppers with blood.

"By hen, but we are pounding her!" exclaimed Captain Israel as he watched his shots and swung his hat.

"By gum and by thunder, but I feel a wickedness and a rejoicing!" exclaimed Captain Ichabod as he patted the big gun which had just sent a shot aboard the frigate that plowed its way from stem to stern.

The "L'Orient" was like a cow baited by dogs. If she crowded on sail to follow one the other was biting at her heels. She wasted tons of solid shot in seeking to do damage, but not a missile came aboard. The pride and pomposity of the French captain kept him under the fire of the Long Toms for two hours, but when he had lost a dozen men he tried to back out of the affair. His willingness to cry quits was not reciprocated, however. The brigs could outsail him, and they continued to follow and pitch shot aboard. He had more men killed and wounded, and he had his sails riddled and his yards shot out of the slings and his foretopgallant mast brought down. Then, with tears of rage in his eyes and a helpless feeling in his heart he hauled down his flag. As the brigs came up he went aboard of the "Mary,"

which was nearest. Captain Ichabod also came aboard of her.

"Who—who shall take it?" asked the vanquished captain, as he looked around and held out his sword.

"Nobody," answered Israel.

"But I surrender my ship. The 'L'Orient' has hauled down her flag. Who was my conqueror? You fly the American flag, but we have no war with you."

"I know, and by hen, we have given you a lickin' to let you know that we are no worms of the dust! Keep your corn knife, and if you have learned your lesson you can take your frigate and be off."

"It is not regular—I don't understand," protested the captain. "I was conquered, but nobody will take my sword."

They didn't try to make it plainer to him. He was escorted to the side and bowed into his boat, and the captive midshipman sent along with him, and he returned to his ship the most astonished Frenchman in the world. He was also the maddest. His frigate had been drubbed by a couple of traders, and then had been tendered to him as a gift. It was not an act of piracy nor a declaration of war, because he had prepared the way for it and very well knew that the Americans had not yet heard of the edict. He was in a hole all around, and he did the best thing possible under the circumstances by spreading his crippled wings and making for a French port to repair damages.

"Ichabod," said Captain Israel as the

Frenchman went sailing away, "speakin' in a brotherly way and without hilarity, lemme say that we licked him out o' his boots."

"Then by gum we did!" replied Ichabod.

"And speakin' a leetle further, while I'm glad we drubbed him I'm somewhat afraid that we've done the wrong thing at the right time and brought on another war. It will be best, brother Ichabod, that neither we nor our mates nor our men do much boasting until we know what will be done about it. Let us now proceed on our voyage."

Nothing was done about it. The French captain doubtless made a formal report, but it was not to the effect that a thirty-six gun frigate had been drubbed by two small merchant brigs. If he had admitted the truth his superiors would have pigeon-holed it out of shame, and besides there were events of so much greater importance at hand that the incidents were filed away to be forgotten. The "Mary" and "Susan" safely completed their round voyages to be laid up by the embargo, but there was deep satisfaction in the soul of Captain Israel as he met his brother at intervals and shook hands and said:

"Ichabod, speakin' as a brother might, and my wife Mary bein' in her usual good health, we did drub that Frenchman like a farmer whalin' a kickin' cow."

"Then by gum and by thunder, but we did, and we are no worms of the dust!" would be the reply of Ichabod as he chuckled his satisfaction and walked about with his hands under his coat-tails.

## THE TWILIGHT HOUR

By Thad Paul

*COWBELLS tinkle at sunset in the hollow,  
Bos starts home and the pretty heifers follow;  
Night creeps up through the arches of the trees;  
Peace is on the forest and the soul of me at ease.*

## THE RECKONING

A Story of Mexico Under Maximilian

By Mark Lee Luther

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

General Ravenscroft, overwhelmed by the downfall of the Confederacy, is attracted to Mexico in the hope of bettering his fortunes. He is accompanied by his daughter, Mary, and is shortly followed by his young cousin, Tom Sanborn, a civil engineer. The General's dreams of peace and plenty prove chimerical and he finds Maximilian's empire a hornet's nest of dissension. Sanborn, however, obtains employment in the construction of the new railroad from Vera Cruz. Among the new acquaintances of the Americans are Philip Strang, of the Imperial household; Don Hernando de Velasco y Rojas, a Mexican whose foible is his illustrious descent; and Yaabel, his beautiful, but selfish daughter. By Strang's invitation the Americans visit the palace of Chapultepec in the absence of the Emperor and, by a feminine manoeuvre practised upon Sanborn, Yaabel includes herself with the party. She is discovered rummaging among the Emperor's papers by Strang and is summarily ordered from the palace. The political situation grows more threatening and the Emperor falls under the domination of Father Fischer, an intriguing priest. On learning of the insanity of the Empress, he retires to Orizaba, meditating abdication. Sanborn meets him and at the instance of Strang represents the disquiet he has observed among the people. The Emperor determines to remain in Mexico without the support of the French, and Strang returns to the capital where he accepts an invitation to join the Ravenscrofts at their Christmas dinner. Sanborn develops symptoms of jealousy and solaces himself with the society of the *senorita*, who begins to view him as an eligible suitor. Shortly after the departure of the French, Strang comes to the Ravenscrofts in search of Sanborn, and in a moment of confidence tells Molly the story of his life. Sanborn accepts a dangerous mission on behalf of the Emperor, and is overheard by the *senorita* Yaabel while confiding the details to Mary Ravenscroft. Yaabel learns of Sanborn's mission and takes steps to defeat it.

### XIII.

#### *Introducing a Prebendary of Puebla*

ON reaching the main plaza of the Puebla, Sanborn left his horse with his servant and mounting the cathedral terrace, pushed aside the leathern flap of the main doorway between the frowning towers, and, travel-stained as he was, made his way into the church in search of Father Quero. Sundown without doors, it was dim twilight under the dome, and the darkling shadows wrought fantastic devices among the carvings of the organ and the iron gratings of the choir; while the onyx and marble opulence of the great altar gleamed vaguely through the dusk. A score of dark figures, women all, knelt at their devotions; most of them clustered around a little chapel whose altar lights shone beacon-like into the gloom.

Two priests alternately fluttered their vestments in the illuminated centre of the picture, their droning ritual stirring ragged whispering echoes from the recesses of dome and vaulting.

Sanborn groped his way up the nave past the choir, almost stumbling over a girl kneeling a penitential progress toward some indulgent shrine. Nearing the door of the sacristy, he encountered two red-cassocked altar boys with candlesticks—bright-eyed, straight-haired Indian lads—who frolicked on their way to join the droning priests and strove with distended cheeks to blow out one another's light. Behind them suddenly loomed the sacristan, who cuffed the one and kicked the other, and so sent them on their way with more contrite hearts.

"Impious little wretches," he wheezed in a churchly undertone to which a life-long atmosphere of liturgy and incense had chastened his natural voice. "Ah, *senor*," he added, perceiving Sanborn. "You beheld their monkey tricks?"

"One cannot be a saint at ten years, *senor*," Sanborn answered. "They would rather be playing at bull fighting in the plaza. I am in search of one of the prebendaries," he explained. "He is called Father Quero."

The sacristan pointed through the gloom to the lighted chapel.

"The padre is in there at the altar," he replied.

"Which priest?" asked Sanborn. "The tall and lean, or the short and fat?"

"The padre of portly figure," answered the sacristan euphemistically.

Sanborn thanked him, and, return-

ing to the outskirts of the circle of worshippers, stationed himself with his back to a vast pillar to await the end of the service. He did not find the prebendary prepossessing. Uncassocked and in secular dress, he would readily have passed as a well-to-do wine merchant not indifferent to the blandishments of his tuns. He was as rotund as Kris Kringle and as apple-cheeked; with the ruddiness deepening into purple in the fleshy sacks beneath his eyes and tracing a symbolic pattern of grapevine across his bulbous nose. He kneeled cumbrously, and intoned asthmatically; his hands were as white as a woman's and his facial cast was a painter's model for credulity.

The service came presently to its final amen, and the clerics rustled down from the chancel and out between the kneeling women, one of whom furtively touched the hem of the prebendary's cassock. The altar boys, visibly relieved, trailed in the ecclesiastical wake, and the little cortege disappeared within the sacristy. Sanborn followed, posting himself outside the door which the escaping altar boys, scuttling out to liberty, left ajar. By candle light the chamber gave an impression of sumptuous richness, with its carved vestment chests, onyx tables and gold-framed pictures. There was but one jangling note; a crucifix of ghastly realism, whose bloody wounds and anguished face seemed mutely to reproach the smug prosperity of these latter-day shepherds of His sheep. The prebendary, however, had no perception of incongruity. He crooked his knees before the crucifix by force of habit, and when the bustling sacristan had relieved him of his vestments he settled himself snugly in a luxuriously cushioned chair and gossipped of his dinner. Sanborn's eyes traveled from the pain-racked limbs of the image to the prebendary's sleek calves, which a momentary lifting of the cassock disclosed as he put his feet

upon a stool; they were clothed in silk.

When the thin priest had gone, the American tapped at the door and stepped over the threshold. Frowning at the intrusion, the prebendary peered into the obscurity and hastily assumed a posture of clerical dignity.

"You did not tell me that there was any one waiting," he complained to the sacristan, who, having no excuse, made none, and beat a precipitate retreat.

"This is Father Quéro?" asked Sanborn, advancing into the light.

"Yes, señor," replied the priest brusquely. "And you?"

"My name is Sanborn, though that scarcely matters. It is my errand which is of importance. I bear an order from the Emperor."

The prebendary straightened in his chair, his face flashing ludicrously from indifference to uneasy concern. His florid skin turned a deeper red and his flabby hands gripped the chair arms nervously; he opened his blobber lips to speak, but only mouthed. Sanborn viewed his behavior with amazement.

"Is your reverence ill?" he asked, taking a step toward him.

The prebendary waved him jerkily away and, seizing a water bottle that stood at his elbow, gulped a glassful of its contents.

"It is nothing, nothing," he said, finding his voice and mopping his face with an exquisitely embroidered handkerchief. "I—I am often so."

"Gout," thought Sanborn.

"You—you are an Americano?" asked the prebendary suddenly.

"Yes," replied Sanborn wonderingly. "I dare say I look it."

"Yes, yes; that is it. You look it; you look it. Remarkable people; very remarkable. And the—the order? You have the paper with you, I suppose?"

"Assuredly," said Sanborn, nonplussed at the prebendary's odd manner and fatuous talk.

Taking his knife he ripped the lining of his coat and removing the Emperor's order, handed it to the priest. The prebendary opened the paper with fumbling fingers and, saddling his nose with a pair of horn spectacles, held the document before him as a screen. Ostensibly he read; as a matter of fact he was striving to collect his wits.

"Is there anything the matter with it?" demanded Sanborn at length with some impatience.

Father Quéro started.

"Wrong, wrong," he repeated, fidgeting with his spectacles. "Of course not, señor, of course not. But—that is—you see, señor, this is an important matter. One must be careful; one must be careful."

"Very well," rejoined Sanborn, indulgently. "Read it again if it please you, but remember that I am not possessed of unlimited leisure. I shall start back to Mexico in the morning. We must transact our business to-night."

"To-night," exclaimed the prebendary with dismay. "Oh, no. Not to-night, señor. To-morrow, to-morrow."

Sanborn shook his head.

"To-morrow is a word easily spoken in Mexico," he rejoined. "We Americans are not so fond of it. It must be to-night."

The priest's brow puckered reflectively; then he got reluctantly upon his feet.

"To-night, then," he assented with a sigh.

"Now?" asked Sanborn, briskly.

"By my patron saint, no. Do you think I carry the money with me, or store it here among the vestments? The money is not here, señor. It is—it is elsewhere. You must meet me later. Come to me in an hour."

"Where?"

The prebendary hesitated.

"Meet me—meet me in the plaza before the cathedral. Then we will go to—we will go together."

Sanborn agreed, rejoined his servant, and went directly to a hotel where he had stopped during a previous visit to Puebla. He overlooked the stabling of his beasts, ate an indifferent meal, and was back again before the cathedral with several minutes to spare. He was nervously eager to obtain the money and get under way with it, realizing that in the return journey lay the test of his undertaking. Apparently the prebendary was nervous, too, for he arrived short of the hour and palpably ill at ease.

"This way, if the señor pleases," he said unctuously, and turned into a side street down whose centre trickled a stream of sewage reeking pollution and pestilence into the night air.

There was a continual doffing of sombreros to the priest in the lighted places of the way, and near the market, which they presently skirted, a woman reverently kissed one of his puffy hands.

"Evidently a lady-killer," mused Sanborn, and with a mild contempt for humanity in general he marked how habit had staled this idolatory to the prebendary; he was as impassive as a graven image. The booths of the market place cast grotesque shadows in the wavering torchlight and the heaps of oranges and bright-colored tropical fruits glowed in changing hues of russet and magenta and copper and burnished brass. An indiscriminating huckster offered them a gamecock with its cruel spurs reinforced with bits of lead, and dogged their steps cheapening his bargain until the priest waved him aside. Then a fitful breeze filled Sanborn's nostrils with the sour smell of the ill-cured leather of the sandal-makers and he shot out into the street, telling the wondering prebendary that he preferred the sewage. Their route seemed unnecessarily tortuous to the American, and once, as they caught the smoky glare of the market from another point of view, he queried whether the priest was not doubling his trail. When

he finally remarked upon it, the prebendary laughed uneasily and gave him a look askance.

"I have lived many years in Puebla, senior," he replied evasively. "I know this neighborhood well."

"I begin to know it tolerably well myself," said Sanborn facetiously.

He ruminated that it was evident that the Spanish mind had yet to discover that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and was pleased at his aphorism. He determined to write it down when he should have leisure; it would do nicely for the home letter and possible quotation in the Charleston newspaper which had printed his Orizaba effusion. He had just pictured how the phrase would appear in type when the prebendary halted in the arched portal of a massive building.

"We have arrived, senior," he announced.

"Is this a convent?" inquired Sanborn.

"It was a convent," corrected the prebendary, with a sigh for the pious past and a wag of the head over the sacrilegious present. "It was a convent before the infamous Laws of the Reform."

"They must have given a quietus to a lot of these establishments," said Sanborn, feelingly. "What is this one now, a barracks?"

The prebendary did not reply, but tapped at the heavy door and whispered a word through the grating of a wicket, which was promptly unfastened at his summons. There was a brief pause and then a sound of turning locks and shooting bolts; and the heavy door swung partly open. The prebendary insisted with nervous politeness that Sanborn precede, and when they had both sidled through, the locks and bolts rattled into place behind them. The American wheeled suspiciously at the sound and scrutinized the porter who had admitted them. He wore a species of dirty uniform and carried a great bunch of clumsy

keys. He grinned in response to Sanborn's look, and shouldered a carbine which rested against the wall.

"Forward," he commanded shortly.

Sanborn turned to the prebendary who met him with rubbing of hands and a foolish smile.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"What is this building?"

"It is a common jail, Senior Americano," replied the prebendary with a chuckle. "A fit place for imposters such as you."

#### XIV

##### *The Return of Nunez*

The second night after Sanborn's ill-starred entrance into Puebla, a sorry figure tapped at the street door of the Senior Nunez's lodgings in the City of Mexico and after a moment's pause was admitted by the wondering porter.

"By the Miraculous Conception!" exclaimed that functionary. "The Senior Nunez."

"Silence, stupidity," growled the Cuban. "Do you think that I am on parade? Is the way clear to my room?"

The porter tiptoed back into the *patio* and cocked an ear toward the surrounding galleries.

"No one is stirring, senior," he whispered.

Nunez made for the stair with all dispatch and a minute later the court echoed with the slamming of his door. The porter whistled meditatively, refastened the bolts, and curling himself in his *sarape* on the brick pavement, again fell asleep. Nunez, meanwhile, was staring into his mirror and cursing picturesquely. His glass-gazing usually afforded him unalloyed satisfaction, and although nature had not lavished upon him such temptations to vanity as were the *senorita's*, he was nevertheless wont to prink with something of her untiring assiduity. He delighted to unflesh his really fine teeth before the mirror and to practice his

gamut of smiles and ogles as a player his scales. He would arrange one by one the not too numerous bristles of his waxed mustache and scrutinize each blemish of his chocolate complexion with the patient devotion of an entomologist dissecting his favorite caterpillar. His black, kinky hair, too, was an object of solicitude to be coaxed and sleeked into oily regularity. He was as fond of elaborate linen as a bull fighter, but his passion did not tend to swell the earnings of the laundresses; it sufficed the *senor* that his shirts were ruffled and embroidered. Frogs, braiding, gold and silver lace, and the endless fripperies of the *ranchero* dress were his joy; and, when luck favored at the "Bacchus," he sported them and bloomed a butterfly. At ebb tide he reverted to a grub; the Monte de Piedad storing his gauds with its justly celebrated efficiency.

Such being the *Senor Nunez's* ideal of manly beauty seemingly adorned, it is not surprising that he found grave cause for dissatisfaction with his present appearance. His hands and face were begrimed with the dust of Mexican highways, which had likewise powdered his tousled hair and inflamed his eloquent eyes. His mustache drooped dispiritedly, its waxen glory wholly departed; his coarse dress was that of a peon; and the *zarape* which he threw aside was matted with donkey hair. His feet, unused to the sandal, were chafed to the torture point.

Nunez turned abruptly from his reflection, unlocked a bureau drawer, and took out a brandy bottle. He decanted a liberal glassful of the liquor, which he swallowed raw; and thus fortified, braved another look.

"Sight to draw tears from the eyes of saints and martyrs that I am," he soliloquized. "And to think that I have looked as I look, and have undergone what I have undergone for nothing."

With a groan from the depths he rolled

a cigarette and sat him down to dolorous reflection. Presently, with a grimace of disgust, he rummaged out some writing materials and laboriously indited a note. It was to the *Senorita de Velasco y Rojas* and consisted of one pregnant line.

"They smelled a rat," he wrote, "and caught him. We haven't a *centavo*."

When this laconic epistle reached Ysabel on the ensuing morning, she was swaying lazily in her hammock, pretending to listen to her father's teasing iteration of his financial worries. She was thinking of Nunez and debating what portion of the spoils she would allow him. She had long since repented her rashly generous suggestion that they share the money equally, and had now come to begrudge him any part of it. She would have had him renounce all guerdon for love of her; it was her notion of unselfish devotion—on the part of others.

"Yes, yes, papa," she said peevishly. "Matters look unpromising, of course, but you are prone to be despondent. I dare say you exaggerate without knowing it."

Don Hernando shook his head sorrowfully.

"A man does not exaggerate his debts, my Ysabel. He seeks to belittle them."

She would not permit her optimism to be dashed. Her double dealing with Nunez and Sanborn gave her a feeling of infinite resource.

"Something will happen," she declared confidently.

Then Nunez's note came. She took it from Benita with sparkling eyes, recognizing the Cuban's school-boy chirography in the superscription. She read it blankly, and re-read it, with her nails pressed hard against her pink palms and her olive skin reddening in hot waves of anger.

"Fool, fool, fool!" she exclaimed, crushing the paper. "Fool-born fool!"

Don Hernando halted in his methodi-

cal pacing of the *corredor* to gaze at her with amazed concern.

"You have had bad news?" he asked, coming to her side and laying his hand gently upon her hair. She shook off the caress and forced an unlovely smile.

"It is nothing," she replied, tearing the note into little bits. "Nothing to be so violent over. I—I am not well. It is hot to-day; so hot."

"It is hot," agreed her father. "You would do well to lie down in your room. Whom was your letter from, Ysabel?"

"From a girl in the city," she responded with ready mendacity. "She is always imposing on me in some way. She asks—oh, well, never mind. It would not interest you. I will lie down as you say."

Don Hernando insisted on leading her to her chamber door and kissed her forehead with old-fashioned courtesy as he left her.

"Be careful of your health, my Ysabel," he charged. "You are all that I have, you know."

With her door shut in Don Hernando's anxious face, Ysabel flung aside the last rag of decorum and uncorked the vials of her wrath. It was a hideous spectacle, and Benita, who presently entered unawares, was terrified at her mistress' distorted features and incontinently fled. Nunez had displayed unlooked for discretion in declining to bring his bad news in person; like the maddened Pharaoh of old, the *senorita* could have felled her messenger. She herself was not sorry that he had forewarned her; her vanity would have suffered; but as the day dragged on and the Cuban did not appear, her resentment waxed hotter and hotter, and by evening she told herself that he did not come because he dared not.

On the morrow she allowed him three full hours and then ordered her carriage, telling her aunt that she had a call to

make in the city. By eleven o'clock she had traced Nunez to the "Bacchus," where that gentleman's usual pursuits were interrupted by a peremptory summons to the street. He found Ysabel glowering in her carriage around the corner, and, bowing from the waist, he greeted her with simulated rapture.

"Get in," she said crisply. Nunez drew back, spreading his palms.

"In full day?" he asked, deprecatingly.

The *senorita* struck the carriage door sharply with her fan.

"Get in," she repeated. "I will answer to the proprieties. To the Alameda," she commanded the driver.

Nunez reluctantly took the seat beside her and cudgelled his brains for small change of talk to beguile the way. She let him stammer himself into silence without mercy. They saw no familiar face in the streets and the Alameda chanced to be deserted save for a handful of boys playing at bull fighting with whimsical imitation of the airs and affectations of professional matadors and *banderilleros*. Ysabel promptly alighted, ignoring the Cuban's proffered hand, and led the way into a sheltered path where the foliage arched thickly overhead.

"Now, you coward," she said, wheeling upon him with an imperious gesture, "tell me the truth of things."

"I did," protested Nunez sulkily. "I wrote you the truth. They have beaten us."

"They, they," she exclaimed. "Who are they? It isn't the *Americano*? He cannot have outwitted you?"

Nunez forced a lifeless laugh.

"Not he, *senorita*. I had no trouble with him."

"Go on, go on."

"I easily distanced him to Peubla. While he slept I traveled."

"Yes, yes; the tortoise and the hare. I know, I know."

"I found the old prebendary an easy gull. He took your bogus order for gos-

pel and waddled off to deliver the stuff without a word."

"You did get the money, then? You had it? Where is it? Where is it? What have you done with it?"

"Softly, softly. First let me get rid of the prebendary. Observe my cleverness. I warned him against the Americano."

"You warned him against the Senor Sanborn?"

"I did. I said that he was an imposter; the devil's own rogue whom we had learned might try to steal the Emperor's money through false pretences. I bade him clap him in jail. Was not that an inspiration, *senorita*? Is Nunez such a fool, think you?"

"Not a bad idea," she admitted grudgingly. "It covered your retreat. But if you are so clever, why have you not the money? Where is the money?"

"And listen," parried Nunez. "As I passed out of the city, I and my burros, whom should I meet but the Americano."

"You met him?"

"Face to face. He knew me no more than he knew the donkeys. We were strangers all."

Ysabel smiled grimly.

"He could not distinguish you one from the other, doubtless," she put in sweetly. "But I have heard enough of your cleverness. Where is the money?"

"It was taken from me in this very city!"

"What?"

"I arrived last evening, waiting without until nightfall."

"Yes."

"I came into the city about eight o'clock."

"Yes, yes."

"I was surprised by the customs officers, who seized my pigskins, accusing me of smuggling. Exerting the strength of a Hercules, I broke from them."

"Leaving your pigskins behind?"

"I had no choice, *senorita*."

"Fool of fools!"

"But—"

"Idiot of a pig! It is your skin which should be filled with *pulque*."

"*Senorita*!"

"Donkey! It is you that should be driven with the burros."

The Cuban's face flamed angrily.

"It is too much, this," he began.

"I—"

"Be silent, dolt. You have talked too much. Why have you not talked less and performed more? What business had you to imprison the Senor Sanborn, my friend? What—"

"But you just said—"

"What idiocy prompted you to enter the city as you did? Why did you not hide the money without, and then come to me? Where was your cleverness, imbecile? Tell me," she demanded, falling short of breath, "who were these customs officers, as you call them? Was that Strang among them?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? You don't know? And you call yourself a man. You are an ape."

Nunez teetered excitedly upon his toes.

"And this—I—you—" he sputtered in impotent wrath.

The *senorita* snapped her fingers insolently beneath his nose.

"Bah!" she exclaimed contemptuously.

Nunez danced tearfully before her.

"And this, and this," he cried chokingly. "This from you for whom I have done the distinguished honor to propose an alliance of marriage; whom I have served with these hands. This to me, Rafael Nunez!"

"Marry you," she retorted, scornfully, turning on her little heel. "I marry you? It is a joke this. I am not marrying gamblers."

"Gambler!" screamed Nunez. "Joke! This to me, to me! I who am a creole, whose family—"

"Creole," taunted Ysabel over her

shoulder. "Creole? I laugh. You may not even say mestizo and speak truth. You mean mulatto."

# XV

## *Illumination*

With commendable promptitude in facing the disagreeable, Sanborn presented himself before Strang at the earliest moment he could compass on his return from his bootless quest. It was evening and his face looked wan and careworn in the lamplight.

"It is a bungle," he said tersely, as he half-heartedly returned the Englishman's hand clasp.

Strang indicated a chair and proffered his cigar case.

"Smoke?" he asked hospitably.

Sanborn refused, amazed at his calm.

"You would better. It will quiet your nerves."

"I can't smoke and talk too, not this sort of talk at least."

Strang forebore to urge him but lighted a cigar himself.

"Lay on, Macduff," he said cheerfully.

Sanborn nervously rehearsed the story of his uneventful journey to Puebla, his meeting with the prebendary, and their nocturnal promenade ending in durance vile. Strang listened in attentive silence, with a glimmering smile for his account of Father Quéro's eccentricities.

"I should have forewarned you that he is something of a Dogberry," he remarked. "He is honest, though, according to his lights."

"They are rush lights," rejoined Sanborn, recalling the prebendary's inconsistencies of word and deed. "He is a bloated gourmand; a cassock stuffed with truffles."

Strang laughed at the phrase.

"And when his truffled reverence had trapped you?" he prompted.

"He bade me good night and left me among the filth, the jail-birds and the fleas. It was horrible, that night. I did

not sleep a wink. I sat upon a stool in the middle of my cell. I would not have lain upon the pallet for a seat in the United States Senate. It fairly rustled with vermin. And the odors! Faugh! I smell them yet. In the morning they turned me loose in the courtyard, which was some relief; the air was better and the sky was overhead. But I wasn't smitten with my associates; they were the rank-scented scum of Puebla and as flea-ridden as dogs. They jabbered and gambled and fought among themselves all the morning long, and I dare say all the afternoon as well. I can't speak for more than the forenoon, thank heaven. The fat-brained prebendary fished me out at midday."

"What brought him around?"

"The Emperor's order for the money. He treated his wits to a little thinking overnight and reached the conclusion that he had been a bit rash. He was apologetic as a kicked cur when he came to take me out. He would have licked my boots had I asked him. It was a queer yarn he had to tell. He had with him two orders for the money, both signed by his Majesty. Mine, it seems, was only number two; and number one had taken the trick."

He paused expectantly, but Strang, apparently unmoved, merely flicked the ash from his cigar.

"It wasn't enough for the first comer to get the money," Sanborn went on. "He put an artistic finish to his job by warning old Quéro against me for one of the worst criminals unhung. Hence my pleasant reception."

"Did you compare the two orders?"

"Oh, yes. Both were signed by the Emperor straight enough, but mine was the only one in holograph. The other was in a strange hand. No doubt of the signature, though; that was genuine; it was the Emperor's."

"Did you examine it closely?"

"Yes."

"Did the writing flow easily? Were the pen strokes regular? Was the ink evenly distributed?"

Sanborn thought for a moment.

"Do you happen to have the Emperor's signature on anything?" he asked. "If I could see it, it would aid my memory."

Strang took a bundle of papers from a wallet, one of which he handed to him.

"There is one of his letters," he said.

The young man bent over it for an interval and then looked up with sudden decision.

"It must have been a forgery," he exclaimed. "I remember now that the lines were ragged and uneven."

"As if traced?"

"Precisely."

"And the note paper; did you notice that?"

"Yes. It was similar to that used for the other order."

"How about the handwriting in the body of the order? Would you recognize it, if you were to see it again?"

"I think so," said Sanborn wonderingly.

Strang handed him a torn scrap of letter paper containing some half dozen lines of writing. Separated from the context, as it was, the fragment lacked intelligibility; and it bore no signature. Sanborn gazed at it with astonishment.

"It is the very hand," he exclaimed.

Strang nodded emphatically.

"There is no doubt about it," he responded. "It is as plain as a pikestaff. She traced the signature from some document which she purloined at Chapultepec when she stole the note paper."

"She! Who?"

"Can't you guess? Whom but our fascinating spy?"

"Not the *senorita*?" faltered Sanborn.

"No other. I chanced once to catch her lovely fingers among the Emperor's papers. From that premise the rest logically follows."

The youth's cheek burned with sudden flame.

"Why," he gasped, "it must have happened the day I asked—the day we all called on you at Chapultepec."

"Thereabouts," said Strang briefly, having no wish to stimulate embarrassed recollections. "I want to ask you one or two rather personal questions," he continued. "I should like to sift this business thoroughly."

Sanborn signified a limp assent.

"Undoubtedly you have told no one of your errand to Puebla, save the Ravenscrofts?"

"Of course not," the young fellow replied warmly. "To be precise," he added, "I did not tell both of the Ravenscrofts. I only saw Molly."

"Have you a distinct recollection of your conversation with Miss Ravenscroft?" asked Strang innocently.

Sanborn's brow clouded and he eyed his questioner with suspicion.

"Yes," he answered grumpily. "I have a remarkably distinct recollection of it."

"Did you chance to occupy a certain retired seat in the garden? A stone bench near the spot where the brook comes through the wall?"

"See here," broke in Sanborn wrathfully, "has Molly Ravenscroft been repeating my conversation to you? I am entitled to an explanation of this mystery. What did she say to you?"

Strang could not fathom the meaning of this outburst; the youth's face was hot and angry and his hands were tightly clenched.

"I demand an answer," he repeated truculently. "What has she told you?"

"Nothing," said Strang emphatically.

"Nor have I seen Miss Ravenscroft since the day of your departure. The explanation for which you clamor with unnecessary heat, is simply this: while you talked with Miss Ravenscroft on one side of the wall, the *Senorita de Velasco*

y Rojas was industriously listening on the other side."

"The devil!" ejaculated Sanborn."

"Now that you have the key to the mystery, let us be more dispassionate. I see no reason why we should grow acrimonious."

"I ask your pardon for my incivility," said Sanborn. "I was over hasty. Would you mind telling me how you know this thing?"

"Knowing the lady to be a Juarist emissary, we have been forced to set spies on her. It wasn't a pleasant thing to do, but it was unavoidable, and we seem to be justified by events. She is a troublesome woman. With more discretion, she would be a dangerous woman."

"I should not make it conditional," put in Sanborn sorely. "I should say, *is* dangerous."

Strang smiled inscrutably.

"What was her accomplice's appearance?" he queried. "Did you question the prebendary?"

"Yes, but to little purpose. He could only say that the fellow spoke Spanish well; and had black hair and a dark complexion. Who in Mexico has not?"

"Not strikingly illuminating," Strang remarked with amusement. "Had it been a lady, the prebendary could have furnished an elaborate bill of particulars. Still, so far as it goes, the description fits the man. Nunez should certainly speak Spanish with fluency, for he knows no other language; his kinky locks are undeniably black; and his complexion is dark beyond question."

"Nunez," said Sanborn with an odd expression. "Was it Nunez who went to Puebla?"

"It was Nunez."

"And did he disguise himself as a peon and drive a couple of burros loaded with pigskins of *pulque*?"

"You describe him like an eye-witness," exclaimed Strang.

"I ought to, for I saw him."

It was Strang's turn for surprise.

"You saw Nunez?"

"As I entered Puebla," answered Sanborn, and told of the elusive half recognition which had momentarily tantalized his memory to vanish in the whirl of events which followed it. "So I let the money slip through my fingers," he ended with mournful self-reproach.

Strang took something from his pocket; it looked like a coin and was bronze.

"The Emperor told you at the outset," he said slowly, "that this might prove a service without fitting reward."

"I haven't even the satisfaction of successful accomplishment."

"The empire is no richer now," Strang went on, "than when the Emperor spoke."

"It is poorer," lamented the youth.

"Poorer by £800."

"But it can nevertheless recompense courage in the way courage cares most to be recompensed. The Emperor has asked me to give you, for him, the Imperial medal for bravery."

Sanborn impetuously pushed it away.

"It would burn a hole in my coat," he said bitterly. "Even Nunez could wear it with better grace. Am I to be rewarded for losing the money? It is nothing that I tried to save it. That does not palliate the fact that it is lost."

"It is not lost," said Strang quietly.

"Not lost," echoed Sanborn. "Where is it then?"

"On its way to Querétaro. It is in the Emperor's hands."

Sanborn laughed incredulously.

"You will be telling me next that Nunez handed it over to you," he said jocosely.

"Nunez did," replied Strang.

"Oh, come now," Sanborn protested.

"Be merciful."

"It is true, all true," Strang answered laughing. "The Emperor set out to-day

for Querétaro and he took the money with him. It was considerably left in our hands by Nunez, who valorously ran away while his pigskins were being searched under my direction. I had given orders that he should be permitted to escape; we had no further use for him. Now will you accept the medal? It is the Emperor's wish. He would have given it in person if he could."

Sanborn took the decoration soberly.

"It strikes me that this belongs to you," he said.

#### XVI

##### *Wherein Luncheon is Served for Two*

A month and a fortnight went by. Up at Querétaro the Imperial forces lay hemmed about by the gathering Juarists. The "mouse-trap," the Emperor began to call the place. Puebla, too, had its anxieties. Since Sanborn's flying visit the rising Liberal flood had lapped its threshold; it was in a state of siege. Now the Puebla plain is the highroad to the capital and has been from time immemorial. So Cortés came; so the French; so General Scott. Should Puebla fall, the City of Mexico might confidently expect events; therefore the City waited.

One March morning Philip Strang received mail from England through the British minister. It was a letter full of bitter mourning for the dead and self-pity for the living, whose black-edged pages seemed to exhale a scent of cut flowers and sables as they told their melancholy story of shattered hope and family pride laid low. To Strang it seemed the most pitiful thing he had ever read, and with the feeling that he had spied upon a naked soul, he thrust the letter into its envelope as if to clothe the hideous thing. Yet leaping side by side with his commiseration was a boundless joy. Unheralded, unlooked for, buffeted by wind and tide, his ship had come in.

A little later he left the city and rode slowly toward Tacubaya, and for the first time in their relation as man and beast his horse had full license to choose its own pace and footing. The master had no eyes for horsemanship, but stared dreamily at his pommel. In its equine way, the animal wondered at the new dispensation and, loitering more and more, came finally to a full stop within easy reach of an appetizing wayside shrub. It was at this pass that General Ravenscroft came charging down upon them around a turn in the street, bringing his horse to a halt with an old cavalryman's skill.

"I was on my way to Tacubaya," Strang announced, reddening a little under the general's scrutiny. "I wanted to talk to you."

"Well met, then. I am bound for my banker's in town. A difference of ten minutes would have meant a bootless journey for you. Now we can go into the city together and you will have economized two hours."

Strang hesitated singularly.

"I'm not pressed for time," he answered. "In fact I rather anticipated the ride to-day and I never consider the journey bootless."

"Then we'll take it together," said the general heartily. "Come with me to my banker's and we will ride back at our leisure. You shall take luncheon with us."

"I think—I am afraid I can't," stammered Strang. "I have—another errand in this direction. I must go on shortly."

The general looked his astonishment at this tottering of his idol.

"But you said that you were not pressed for time," he objected, mildly displeased at seeing his hospitable plans put awry.

"Well, you see, sir," Strang began lamely and stopped. "Confound it, General Ravenscroft," he broke out, "I must have a word with you this minute or I shall explode. I have news, news, news!"

The general swung himself from his saddle, and led his horse into the shade.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you shall have as many as you choose."

The ordinarily out-spoken Englishman became as diffident as a schoolboy and nervously flicked with his riding whip at a cactus which throve among the stones.

"It does look like a bunch of mittens," he observed inconsequently.

"What does?" exclaimed the general.

"Why, the cactus. Miss Ravenscroft said one day that that sort reminded her of a bunch of mittens. I begin to see it in a belated way. There is another variety that she calls 'giant pickles.'"

"Did you bring me here to talk of cacti, sir?" inquired his interlocutor gravely. "Their explosive nature has never before been brought to my attention."

Strang's laugh cleared the atmosphere.

"Do you think me daft?" he asked.

"The truth is, I scarcely know how or where to begin. Two hours ago I was a poor man. Now I am rich."

The older man had him instantly by the hand.

"Talk cacti, mount the aqueduct over there and dance, do anything," he cried jubilantly. "Nothing is inexcusable. I've known the feeling. I once had a mere hole in the ground turn into a silver mine. There's nothing to equal it."

"It means a great sorrow to some one else," said Strang more soberly. "It means that the family estates in England are ultimately to fall to me. Death has taken the intermediate heirs. The old baronet, my grandfather, has now no nearer kin than myself. My father's elder brother died before I came to Mexico, but his son has always been as hale as I. Yet his life flickered out in an hour, poor chap; he was thrown while following the hounds. It's all here," he went on, taking out the letter of the morning. "It's awful, this old man's grief. He cared more for that boy than

for his God; his own sons were nothing to him in comparison. He cockered him from the cradle. And now, after all, the son of his least-loved son will come into the dead man's heritage. It is little wonder that he writes to me as if it tore his heart-strings. He was full of bitterness toward my father. You see he married against the baronet's will; he too, had a will."

He fell into a moment's reverie.

"You will be returning to England soon," said the general dolefully.

"When I can go I must," Strang answered. "My grandfather begs me to come to him. He says that his solitude is unspeakable. He is alone with his servants in his great country house and counts on me to lift the gloom."

The general heaved a mighty sigh.

"My dear boy," he said, "I don't know what Mexico will be without you. I shall want to quit it instanter. I envy the baronet."

"Do you mean that?" asked the younger man, his eyes lighting. "Then hear me: it was not to boast of my good fortune that I sought you out, though I don't undervalue it. I glory in the thought of an English home and an English life. I should have watery blood, indeed, did not the thought stir me. But it is for another reason that I rejoice in the possession of wealth. I can ask of you now what I had no right to ask before. I mean Molly."

General Ravenscroft's gray eyes glistened with sudden moisture, but by dint of sturdy frowning he clung to his dignity. Then the corners of his mouth twitched and a smile crept out and around.

"So that was your reason for disdaining my company to Tacubaya," he said. "I cannot think of keeping you longer from your errand. Should you see Molly," he added dryly, "you might say to her that I shan't be home for luncheon."

And what a luncheon it was! Not that they thought of the food, those two. Strang had extravagantly vowed that he was as hungry as a shipwrecked sailor, but he could have told you nothing of what he ate, or whether, indeed, he ate at all. He vividly recalled the expanse of white napery all strewn with the flowers which they had gathered together in the garden, but he remembered it only as a minor detail of the picture of which Molly was the central figure. The dress of fluffy white, the bunch of roses at the belt, the ribbon at the throat, the waving hair, the tender smile, the love-lit eyes—all his, *his*—these were the things for remembrance which spread the board for a banquet beside which ortolans and honey from Mount Hybla were unpalatable dross.

Presently from behind the teacups falters the inevitable query feminine:

"When did you first begin to—to care?"

"The moment I saw you," stoutly rings the inevitable rejoinder masculine.

"Do be sensible," pleads she, the while believing.

"I swear," cries Romeo, and the gods laugh.

"And you?" comes in unerring sequence. "When did you begin to care, Molly?"

She takes sanctuary in the tea things and a huge central bunch of scarlet poppies screens her from him. He shifts his chair and penetrates her retreat.

"When?" he repeats.

"How can I tell?" she fences. "A woman perceives it less readily than a man. He thrills at every pretty face."

"When?" he persists, refusing to do battle for his sex.

"Philip!"

The monosyllable shunts his purpose where mightier engines fail. It is the first time that he has heard it from her lips. What a name it is, to be sure!

What grace, what rhythm, what poetry she imparts to it!

"Say it again," he insists.

She dutifully complies and once more he listens, ravished. Then, suddenly, he remembers.

"But you haven't told me. When was it?"

"It?" she queries, sorely pressed.

"Yes, it, you delightful humbug."

"I don't remember," she declares without conviction.

"I'll help you," he volunteers. "Was it when you told me of your girlhood?"

"No."

"Before that?"

"Don't, Philip, don't."

"Before that?" he repeats relentlessly.

A faint nod.

"Christmas, perhaps?"

A silence.

"What," he jubilantly hails the sign.

"It *was* Christmas?"

She tries to put him off, but a happy recollection spurs him on.

"In the *corredor*," he exults. "You remember that when you knew that I had come you would not sing again?"

"Yes; I remember."

"Well, then?"

A smile wantons into being. "Well then?" she mocks.

"Didn't that mean something?"

The smile ripples into an infectious laugh.

"It meant that I was vain," she answers.

"Vain?"

"I was vexed at my cousin. I knew that I could not sing well before you and I chose not to sing at all."

"Proof," cries the lover. "Proof positive. If you had not begun to care for me you would have sung anyhow."

She did not gainsay him, but it was never meant for one of his sex to know the whole truth of the matter. Yet any woman may guess.

(To be continued)

## EDWARD KENNAR, THE ENGINEER

*By Charlotte W. Thurston*

**F**RAMED and inscribed for a hero's glory  
An engine-throttle in silver hung,  
And reverent eyes read the simple story  
Of three brave words from the brave lips wrung.

Over the track where the rails were gleaming,  
Warning of danger with never a sign,  
His long mane darkly behind him streaming,  
The Great Horse swept down the Western line.

In the engine cab, with his quick eye ready,  
Hand on the throttle, with never a fear,  
There at his post with strong hand steady,  
Stood Edward Kennar, the engineer.

Thunder and crash of the giant-flung missile!  
Rushing of earth through the quivering pass!  
The shrill "Down brakes" of the frenzied whistle  
Lost in the roar of the hurtling mass.

Throttle and brake!—and the brave heart waited—  
Waited the clash of that death-driven tomb;  
And the mighty engine, ruin-fated,  
Reeling, headlong plunged to its doom.

Under the iron, crumpled and battered,  
Wrested and wrenched to that terrible bier —  
Under the torn steel, splintered and shattered  
Lay Edward Kennar, the engineer.

Faint, far, but rumbling louder and clearer,  
Roaring like tiger in wakening wrath,  
Unheard, unheeded, yet nearer and nearer,  
The west-bound train on its danger-path.

Rescuing hands tear the wreck asunder;  
Flaming above them the lantern's light;  
The train forgotten—its on-coming thunder  
Lost on the fitful April night—

Till Kennar shrieks,—from the kind hands shrinking—  
Shrieks through his agony—sudden and clear,  
"Flag No. 5!"—and, the brave head sinking,  
Dies Edward Kennar, the engineer.

## THE VAN-GUARD OF A NEW RACE

Reasons Why America is Advancing to World Leadership

*By Charles H. Robinson*

THE consensus of opinion among the scientists of Europe is, that with few exceptions, the various distinct branches of the human family, by long continued interbreeding, have become, in varying degrees, weak and unstable. If there is any standard upon which to measure blood, physical energy, moral stamina and manhood, it has ceased to be considered in determining national characteristics. In other words, the hitherto homogeneous branches of the human race are approaching degeneracy, such as exists as the consequence of intermarriage between members of the same family, or between those closely allied by blood.

Plants annually grown in the same soil, without new, additional fertilizing elements, degenerate into hybrids. The constant inbreeding of animals produces mongrel stock. It is a law of all created organic things to travel backwards toward degeneracy unless made to advance in the direction of superiority by an amalgamation with new, fresh and hardy varieties. This law is well known to the royal families of Europe and Asia, who seek fertilization and renewed energy in foreign stock, rather than lose vitality by intermixture with the blood of their own race. England goes to Saxony or to some of the Dutch principalities, with an occasional reversion to the pure Danes. Germany seeks royal blood in the Anglo-Saxon, Magyar, or Celt. Russia finds blue blood in Saxony and Scandinavia, France in Austria, and in Sweden there is a Celtic strain. But even with this careful budding and graft-

ing of the old royal stock with new varieties, repeated intermarriage is driving the hereditary rulers of the old world into intellectual inferiority.

This foreign interchange of blood, except in a few accidental cases, stops with royalty, the main body of the people of every particular nation preserves its personal and national characteristics by interbreeding. The longer the inter-amalgamation, or inbreeding, the more marked are the traces of degeneracy. Indeed, the earth is covered with the ruins of ancient nations, which, after centuries of amalgamation, reached a point where they became unable, through weakness, to maintain a foothold upon the soil. The blood becoming stale, intellectual inferiority appearing as a rule instead of the exception, they degenerated into slavery, becoming the bondmen of other and fresher races, and were finally crowded out of existence.

### SOME NATIONS THAT HAVE FALLEN

Of the Semitic branch of the human family, little remains except the Israelites and Arabs, not numerous enough to populate the New England States. All of their greatness as a race has departed, and they are wanderers upon the face of the earth. Some scattered tribes still haunt the magnificent ruins of Syria, Assyria, Egypt and the Red sea region. None of them possesses the power of restoring their national autonomy, because their continued exclusiveness is perpetuating their disintegration. The remnants of the Hamitic branch

may be seen and studied by the modern traveler in Egypt, and in the servile, subordinate African race. No one would ever connect them with the greatness and wisdom of the ancient Chaldees, the builders of the Pyramids, or the magnificence of the Ethiopian monarchs. The Turanians are now on the verge of national extinction, the antelude to racial annihilation. The Turks and Persians are following the rule of degeneracy, though existing longer than the others by reason of a certain amount of foreign fertilization through the nomadic tribes of the north. In the Finns of northern Europe and the Basques of northern Spain, we perceive the poor remnants of once lusty peoples. The exclusiveness of the proud and haughty Magyar has brought punishment to the Hungarians, who are now fighting over the dry bone of a national autonomy that can never be rehabilitated.

As nations leaving their mark upon the pages of history, all of them have gone down beneath the sands, and the poor remnants of them are hopelessly struggling against a destiny which they can not avert, because of their persistence in following the seclusiveness of inter-breeding. With them, it is now as it always has been, the pride of blood, the dignity of race, that dominates their spirits, regardless of the historical fact, that by this fancied superiority, the dead and dying nations of the earth have been brought low. There is not, there never was anything deteriorating or degenerating in national exclusiveness, for that has always meant strength and power. The decadence of the Chinese is not due to their strict wall of exclusion, for if expansion means perpetuation, why is it that Phoenicia, Greece, Carthage, Rome, Persia, Syria no longer exist but in traces strewn over the face of the earth? It was the exclusiveness of the Chinese that perpetuated their national autonomy far beyond the term of the others; it was

the influx of Tartar blood that preserved them from degeneracy. Now, they are an unmixed race, and the inevitable signs of racial decay are heavily marked, particularly in the southern and central provinces beyond the Tartar influence.

#### AFTER THE ARYAN, WHAT?

Amid this wreck of races there still stands the great Aryan branch, which is now exhibiting the same signs of degeneracy so easily traced in the others. When that remaining branch of the human family shall have become effete, what is there beyond? What will be the status of the people of the earth?

Of the two great streams of the Indo-European, or Aryan branch of the human family that flowed from its spring in the valley of Cashmere, out through the gorges of the Caucasus, the one south toward Iran and beyond the Ganges, the other west and north into Europe, there remains but the one branch which flowed west and north, that possesses among its divisions a national vitality which can ever solve the human problem, or maintain a defensible foothold on the earth. The Celt, the German and the Slav are the only remaining divisions of that great western Aryan stream that dashed against the nations of the earth and overcame them. The divisions of the southern stream, the Medes and Persians, retain only a shred of nationality which is seldom alluded to, and the caste differences of the Hindoos are fast decimating the East Indian. The Graeco-Roman nations have degenerated into the world's lazzaroni, and of the Celts of Gaul and Spain there remain only the Hibernians and Scotch with the promise of vigor. The Slavonians of Russia are expanding it to a dominant nation in western Europe, while the remaining Slavonian nations—the Poles, Bohemians, Servians, Bulgarians, Illyrians and Croatians—are mere disturbers of the world's peace, and for the safety

of mankind must soon be absorbed. We have reduced the earth's population down to its most vigorous and enduring stock—the Germanic, the Russian and the Irish. Out of the Germanic division came the Saxon, the Norman and the Frank. The Normans, or to give them their proper title, the Scandinavians, occupied the north of Europe, the Franks, France, and the Saxons, England, whence the name Anglo-Saxons, while the remaining divisions of the Germanic nation remained in the middle of Europe and now constitute the German and Austrian empires. To sum up, we have as the most vigorous descendants in Europe, of the western stream of the great Aryan branch—nations which have not yet begun to show any serious signs of national decay, the following, with their approximate populations:

<i>Russia.....</i>	<i>129,300,000</i>
<i>German Empire, exclusive of colonies .....</i>	<i>54,000,000</i>
<i>England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales .....</i>	<i>40,000,000</i>
<i>France, exclusive of colonies ..</i>	<i>38,500,000</i>
<i>Sweden and Norway.....</i>	<i>6,800,000</i>
<i>Belgium.....</i>	<i>6,000,000</i>
<i>Switzerland.....</i>	<i>3,000,000</i>
<i>Denmark, exclusive of colonies ..</i>	<i>2,200,000</i>
	<hr/>
	<i>279,800,000</i>

#### THE PERIL OF THE DOMINANT PEOPLES

The total population of the earth, according to the latest estimates, reaches the sum of about 1,500,000,000, from which, deducting the nations above specified, we have a dominated population amounting to 1,216,200,000, from which, however, should be excluded the United States and Canada, to be referred to later on. The nations constituting the dominant race are unmixed nations, that is to say, they are all possessed of a pride of race and a strict exclusiveness.

As a rule they are averse to foreign strains, and are, on that account, all subject to deterioration and degeneracy. It is because of strong signs of deterioration plain to be seen, that Italy, Spain and other countries, like Austria, which are marked with the Turanian strain, are omitted.

It must not be inferred that the degeneracy, or deterioration herein referred to, indicates a diminished population, for the term is used to indicate the gradual and growing inability of the nations and peoples referred to, through physical and mental weakness, to preserve governmental autonomy, or national vigor, without an external, or foreign protecting arm. At the death of the Emperor Augustus, the population of the earth had been reduced by famine, pestilence, sword, violence and other causes, to about fifty-four millions of people, and it was not until the fifteenth century that Europe could boast of a population of 50,000,000. Hence, it will be perceived that national degeneracy does not impair the procreative instinct, on the contrary, the lower the scale of humanity, the more prolific its increase.

It is a fact fully attested in the pages of history, that all progress stops after the lapse of a certain period, in homogeneous, or unmixed nations, and that period can only be prolonged to a greater or lesser degree whenever there is more or less heterogeneity. It seems to be a rule of nature to avoid a universal sameness, whether among men or inorganic nature, or lower animals. By unvarying intercourse with one another, individuals become alike to a noticeable degree, in their physical resemblance and even mental attributes. They look alike and they think alike. Physicians and careful observers have noticed that husband and wife who live to old age, grow into a common or composite resemblance that is an indication of blood relationship. In certain localities, dis-

tricts, or provinces in Spain, the south of France, Italy, Holland, Germany, England, and in all of the unmixed nations, there are neighborhoods where the people seem to belong to the same natural family, so closely do they resemble one another in personal appearance; and their ideas run in the same grooves. Every one accustomed to the Chinese in any of our American cities, will know how difficult it is to tell one from another. In San Francisco, at one time, when the sheriff served a warrant on a Chinaman, he took any one of them, and it was the custom among the Chinese, to pay a poor Chinaman a fixed sum to take the place of the actual criminal. One of the most difficult problems for our government officials to solve, was the identification of a Chinaman who was entitled to re-enter the country. The same photograph, sent by mail, served to let in any number. Craniologists find no difficulty in detecting the nationality of any skull belonging to one of the unmixed nations. All these indicia are of common knowledge and are the result of homogeneity.

The scientists who have made a special study of human peculiarities and attributes, and announce the degeneration of the human race, have based their conclusions exclusively upon investigations made among a homogeneous people. So far, their conclusions are undoubtedly correct. But none of them has ever closely studied heterogeneity, except in accidental instances, because the opportunities are lacking; there is no material to work upon in the old world. Moreover, none of them has ever realized the importance universal heterogeneity might have upon the subject.

#### ONLY ONE TOTALLY MIXED PEOPLE

The map of the world discloses only one nation that does not possess any of the elements of homogeneousness, a

totally mixed nation, one which has no national ancestry. That nation is the United States. All others are homogeneous, unmixed, and have interbred for centuries. They are all more or less marked with the signs of approaching degeneracy, effeminacy and national imbecility, which not even an Anglo-American alliance can prevent, or cure, because the trouble is in the persone of the individuals and not in the national strength, which is nothing but brute force. The United States and Canada were purposely omitted from the list of nations already specified, because the conditions in America are totally different from those of Europe. As a mixed nation, the law of degeneracy by interbreeding does not apply, and cannot apply until the whole nation shall have become homogeneous, and acquired the same universal, distinctive physical characteristics as the nations of the old world. This condition is not likely to be reached until immigration shall have ceased, and even then it will require generations of interbreeding before degeneracy could ensue, but come it must.

Prior to 1820, it is estimated that about two hundred and fifty thousand immigrants came into the United States. Since 1820, to date, the number has reached a little over eighteen millions, or at the average rate of 225,000 per annum. These immigrants came from about fifty different nations, districts and unmixed peoples, principally, however, from the strong and vigorous stocks of the Irish, German, British Islands, France and Scandinavia. In a population of 78,000,000, seventy-five per centum are the products of foreign admixture, leaving the balance of our population to the unassimilable Hamitic, or negro; the Turanian, or Chinese, Turks, Poles, Hungarians and Mexican Aztecs, degenerate Italians, Spaniards, Indians, Creoles and Japanese. In 1870, the percentage of children born in the

United States of foreign parentage was 28.25. of the population; in 1880 it was 29.75, and in 1890 it had increased to 33.02. At the present time (1901), it is safe to say that 40 per centum of our population are of foreign parentage, and at least 40 per centum are only two or more removes from foreign parents.

It will be perceived from this, that there is very little distinctively American nationality, counting the original population of 3,000,000 as American, which it was not, for the American continent never possessed any original race except the red men. The whole nation is therefore a mixed one, and stands upon a different basis as to its perpetuation than any other.

It must not be forgotten, that included in our population are various unassimilable races, which by reason of their racial characteristics can never become heterogeneous, but some of which, by reason of the prolific tendency of degenerate races, already alluded to, are increasing in numbers to such an extent that their future government is one of the great problems to be solved.

#### RAPID RISE OF THE AMERICAN TYPE

The experience of observers amply demonstrates, that after the second remove from a foreign parentage, the international interbreeding, so to speak, the product loses all, or substantially all of its ancestral racial characteristics, except in the cases of the Hamitic, Semitic, and Turanian, and assumes a common or composite feature which is beginning to be known all over the world as "American." The peculiar racial distinctions of the Germans, English, Irish, French, Scotch, Swedes, Norwegians, Slavs, etc., and other assimilable nationalities, that is, those belonging to the Aryan branch of the human family, are lost by assimilation, and assume new,

composite features common to all. This is true in all the various sections of the United States, where climatic and other conditions are as varied as in the old world. Evidence, certainly, that it is not climate or local conditions that create national diversity of features. The grand and great-grandchildren of foreign parentage, in this country, bear no national resemblance to their forbears, and selections from the most widely diverse nationalities can not be identified.

This curious transformation, and creation of a new race, which is constantly going on in the United States, is only true of the Aryan branch of the human family. When it comes to the Turanian, or oriental; the Semitic, or Jews, Arabs, etc., and the Hamitic, or negro and Egyptian, there is no change because there is no assimilation.

It is evident that a new race, or rather, a new branch of the human family is in process of formation in the United States, and although such a desideratum may not have been dreamed of by the founders of the nation, yet, it must be apparent that the power that brings all things His way is working to accomplish His own designs through unwitting instruments. In view of these facts, there can be but one outcome, which is, that the American race will be the vanguard of the human family, perhaps remain as the finality, and eventually dominate the earth.

Alliances are sought with us from a political, social and interbreeding standpoint. The individuals of the earth see something new and superior in us from casual acquaintance, and flock hither in hordes to become like us. The German, Frank and Slav come here willingly to lose their German, Russian, Scandinavian, Anglo-Saxon and French national characteristics. There can be no rehabilitation of any one of them; they are all being absorbed by the new American race, and their former characteristics are being blotted out forever.

## THE LADY AND THE WIND

A Story of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty

By Alice B. Congdon

THERE never was a lady so tall and so magnificent as she who stands guard over New York harbor. When you have said that she is 150 feet high, that her hand is longer than the tallest man and that it is quite possible to wander about in her head, you begin to understand what an insignificant being you are in comparison. Even a Chinese giant who lived in a dime museum might think, as he stood before her, that somehow he had humbugged the world pretty well for a man of his size.

Probably no woman has had so many remarks concerning her personal appearance, made before her face and behind her back and on all sides of her, as this Lady of the Sea. Sometimes people speak disparagingly of the distance to the top of her head, but on the whole they are complimentary rather than critical. Now, I suppose you have quite settled it in your own mind that this lady never has any thoughts of her own; that she stands there all day with her book and her torch, and all night too, for that matter, with never an idea in her great head. What a mistake! I know a great secret about the bronze lady and I will tell it to you if you will listen. Perhaps you will believe me and perhaps you will not. It all depends upon what kind of a person you are. Just bend down your ear, such a little ear when one thinks of the Lady's. Now listen.

One night the Lady walked on her own island. There, I thought you would shake your head, and it is only because you are so polite that you keep

from saying, "I don't believe it." I, myself, heard it from the Wind. The Wind and the Lady are very good friends. Indeed he loves her so much that he is always speaking to her about it. Sometimes he whispers it in so low a voice that she can hardly hear him. Then again he thunders out his declarations with such a tremendous roar that all the world might hear if they would but listen. Every now and then he swells out the sails of the ships and they go courtesying around her, like maidens in white gowns at a queen's reception. Sometimes he whispers to the sea and the waves rush faster and faster against the shore of my Lady's island, till their spray covers her with a shower of kisses.

It must be confessed that the Wind is a jealous lover. He has a special grudge against the people who climb the steps to visit his ladylove. He scolds away at them like a veritable shrew, knocking off their hats and blowing their hair like a veil around their faces. When they stop to take breath he laughs in his sleeve, the saucy fellow.

It was on a very hot July night that the Wind and the Lady walked arm in arm together on the island. It had been an uncomfortable day and a great many people, especially little people, had come over from the city. I have been told that they really came to find the Wind, but perhaps that isn't true, and at any rate the Lady is not a bit jealous.

If it was a fact, though, then they must have been disappointed that day, for he was not there.

Perhaps the Lady had quarreled with

him, or he had important business in another direction. The people toiled up the little wharf and sat down to rest at the top of the first pair of steps. Those who had sunshades put them up and grumbled because they had come. Those who had none, and there were more of these, sat down on the grass under the trees and thought how much hotter it must be at home. There were a great many babies. Poor, pale little things with thin faces and staring eyes. Many of them were taken care of by their older sisters, and except that they were a little longer and a very little broader, the sisters looked much like the babies themselves. There was a kind-faced lady with rosy cheeks who ran here and there, seeming always to be busy. She brought a glass of milk to a little lame boy and hung a hammock low down that he might not be afraid to lie in it. She was a great addition to the island.

But it was a disappointing day. The clouds stretched themselves thinly across the sky, bringing no relief from the glare of the sun that burned in the heavens like a red hot coal. The leaves hung motionless, as though they suddenly had been turned into lead. The bronze Lady did her best. She smiled on them all and waved her torch, but nobody minded her and not a soul went up to investigate her head. Everybody was waiting for the Wind, and still he did not come. As the sun sank lower and lower the clouds moved toward him as if to entreat that he should hunt up this recreant fellow and tell him how all the people longed for his coming.

"It will rain," said the people, and they hurried for the boat. A big woman with five children rushed toward the gate and nearly upset one of the little nurses with a baby in her arms. The languid people with sunshades bestirred themselves and hurried along side by side with the rosy-faced lady,

who had a baby and a basket and a big umbrella stowed away somewhere about her chubby person. She was calling to three small bare-footed children who clung to her skirts, to "hurry up, dears, and we'll get away from the rain!" The photographer folded up his camera with a jerk (being very cross that day on account of the weather) and remarked to the man who sold confectionery, that "like as not it wouldn't amount to anything!" Wise man, that photographer! for, would you believe it, after everybody had pushed and jostled everybody else; after the babies and the baskets had all been gathered up and the little boat had sailed away crowded to its utmost capacity, then the sun came out as brilliant as ever, with a broad grin on his face that was positively exasperating.

The Lady watched him as he came to the end of the day's journey and really there was a wink in his fiery eye as he dropped suddenly behind a bank of clouds, now scarlet with mortification at the failure of their efforts. There was no moon that night. A fine Mist crept up across the sky, covering it with a soft grey carpet. Through it the Lady's torch shone, a path of light for miles.

About one o'clock the Wind arrived. He came sauntering in with an easy insolent toss of his head, so gently kissing the Lady's cheek that she but just felt his touch. "You are very late," she said; really, she was a little cross.

The Wind murmured something about being "unavoidably delayed."

"And you don't seem to have arrived in a very smart fashion now," continued the Lady.

At this the Wind bristled up and blew such a gust of denial around the torch that the Mist was frightened and ran away.

"Now that you have come," continued the Lady, "you will have to bestir yourself, for there is a great deal to be done, both here and over yonder."

The Wind assured her that nothing would give him so much pleasure as to blow himself hoarse in her behalf.

"We've had a very trying day," went on the Lady. "Really, the babies gave me a headache. They were so thin, and—but, my dear Mr. Wind!" The Wind jumped to his feet. The Lady was quivering with excitement. "Don't you see? Over there, behind that old shed."

The Wind was dull and could see nothing.

"How can you be so stupid!" said the Lady, nearly letting her tablet fall. "It is a little child who lies sleeping there. I saw her here this afternoon. She must have been left behind. If you will give me your arm, Mr. Wind, I think I will go and look at her."

"But your ships at sea?" said the Wind. Then, seeing the disappointment on her face, he said, "Ah, I was only teasing you. Wait, I will not keep you long."

Then he breathed on the eyes of all the sleepless ones and they were sealed; he sent a great calm over the water so that the ships floated like idle things upon a sea of glass. "It is only for a moment," he whispered to the astonished Tide.

The Lady gathered her train about her and taking the arm of her devoted lover, stepped grandly down from her pedestal. Together they stood over the sleeping child. It was as though two mountains were guarding a rose leaf. This was a white rose leaf, perhaps. A leaf tossed here and there, with few resting places and many a storm. Ah, little sleeper! what do you know of the Lady who stands large-eyed and beneficent above you? Nothing. What freedom has your little life contained? When you were born your mother could hardly spare the time in which to take care of you. When you were old enough (alas! are you not still too young?) you added your small wages to hers and there was

barely enough to support you both. You have been hungry and tired, cold in winter and burning with heat in summer. And Liberty is looking at you, dear, with the Wind like a spirit beside her.

He stooped and lifted the skirt of her dress that covered her bare feet, then fell a sobbing. Everybody knows how the Wind can sob. "They are so thin," he said. "You really must excuse me; I am so accustomed to looking at yours!"

"And, her face," rejoined the Lady, "was ever a face so pinched and hungry?" The little white rose leaf stirred and sighed, calling in her sleep—"Here I am, sir—coming." A great tear rolled off the Lady's face. It took a good while, to be sure, but after it was gone she said: "I should like to hold her."

"Why not," answered the Wind. He lifted the sleeping child in his strong arms, so gently that she did not stir, and with rapid steps they made their way back to the vacant pedestal.

After the Lady had adjusted her train and lifted high her torch, the Wind laid the little rose leaf against her neck, and she neither spoke nor moved. Never had she been gathered to such a heart before.

"Oh, do you think I might hold her a long time?" asked the Lady, all fluttering with pleasure. "'Till just before the dawn," replied the Wind, speaking to the Tide and blowing the sleep from the eyes of the drowsy sentinels.

Meanwhile the Lady was gazing with clear eyes across the water. "Dear Wind," she cried. Now when she spoke to him in that way there was nothing the Wind wouldn't have done for her. "I see so many suffering people. The rooms are hot and close over there in the city, and the little children are tossing restlessly in their sleep. Go you, for my sake, and carry comfort to all the sleeping city."

The Wind fairly flew at this. He rushed over the river, hurried through

all the streets and into the windows of thousands of houses. He blew such cool little breezes into them, that tired sleepers were rested and refreshed, and everybody was as cool and comfortable as the little roseleaf, high up in the Lady's neck.

By this time it was nearly morning, and when the Wind returned to the island he found the Lady reluctantly preparing to part with her little child. "I have not been so happy since I came from France," she said, watching the Wind as he lifted the sleeper gently from her resting place. Very tenderly he laid her in the identical spot where they had found her, and when the morning came the Lady's face was shining and the Wind was playing a tremendous game of hide and seek with every blade of grass.

"Astonishing night for sleeping," said the photographer, coming back on

the first boat with renewed courage and a fresh box of plates. There was another passenger on the first boat; a pale woman who ran hurriedly up the pier.

"Oh, my dear! I've been so worried about you," she said to the bare-footed child who ran into her arms. There was little time for greetings or explanations, but as they passed the Bronze Lady she heard the mother telling how "the dreadful heat was over." Stretching out her good right arm toward them, the Lady thought, "Oh, that I might always shelter you and teach you the meaning of my name!"

Whether the Lady ever walked again on her island I do not know, but if you will look at the great bend in her foot you will see that she seems to be getting ready to start, and perhaps if you go over there some morning at one o'clock she will make a second descent.

## THE MAN AND THE HOUR

*By Helen Hunting*

*WE view the progress of our glorious nation,  
And with united voice our paean raise;  
Unto the men who laid its broad foundation  
We pay the tribute of unstinted praise.  
Theirs to fulfil a high and holy mission,  
With purpose firm, with motives true and pure;  
Hampered by pride and fettered by tradition,  
Yet guided by an instinct swift and sure.  
In every crisis of our country's story  
Arose the men to meet that country's need—  
Men great and true, who sought not fame nor glory,  
With love of God and man their only creed.  
To-day a lesson from the past we borrow—  
A lesson for the lowly and the great:  
The problems of to-day and of to-morrow  
Shall find awaiting them the men of fate.  
Called to a noble and a high vocation,  
The servants of a people great and free,  
Building upon that broad and sure foundation,  
They build for time and for eternity.*

## OLD TESTAMENT ROMANCES: FINDING THE MAID

*By Dallas Lore Sharp*

**A**BRAMHAM had come a stranger among the Canaanites, a sojourner from Mesopotamia—between the rivers—seeking a country, as other men have done, that was far away and wide and full of promise—a land where the altars of his fathers had never been raised, nor their smouldering fires kindled, nor their unheeding gods worshipped.

He had found the land he sought; and richer, fairer far than his dreams were its valley pastures, its tree covered hills, its plains where the sea winds slept. Richer, too, the wealth that the land gave him. His sheep and goats were counted by flocks; his camels outnumbered those of all the herds of Mamre together. He was a prince among the strangers and his God was all his own. His hundred and three-score years had left him rich and great and good.

They had left him old also, and gray and stricken. The sacred oaks of Mamre, under whose wide arms he had made the grave of his wife, even they, ancient and hoary as they were, seemed lusty yet as Abraham moved beneath them, or sat, just without, at his tent door and dreamed.

Already he had given over the cares of his household to the keeping of Eliezer, his trusty servant. But there was yet one great matter to settle. It touched Isaac, his son, the heir of all his wealth; in whom alone the promise of the future should be fulfilled.

The matter had long troubled Abraham. Much of late, especially since the death of Sarah, he had thought, and often asked himself, where shall I find a wife for my son?

Not from the Canaanites about him.

They did not know the God who had called him; indeed, there were no people that did; but these of the strange country were not only heathen, they were of different blood as well. Must he retrace his steps to the home land? Even they, his own people did not understand the voice that had called him away; their gods were idols, too; but stronger grew the conviction with him that beyond the desert only, in Ur of the Chaldees, among his kindred could the fitting wife be had.

It was settled. And yet he was troubled. How could the maiden be obtained? He dare not go, for he had vowed never to return. Nor dare he send Isaac, lest the lad be taken with the easy, idolatrous life from which he had broken away at so much cost. A nation had been promised the seed of Abraham; in him all the families of the earth should be blessed—if, turning his back upon the past, the dying life, the false religion of his people, he sought a city without foundation, whose maker and builder was God.

Neither he nor his son must return; the maiden must be brought.

Calling Eliezer, the chief servant, to his tent one day, the Patriarch said:

"Put your hand under my thigh, I pray (for this was a sacred sign), and swear by the Lord, the God of heaven and the God of earth, that you will not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites; but that you will go into my country and to my kindred and take a wife for my son."

Eliezer knew the dangers of such a journey, the difficulties attending such a quest, and was not quick to swear.

"Suppose the woman will not be willing to follow me into this land? Must I bring thy son again into the land from which thou didst come?"

Abraham started. Fixing his eyes upon the old servant, his hand toward heaven, his face pale with emotion, he answered:

"Beware that you bring not my son thither again. The Lord God which took me from my father's house and from the land of my kindred, and sware saying, 'Unto thy seed will I give this land,' he shall send His angel before you and you shall take a wife for my son from thence. If the woman will not follow you, then you shall be free from my oath; only bring not my son thither again."

It was a long and perilous journey from the Jordan to the Euphrates in that far off time. Then, as now, it was made by camel train, and a thousand dangers beset the way. But it was a matter of vast moment; no less a business than the choosing of a wife, the starting of a new line, the founding of a new nation—and great hazards must be risked. There were wives to be had in plenty, with much less trouble, near at hand. There always are; but not the kind that are fit for mothers.

So Eliezer, taking ten camels and men for a guard, set out toward the land between the rivers. The beasts were laden with rare gifts of cloth and jewels; for though he went begging a maiden he must not go a beggar. He need not buy the wife for his master, but it was well to be generous with the rugs and robes; it made the begging so very pleasant.

Northward and eastward moved the caravan, through the long, hot days when the desert burned and through the nights when the stars came out and the chill winds made the travelers shiver; stopping for rest during the hottest hours; creeping on and on along the smoking, sandy trail for Haran, the city of Nahor, in Mesopotamia.

There were no cattle, no heavy loads of baggage to hinder, and the camels swung swiftly across the plain. Five days out and rough, undulating hills were sighted. Soon the trail led into a shallow valley, the dry bed or wady of a narrow river, then climbing out where the pools began, it wound away toward a low stretch of green, above which gleamed a temple turret and the roofs of houses. They were coming to a city.

It was still a long way off. The sun was rolling along the rim of the desert when the caravan halted by the walls. Years had passed since Eliezer last saw the walls of this place; but there had been little change. He knew he had reached Haran, where Nahor had lived, the brother of Abraham, his master. And yet it seemed that the most difficult part of his mission had just begun. He had passed the desert; he had arrived at Haran; he could easily find the people of his master; but how should he know, how should he obtain the maiden destined for the wife of Isaac?

The evening had fallen; the sweet winds from the river, catching the fragrance of the gardens of the city on their way, came out to welcome the travelers. The smell of water at the edge of the desert was like a breath from flower-covered hills to seamen making port. It made the camels impatient; they would have broken into a gallop for the well, had not Eliezer brought them to their knees. Not yet. He must think. For, lo! yonder through the gates the maidens of the city were coming with their pitchers for the evening drawing.

There was not one damsel alone, but many. And the thought of the many, his feeling of utter helplessness in choosing, caused the devout and faithful servant to bow his head and pray. It was a childlike prayer for guidance, that he might by a single sign find out the maiden. He would go among them and

ask for a drink of water; and he prayed that the one who not only gave to him, but who should also draw for his camels—that she might be the one he sought.

It was a singularly simple yet vital test. What beauty of character was not indicated by such a spirit? A maiden who would give a stranger drink, who would also see that his camels were thirsty and draw for them, could lack none of the graces that make a woman womanly. She must be noble, tender, quick of mind and heart.

The old man approached the laughing, chatting group about the well. Several had filled their jars and were resting upon the curb; others, standing with their vessels upon their heads, waiting a turn, were watching the strange people of the caravan.

As Eliezer came up a damsel with her pitcher full left the bey about the well, and advanced toward him on her way to the city. She had not cared to linger with the others and stare at the man; but, slipping away, was taking the path alone. Her eyes fell as she drew near Eliezer, and she would have passed him without lifting her head had he not spoken. At his first word she paused, and, with a frankness and courtesy that spoke of gentle breeding, looked up. It was a face of wonderful sweetness and beauty, full of light and strength and purity.

Eliezer was too old, too bent upon the welfare of his master for a lover; but there was a leap and flash to his blood as he beheld the fresh, young loveliness of the face and form before him. The throb reached his heart as prayer—that this might be she.

Bowing low with a reverence that told him the same story of gentleness that her look had spoken to him, he asked her for a drink from her pitcher.

"Drink, my lord," she replied, lowering the jar from her shoulder upon her hand, holding it with her own strength

to his lips; and, when he finished, adding: "I will draw water for thy camels, also, until they have done drinking," hastening back to the well as she spoke, where she emptied her pitcher into the stone trough and began to draw for the thirsty beasts.

The old servant looked on with wonder, astonished at this sudden and complete answer to his prayer. But was it an answer? Was this the maiden destined for his young master? He waited and watched, all the time hoping, fearing more and more as the rare beauty of the water drawer grew upon him.

By the time the camels were satisfied the two were left alone at the well. No further word had been spoken. Coming nearer the stranger took a splendid earring from a bag about his waist, a pair of curiously wrought bracelets, a handful of gold coins and poured them into her lap, asking:

"Whose daughter art thou, I pray thee? Is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge?"

A tinge of warmer color spread across her cheek; a half-startled, questioning, incredulous delight shone in her eyes. But recovering herself instantly, she replied:

"I am the daughter of Bethuel the son of Milcah, which she bore to Nahor. And," she added, "we have both provender enough and room to lodge in."

It was Eliezer's turn to start with wonder and delight. The granddaughter of Nahor! He could scarcely believe. Nahor was the brother of Abraham. And he bent his head—

"Blessed be the Lord God of my master. He hath led me to the house of my master's brethren."

And Rebekah, hearing this, forgot her pitcher and ran away for home to tell her people.

When they saw the presents and heard the girl's story there was great excitement. Laban, her brother, hurried out

to meet and welcome the man from his father's uncle across the desert. The camels were ungirded and given straw; water was brought to the men and their feet washed, while Rebekah and her mother set food upon the table for a supper. But Eliezer would not eat until he had told the reason for his coming.

Then, as they listened, he related the story of Abraham since his departure from Haran so long ago; told them of the Lord's promise; of the old man's wish for his son, of the journey across the desert, and; at great length, with awe in his voice, of his prayer by the well and the way Rebekah seemed sent in answer, saying at the end:

"And now if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me, and if not, tell me, that I may turn to the right hand or the left."

It was enough; they required no more.

Father and son replied: "The thing proceedeth from the Lord; we cannot speak unto thee bad or good. Behold, Rebekah is before thee; take her and go and let her be the wife of Isaac, as the Lord hath spoken."

The old servant bowed himself to the earth in his humility and joy, worshipping God.

He had forgotten his hunger; leaving the food still untasted he opened the packs that the camels had brought and gave the precious jewels of silver and gold coin and rich raiment to Rebekah and to all in the house.

Days of joy and pastime were to follow; but, ever prompt, Eliezer appeared in the morning with a request to be sent away to his master. He was afraid of delays.

They tried to dissuade him. "Let the damsel abide with us a few days," the mother begged. "Let her remain at least ten. After that she shall go."

"Hinder me not," was his solemn reply, "seeing the Lord hath prospered my way."

"We will call the damsel and let her decide."

When Rebekah came, her mother, drawing her tenderly to her, asked: "Will you go away with this man?"

The eyes of the maiden dropped. She threw her arms about her mother's neck and sobbed, "I will go."

That very day, mounted upon the camels with her nurse and slave girls, the beautiful Rebekah set out from Haran for her new home in the strange land beyond the desert. The whole household accompanied her to the gate of the city to bless her.

She said farewell at the wall and, remounting, began to move away.

"Thou art our sister," they called after her, "be thou the mother of thousands of millions and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them."

Then the camels broke into their long, swaying trot, heading westward down the wady toward the desert. Rebekah looked back. Her mother and the others she could see against the gray wall. Soon only the wall in a long, low line stood out on the horizon with the temple turret above in the sky. By noon the bank of green that marked the river-land was lost to sight, and the desert, wide and terrible as the sea, burned to the rim of the burning vault above them.

The evening came; a morning dawned; evening and morning came and went again and again, and still the wonderful beasts, their heads straight out in the fiery wind, their clumsy cushioned feet treading the scorching sands, swift, rolling, buoyant, masterful, held on and on.

The snowy head of Hermon loomed far away on the right; after a time the green began to blur the glare of the sand; yonder a rock, a scar appeared which soon ran into a wady; tents and flocks were passed, a great river was crossed, and when again the twilight fell, the caravan was swinging rapidly along a

ridge of woody, fragrant hills in the south country beyond Jordan.

As the dusk settled over Mamre that night, Isaac went alone to his mother's grave beneath the oaks, then wandered out in the lonely quiet twilight, across the pastures, to meditate. It was not time for the return of the caravan; but he was thinking, wondering where the camels might be, whether headed homeward, and whether they bore him a beautiful bride. Afar in the desert he pictured the train coming like the winds; but he could not dream out the face of the maiden that was coming. The dusk deepened. He had all but crossed the pastures to the road, when, looking up, behold, the camels were coming! They had just rounded a hill that shut the road off in the north, ten of them, and by their gait he recognized them as his own. Just then they stopped, and he

saw a woman dismount. As the caravan turned the shoulder of the hill, where Isaac discovered it, Rebekah, who was riding close to Eliezer, discovered the solitary figure of the man in the fields. With an instinct as swift as her soul was sensitive, she divined whom he might be.

"Who is it?" she asked the servant.

"My master," was the answer.

She halted her camel. The caravan stopped. Making the animal kneel, she descended, and, taking a heavy veil, she covered her face before Isaac came up to them.

And here the story ends, except that Eliezer told Isaac the whole adventure, and that "Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife; and he loved her; and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death."

#### GYPSY LOVER

By Frank Farrington

*CIRCLING in the Windham wood  
A wreath of smoke rides low.  
'Neath the hemlock's dark green hood  
Shines bright a campfire's glow.*

*A ragged, roving gypsy band  
Their one night home have made  
Where evergreens all sombre stand,  
When sunset's glories fade.*

*Over the fire, on tripod rude,  
A steaming kettle swings.  
The evening meal of simple food  
Is brewing there, while sings*

*The artful witch who stirs it well,  
A witch who weaves a long  
Enduring, heart-ensnaring spell.  
'Tis thus goes on her song:*

*With eager but all noiseless haste,  
Upstealing to her side,  
He clasps his arms around her waist—  
He's won his gypsy bride.*

*"Oh my love, oh my love,  
Oh my loved one I am longing  
For thy love, for thy love;  
How desires my breast art thronging!*

*"Come, thy strong arms 'round me  
throwing.*

*I am thine, I am thine.  
Cover me with kisses glowing.*

*"Oh my love, oh my love,  
All too soon the night is over.  
Tarry not, tarry not,  
Come to me, my gypsy rover.*

*Resting by a covered cart,  
Concealed within the shade,  
Her lover hears the song her heart  
Sings out all unafraid.*

## FIFTY YEARS OF RACING FOR A SEA CUP

*By Arthur McIlroy*

**J**UST half a century ago your Uncle John Bull lost a cup. It was of no great value intrinsically—£100, perhaps, would cover the cost of a duplicate at any good jeweler's. Yet Mr. Bull's boys have spent millions of dollars in the ten attempts they have made to win back the coveted trifle. They have been ten times defeated, but will, with true British pertinacity, try again this year. For the value of the cup is not to be measured in pounds, shillings and pence; it symbolizes supremacy on the seas, in a racing sense at least, and that in all its phases is something that Mr. Bull had come to regard as his own, past the possibility of successful dispute, for so many years that you could hardly count them.

The cup in question was a trophy offered to the winner of the Royal Yacht Squadron's regatta in 1851. The competition was open to the world. The course was around the Isle of Wight. There was no bar to the entrance of German, or French, or Italian, or any other nation's crack yachts, but the only outsider that had the courage to enter was

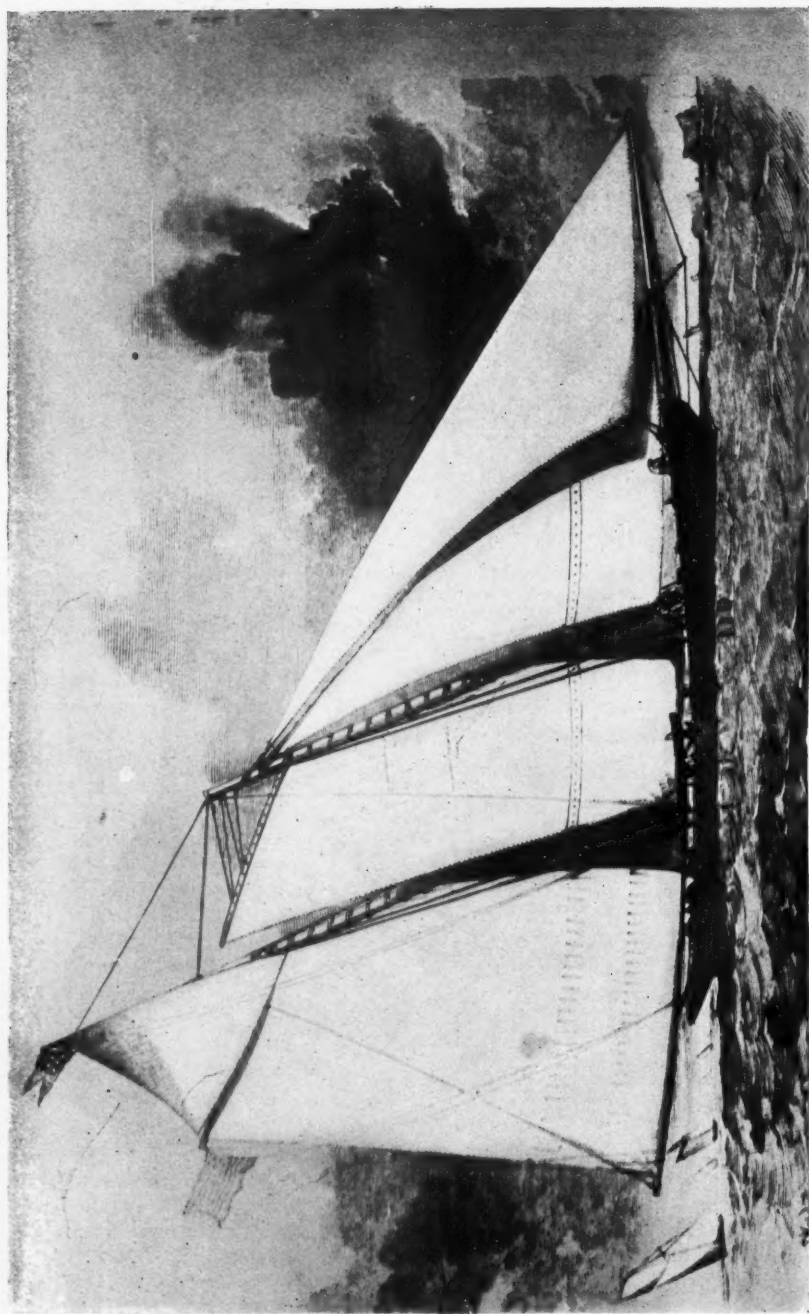
an American. The Continental yachtsmen of that day appear to have lacked the sporting spirit of the present Kaiser Wilhelm, who in a recent year did not hesitate to race his boat against the best his British cousins could produce, and gave them a good scare, too. At any rate, they stayed out of it, leaving the contest to the cousins Sam and John.

Probably because of industrial emulation excited by the London World's Fair in 1851, American shipbuilders were unusually active. They had never confessed inferiority to the British, in any department of their business, and were morally certain that they were just a little bit ahead of their only rivals. Commodore John C. Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club, acting for himself and others, among them George L. Schuyler, commissioned George Steers of New York, then the most noted yacht builder in America, to construct a boat with which to challenge British yachtsmen. Steers built the schooner yacht "America," and took her across to Havre, where she was put into racing

THE AMERICA'S CUP, WON IN 1851 FROM THE CRACK YACHTS OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED IN TEN CONTESTS SINCE THAT YEAR



THE SCHOONER YACHT "AMERICA" AS SHE APPEARED IN 1851, THE YEAR IN WHICH SHE WON THE £100 CUP OFFERED BY THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON OF ENGLAND, FOR A RACE AROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT



trim. Understand that he did not have a steam yacht along as a tender, or to tow him in calm weather, as is the case with the "racing machine" type of challengers at the present day.

For example, "Shamrock II," the newest challenger, lately arrived on this side in tow of Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht "Erin," which hauled the racer most of the way across the Atlantic, carried extra spars and other equipment, and in general acted the part of a chap-eron or a guardian.

The changes which have been wrought in racing yachts, in the course of the long effort to gain added speed, are curiously interesting, even for a landsman, whose knowledge of yachts is gained solely from the pictures and articles he reads in the papers and magazines. Chief of these

changes, of course, are those which have made for gain in sail area. You will note by studying the fine full-page pic-

THE "PURITAN," FIRST OF THE BOSTON DEFENDERS



THE "GENESTA," WHICH CAME NEARER THAN ANY OTHER CHALLENGER TO WINNING THE CUP



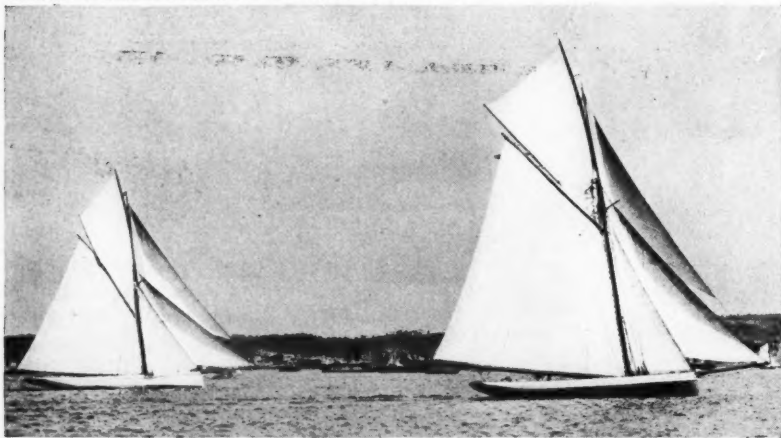
ture of the "America," as she looked in 1851—shown in this article—that her masts are not very tall, as compared with those of "Shamrock II." She had no need to carry a hundred tons of lead in her keel, as do the modern boats of the "Shamrock" and "Constitution" type. Her model was that of the large liners of her time; she was a boat for storm or calm, for bay or ocean, capable of making her own way around the world unaided. She did not need, as the latest racing yachts do, to carry a steam yacht across the ocean to caddie for her, as the golfers would say. It is doubtful if the owners of one of these down-to-date racing machines

could be induced to trust their lives in their boat, sailing alone across the ocean. Imagine the "Shamrock II," a boat ninety feet long, carrying a mast 160 feet high, with sail area developing power enough to propel a six-master, and you have the reason why it becomes necessary to hang a hundred tons of lead on her keel. Without it, she would be standing on her head at the first breath of a ten-knot breeze. The science of building these racing machines has centred in determining at just what point the added

contests have lost their significance as tests of skill in the construction of seaworthy boats, and have narrowed down to a matching of wits in the designing of marine abnormalities, and of daring in the sailing of them. Their development is not to be likened to that of the thoroughbred horse, which is best fitted for racing, to be sure, but does not by reason of that fact lose its value for other uses. These sea racers are built for a single use and are valueless for any other.

The "America" went across the At-

RACE BETWEEN "MAYFLOWER" AND "GALATEA,"  
INSIDE COURSE, SEPTEMBER 7, 1886



drag of lead-weighted keels balanced the extra power gained by increased sail area—and stopping just short of that point. The danger to the sailors of these machines—exemplified by the collapses of "Shamrock II" and "Constitution" in their early tuning-up stages—is in the perilously narrow margin left between the sum of the cohesive strength of the boat's fabrics and the terrific strain to which it is subjected by the opposing forces of sail and keel. It is the story of the dwindling weight and strength of the racing bicycle, with which more people are familiar, translated to the sea. For this reason, these international cup

contests have lost their significance as tests of skill in the construction of seaworthy boats, and have narrowed down to a matching of wits in the designing of marine abnormalities, and of daring in the sailing of them. Their development is not to be likened to that of the thoroughbred horse, which is best fitted for racing, to be sure, but does not by reason of that fact lose its value for other uses. These sea racers are built for a single use and are valueless for any other.

#### THE FIRST RACE FOR THE FAMOUS CUP

Commodore Stevens posted a challenge to race "any British vessel whatever," for from one to ten thousand guineas, merely stipulating that there should be not less than a ten-knot breeze. No one took up the challenge. Failing to get a match, the owners of the

'America' entered her in the regular cup. The London papers of that period were full of the subject of the race. The "London Illustrated News" in its next issue after the contest, said:

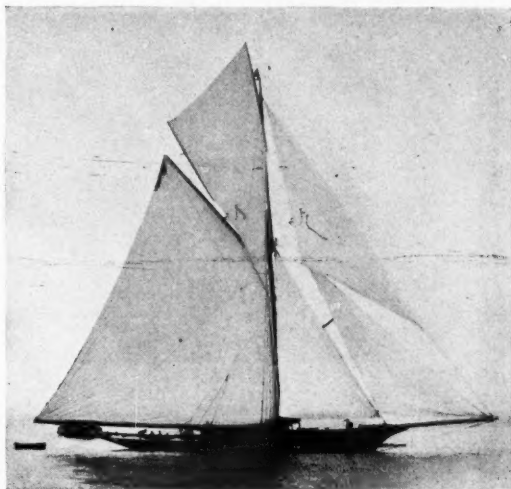
"The race at Cowes, on Friday se'nnight, for the Royal Yacht Squadron cup of £100, furnished our yachtsmen with an opportunity of 'realizing,' as our trans-Atlantic brethren would say, what those same dwellers beyond the ocean can do afloat in competition with ourselves.

"Among the visitors on Friday were many strangers—Frenchmen en route for Havre, Germans in quiet wonderment at the excitement around them, and Americans already triumphing in the anticipated success of their countrymen.

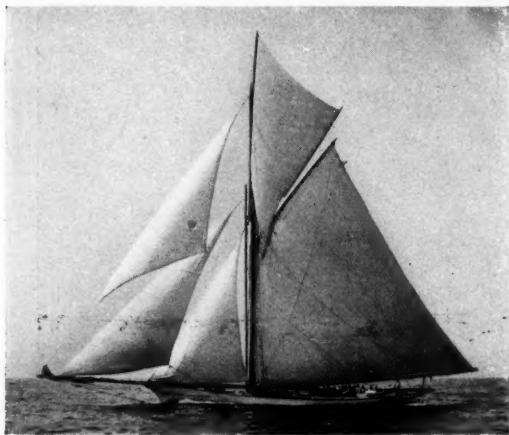
The "News" then gave a list of the yachts entered, in all seventeen, ranging in size from a three-masted schooner of 392 tons down to a cutter of 47 tons. The

"America" was a 170-ton boat. The "News" account of the race continues: "At 9:55 the preparatory gun was fired

THE "THISTLE," FIRST OF THE SCOTCH CHALLENGERS



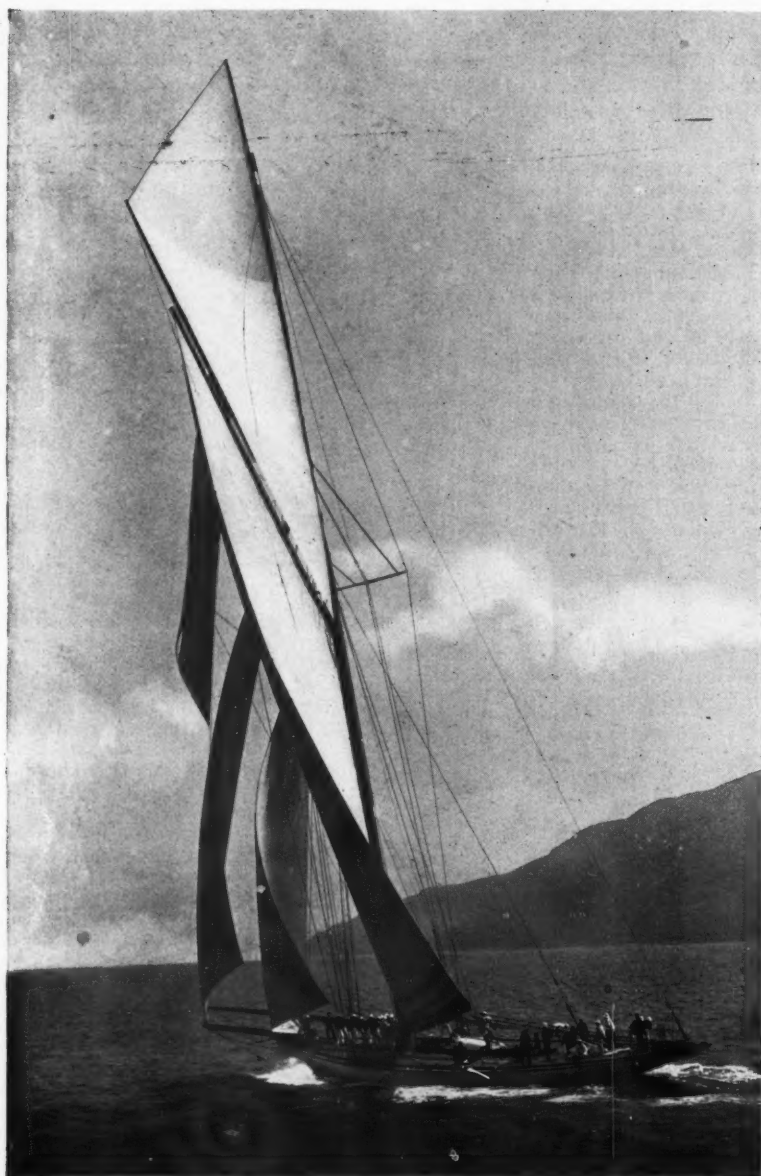
THE "VOLUNTEER," THIRD AND LATEST OF BOSTON'S DEFENDERS



from the club house battery, and the yachts were soon sheeted from deck to topmast with clouds of canvas, gaff-top-sails and balloon-jibs being greatly in vogue, and the "America" evincing her disposition to take advantage of the new jib by hoisting it with all alacrity. The whole flotilla not in the race were already in motion, many of them stretching down toward Osborne and Ryde to get a good start of the clippers. Only fifteen started, of which seven were schooners and eight were cutters. At one o'clock the signal gun for sailing was fired, and before the smoke had well cleared away the whole of the beautiful fleet was well under weigh, moving steadily to the east with the tide and a gentle breeze. The start was effected splendidly, the yachts breaking away like a field of race horses; the only laggard was the 'America.'

"SHAMROCK II," THE CHALLENGER OF 1901, REACHING

*Photo by Agnew & Son, Glasgow, Scotland.*



which did not move for a second or so after the others. Steamers, shore-boats and yachts of all sizes buzzed along on each side of the course, and spread away for miles over the rippling sea—a sight such as the Adriatic never beheld in all the pride of Venice; such, beaten though we are, as no other country in the world could exhibit; while it is confessed that anything like it was never seen, even here, in the annals of yachting.”

“The ‘America,’ ” the “News” continued, “advanced to the front and in the first hour got clear away from the rest.” After that, the breeze freshening, there was no semblance of a race, for the

the late Queen Victoria is alleged to have taken in it would be like “Hamlet” with the melancholy Dane omitted.

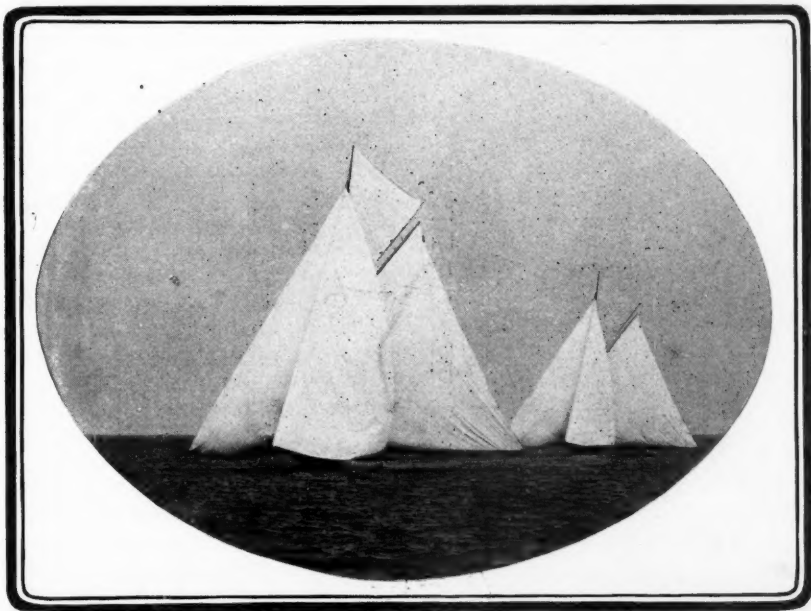
Passing the Needles, the “America” met and saluted the “Victoria and Albert,” royal yacht, with Her Majesty aboard; this was the occasion when the queen was said to have asked, with some display of eagerness, which boat led.

“The American, your Majesty,” was the reply, given by an attendant.

“And which is second?”

“There is no second, your Majesty,” answered the attendant, very sadly.

“COLUMBIA” AND “DEFENDER” WITH SPINNAKERS AND BALLOON JIBS SET  
*Courtesy of National Sportsman Co. Photo by Stebbins, Boston.*



“America” simply lost her competitors, and went over the last half of the course practically alone.

#### THE QUEEN'S HISTORIC IN-QUIRY

An account of the “America's” first great race lacking the story of the part

This story, which has been told in many forms, has of course never been authenticated, but it is good enough to stand as a concise history of the race, and will doubtless do so.

Commodore Stevens brought his yacht home to New York, the undisputed champion of the world, and the trophy

which she won has since been rightfully known as the "America's" cup, and has become the "blue ribbon" of the yachting world. The cup was given into the custody of the New York Yacht Club as a perpetual challenge trophy, and has since been in the possession of that organization.

Nobody acquainted with the British character would expect the losers of the cup to yield hope of regaining it, yet eleven years passed before the first challenge for it was made. Mr. James Asbury, owner of the yacht "Cambria," came over and in August, 1870, sailed a race with the crack boats of the New York

back next year with the "Livonia." He asked that he be not compelled to race against the entire New York Squadron, and the club selected two boats, the "Columbia" and the "Sappho," to compete with the "Livonia." The "Columbia" won the first and second races, the "Livonia" took the third, owing to an accident which befell the "Columbia," and the "Sappho" won the fourth and fifth.

#### CANADA'S EFFORTS TO "LIFT" THE MUG

Canada now appeared as a challenger, eager to uphold the honor of the mother country. The yacht "Countess of Dufferin" was named as the

challenging vessel by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. Complying with the visitors' request, the New York Yacht Club consented that but one vessel should contend against the challenger. The "Madelaine" was chosen for this duty, and won two successive races with ridiculous ease. The Canadian was completely outclassed.

Five years elapsed before another challenger appeared. Again Canada took the task, this time in the person of Captain Alexander Cuthbert of Belleville, Ont., who was the real projector of the previous Canadian effort. Captain Cuthbert entered the sloop yacht "Atlanta," the New York Club naming as defender

the "Mischief." The "Atlanta," oddly enough, arrived at the seaboard by way of the Erie canal. Two races were sailed, if so farcical an affair could be dignified by the name of racing. The "Mischief" beat the "Atlanta" by over twenty-eight minutes in the first, and by nearly thirty-

THE "CONSTITUTION," PROSPECTIVE DEFENDER THIS YEAR



Yacht Club. There were fifteen starters, and of these, nine finished ahead of the "Cambria." The "America" was fourth in the list, the race being won by the "Magic," first of the long roll of famous defenders of the cup.

Mr. Asbury was not satisfied, and came

nine minutes in the second contest.

Repeatedly beaten, but still unconvinced—as they are to this day and seem likely always to be—the British came back in 1885. The challenger was Mr. J. Beavor-Webb, a distinguished designer of racing craft. He asked for races on behalf of the cutter “Genesta,” owned by Sir Richard Sutton, and the “Galatea,” owned by Lieutenant William R. Henn of the English navy.

#### BOSTON'S TURN TO DEFEND THE PRIZE.

New Yorkers, of course, built a defender, but this was destined to be Boston's turn to defend the cup. The New York yacht was the “Priscilla.” The Boston boat, built by a syndicate headed by General Charles J. Paine, was given the name “Puritan.” Mr. Burgess was her designer. James Gordon Bennett, owner of the “New York Herald,” was the principal mover in the building of the “Priscilla.” The trial races were closely contested, but the “Puritan” proved her superiority, and was chosen to defend the famous trophy.

The “Puritan's” first race with the “Genesta” was won by the former by over sixteen minutes, though at one stage of the contest the Americans were anxious. In the second race, the “Genesta” got a lead early, and reached the half-way point half a mile in the lead. On the beat homeward, with the wind at twenty miles an hour, the “Puritan” gained slowly. The wind increased to a squall. Both boats were sailing with their lee rails under water and their decks awash. The American boat crept up steadily, but the “Genesta” had the advantage of position and with five miles to go the outcome of the race was a matter of grave doubt.

Bulletins flashed over the country were read by eager throngs in all the chief cities; in London the excitement was hardly less, for the game race of the

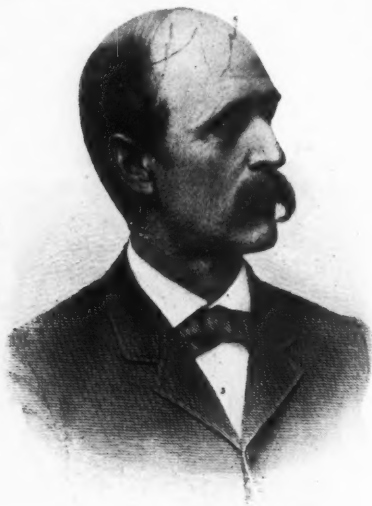
“Genesta” raised hopes that the cup might be “brought home” again. It was a most exciting struggle; and the anxiety, as the yachts approached the finish line, was intense. At two miles from the lightship the “Puritan” was a

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, OWNER OF “SHAMROCK II,”  
SELF-MADE MILLIONAIRE AND PHILANTHROPIST;  
BOUND TO WIN THE CUP IF IT TAKES TEN YEARS



trifle to windward and leading only by a few feet. Captain Carter of the “Genesta” made a desperate effort to take his vessel up into the weather position, but in vain. He again and again repeated the attempt; but at one mile from the finish the American boat had secured a safe lead, and a few minutes later had crossed, a winner of the most exciting and hardest fought race ever sailed for the “America's” cup. The joy in New York was hardly less remarkable than the gloom in London. San Francisco shouted as loudly as St. Louis, and in Chicago there were fireworks and bonfires in honor of the victory. It was a national triumph, made doubly sweet by the gallantry of the challenger.

CHARLES M. PAINE, WHOSE LIBERALITY AND SPORTSMANSHIP THRICE BROUGHT TO BOSTON THE HONOR OF DEFENDING THE AMERICA'S CUP



The challenge of the "Galatea" was laid over to the next year, and again Boston supplied the defender. This time General Paine assumed the whole cost of building the boat, the "Mayflower," and gave the designer, Mr. Burgess, valuable aid in preparing the model. Messrs. George Lawley & Sons, who built the "Puritan," also constructed the "Mayflower" at their yards in South Boston. The "Mayflower" won the first of the cup races on September 7, though the "Galatea" sailed a creditable race, finishing only twelve minutes behind the American boat. In the second of the races, sailed on September 11, the "Mayflower" simply ran away from the challenger, winning by a margin of over twenty-nine minutes.

#### SCOTLAND AND IRELAND FARE NO BETTER

Scotland came to the front as a challenger in 1887, when the Royal Clyde Yacht Club challenged, naming the

yacht "Thistle" as the contender. For the third time Boston, represented by the magnificent sportsmanship and public spirit of General Paine, presented a candidate for the honor of defending the cup. During the fall of 1886 Mr. George Watson, the leading yacht designer of Great Britain, visited America and obtained many ideas in regard to American methods. He returned home and built the "Thistle." General Paine and designer Burgess were not idle, nor content to rest upon past achievements. The result of their combined skill was the steel centreboard sloop "Volunteer." The "Thistle" was announced to be the fastest yacht ever built in Great Britain. But the races proved as one-sided as the most ardent American partisan could desire. The "Volunteer" won the first by more than nineteen minutes, the second by eleven minutes and forty-eight seconds.

The later races are fresher in the public mind. "Vigilant" beat Lord Dunraven's "Valkyrie I"—the first Irish chal-

EDWARD BURGESS, THE FAMOUS DESIGNER OF THE "PURITAN," THE "MAYFLOWER" AND THE "VOLUNTEER"



lenger, by the way—in 1893. Dunraven, as other challengers had done before him, came back for a second attempt with "Valkyrie II," but she fell an easy victim to the speed of the "Defender." There was a five-year interregnum, when Sir Thomas Lipton, the second Irish challenger, brought over "Shamrock I," only to meet defeat by the fleet "Columbia." Sir Thomas gave prompt notice of his intention to challenge again, and this year he is here again with "Shamrock II."

As this is written it is not certain which boat will be chosen to defend the cup in the races which are to take place on September 21 and succeeding days. The "Columbia," the defender in 1899, has held her own very well with the "Constitution," the New York yacht built especially to race with the new "Shamrock," and the "Independence," built by Thomas W. Lawson of Boston for the same purpose. The "Constitution" will probably be chosen.

Since Lipton's boat has reached this side, Sir Thomas is quoted as saying that she has steadily improved since her early trial and is now seventeen minutes faster than "Shamrock I." He is, he says, confident of victory, or at any rate of sailing some very close races.

#### TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN DESIGNERS

Among American designers two names shine out with particular brilliancy—Herreshoff and Burgess. It is certain that no other country can name two citizens of equal ability as creators of racing yachts. Burgess is the pride of Boston, Herreshoff has been the chief dependence of New York yachtsmen. To them, perhaps, more than to any other men, is due the credit for the fact that the "America's" cup has been retained on this side of the ocean for half a century; though it must not be forgotten that American sailors are the

peers of any others the wide world over.

It is a matter of more than passing interest that the "America" will be among the throng of yachts that bear parties down New York bay this month to wit-

NAT G. HERRESHOFF, MOST FAMOUS OF AMERICAN YACHT DESIGNERS, AND THE PRIDE OF NEW YORK YACHTSMEN



ness the races between "Shamrock II" and the American defender. The old schooner, almost as fleet as ever, is still staunch and fit to battle with the waves. She is rated in the third racing class.

Meantime, our cousins over the sea are praying that there may prove to be something in the superstition which ascribes luck to odd numbers—this is their eleventh challenge. Whatever the result, we may be sure the racing will continue. If the Britons lose, they will come back again; it is a way they have. If we lose there will very speedily be a race on the other side—perhaps another fast sail 'round the Isle of Wight, with another gentle and well-beloved English queen to ask, "Who comes first?"—and an equerry to reply: "The American, your majesty." Betting is at evens.

## A POPULAR AMERICAN PORTRAIT PAINTER

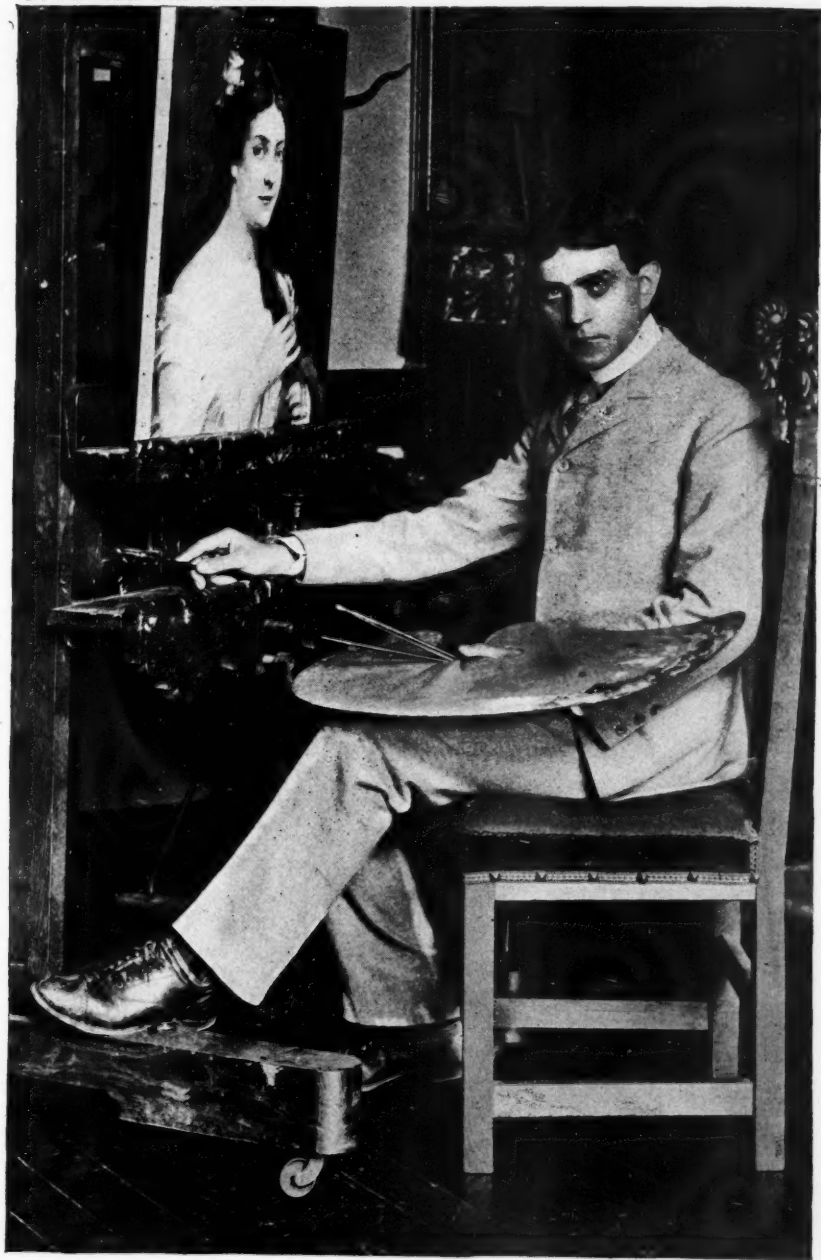
*By Jane Marlin*

**C**ARLE J. BLENNER, the young American portrait painter, examples of whose work are given herewith, has a studio in London this season. There he has been commissioned to make likenesses of many notable individuals. This, like every other forward step in his career, is due not only to his great talent, but to his indomitable courage and hard work. Mr. Blenner

"GREEK HEAD," FROM A PAINTING BY CARLE J. BLENNER



CARLE J. BLENNER, THE POPULAR YOUNG AMERICAN PORTRAIT PAINTER,  
IN HIS NEW YORK STUDIO



has brought to bear upon his work strength and the intuition of a sympathetic nature.

New Haven, Connecticut, claims the artist, although he was born in Richmond, Virginia, coming to the "City of Elms" when but a boy. His late father, a studious German merchant, was, in an unschooled way, an artist, and

from him Mr. Blenner inherits much of his love for the beautiful in music, poetry and painting. "My father was a genius," said Mr. Blenner, "and when he died I lost my best critic. His suggestions I followed always and they were in touch with those of the best art critics in the country. My mother is of Huguenot descent, and from her, perhaps,

"THE MODEL" FROM A PAINTING BY CARLE J. BLENNER



THE LOVE LETTER," (PRIZE PICTURE), FROM A PAINTING BY CARLE J. BLENNER



comes the dreaminess said to be found in all of my canvases."

After a course in a preparatory school, Mr. Blenner entered Yale University, where he remained three years, leaving because of delicate health and an ardent desire to study art. His mother, however, favored music, and after much discussion the young man was sent to Mar-

burg in Hesse, where he had relatives, and for two years he worked arduously with one of the best teachers. Marburg, a quaint, picturesque town, is a Mecca for artists, and during the summer months the village is crowded with art students sketching the lovely bits of scenery in its environs. Naturally Mr. Blenner mingled with them, and before he knew

it, he was neglecting his music for his art, which for a time so absorbed him that sleeping or waking he was always painting pictures. The fire burned so brightly that one day, encouraged by the words of praise bestowed upon a landscape by a well-known painter, Mr. Blenner determined to be a painter, knowing that in this ambition he was

secretly encouraged by his father. Within a week he left for Hamburg, and sailed immediately for America. He entered the Yale Art School and studied hard four years, graduating well to the front in his class.

Back to Paris and the Julien Academy he posted as quickly as he could, to become a student of the great Bouguereau;

*"SEALING THE LETTER," FROM A PAINTING BY CARLE J. BLENNER*



and in 1889 a small canvas called "Contentment" received favorable mention at the Paris Salon. At Ecouen and Giverny Mr. Blenner spent his holidays painting under Schenk, the famous animal painter, at the former, and under a prominent disciple of that master impressionist, Monet, at the latter.

Returning to New York he did a little of everything—sea and landscape, portraits, ideal heads—winning praise and doing his best work along the latter lines until now portraits and heads absorb all of his time. Mr. Blenner is a self-made man and he has worked hard for every inch of ground gained. "My life has always been a struggle," he exclaimed when a thoughtless acquaintance spoke of his luck. "When I was a boy. I struggled with poverty, and now that I am what the world calls prosperous I still struggle—struggle to express myself, so that those who look upon my work may see the shadow of my dream.

"Many claim that my portraits flatter," Mr. Blenner continued; "that they are idealized; I do not think so, for I always try to be sincere. The beautiful appeals to me very strongly, I confess, so that I am quite blind to the unlovely in a sitter. I only bring out the best as I see it, and to paint a successful portrait there must exist a bond of sympathy between the painter and his subject."

Mr. Blenner's heads are soft in line and sweet in expression and his types are varied without any special characteristic of race. The texture of his work is of surpassing loveliness and he manages his brush work cleverly; his drawing shows delicacy and simplicity of com-

position. All of Mr. Blenner's sitters wear picturesque garments, tulle and flowers playing important parts. His heads are strong, for they catch not only the form but the thought. He paints not only a likeness of the subject, but a picture for the public as well.

In New York Mr. Blenner has a studio in the "Sherwood," West Fifty-Seventh Street, an attractive place with its oriental atmosphere and collection of rare antiques. Canvases of beautiful women are scattered about, a full length portrait of Madame Nordica as Brünhilde occupying a conspicuous place over the fireplace, while the sweet faces of Isabel Irving and Lettice Fairfax smile down on you from the opposite side of the room.

As yet Mr. Blenner has not painted his chef-d'oeuvre, but he has in mind a large canvas which will deal with beautiful women.

Mr. Blenner is one of the American artists who do not fear the influx of foreign painters, who having made a name for themselves in Europe, now come to America to trade upon their fame; for so strongly is he imbued with the spirit of his fatherland that he believes that native art can take care of itself when it comes to a question of the survival of the fittest. Art, the true, enduring art of those who are conscientious and serious in following ideals, will not suffer from inroads that may come from those who are brothers as well as competitors. So that a whole army of Chartrons, Durans and Madrazos could not dampen the zeal of a man like Mr. Blenner, who is artist first, business man afterward.



## THE TYRANNY OF 'TOINETTE

By H. Knapp Harris

THE Mother Superior walked down the long, bare hall of the convent, her black gown trailing noiselessly behind her. Her face expressed astonished incredulity, and her long, narrow, near-sighted eyes were fixed upon the man who rose to meet her as she came toward him. She was a tall, angular, cold woman with an unmistakable air of "I-am-holier-than-thou" which came from her superior position and the absolute sway of her authority. She was accustomed to seeing the garb of the convict here in New Caledonia, where one saw little else. It was not *this* which startled and repelled her. The man who rose to meet her from the long bamboo seat at the end of the hall, though he wore the disfiguring livery of the convict, had a face of unusual refinement. She knew his history well. Transportation for life to New Caledonia for the murder of M. LeMoine, a distinguished naval officer. She knew also the history of the fair and fickle woman for whom this man had wrecked his life's happiness. She knew that for five years he had labored in the prison and the mines side by side with the most degraded and repellant criminals. And she remembered him as she had seen him last in Paris—one of the most distinguished men of that gay metropolis. She knew that a year ago he had earned his right to a government grant of land on a remote hillside. Who, indeed, did not know this man's history? It was the sensation of Paris for a longer time than that fickle city usually vouchsafes to one *cause celebre*. But she could not believe it possible that he—a son of the old noblesse, who had borne one of the

most honored names in France—the great grandson of one of Napoleon's marshals, should have come to the convent on the quest that brought other convicts here. She put the thought from her, and extended her large white hand to the man whose history read like a page from some old world romance.

"How can I serve you, Monsieur Noël," she asked deferentially, forgetting the convict and seeing only the gentleman beneath the prison garb.

"Madame," he stammered, his face suffused by a rush of color, "I—I wish to take advantage of the permission of government to choose—"

"Oh Monsieur Noël! You—a *chef-de-famille*—the best blood of France! It is incredible."

His eyes fell before hers and he caught a sharp indrawn breath.

"Oh Madame, you know not the unspeakable horrors of solitude," he burst out, his hands thrown outward in a frantic gesture. "The frightful desolation of my lonely cabin—the hunger for the sound of a human voice. I go mad—I die a thousand deaths. God put that thirst for companionship into human hearts. The very birds seem silent in this Isle of Sorrows."

His voice had taken on the touching quality of a child's who chokes down a sob.

"When I labored in the prison and the mines my one hope was to earn my right to a bit of land. Mercy of God, would I not value it after those nightmare years herding with beasts and vermin! But then—I had not known solitude. It eats into the heart. It is a vampire of the soul. Most Holy Mother,

this year, since I have dwelt alone—if I could tell you with what terrors to my soul it has been fraught! It can be no worse if—oh, I shall go mad without companionship!”

“Yes, yes—I see, Monsieur,” said the Mother Superior, lowering her voice as a gray-robed sister passed noiselessly.

“Yes, I doubt not your punishment is great. Well, if it must be. You have your choice of four, you know. You know the regulations, Monsieur? Yes, you are entitled to your choice of four from among the female criminals the government sends out to marry to the convicts.”

She gave him a cold, hard look that chilled like the touch of steel. Her manner froze perceptibly.

“I labor in a vineyard of sorrow, Monsieur,” she said sadly, “a vineyard of sorrow. I cannot question the wisdom of the French government—but to propagate sin—Ah, Monsieur, can *that* be right? I have now among those to be chosen, a poisoner, a thief, an infanticide—if any of these seems fitted to mate with a *grande seigneur*, whose proud lineage traces back—”

“Oh, Madame, the man you remember died five years ago. I am Maurice Noël, the criminal.”

His face was crimson. He rose, hesitated, and stood a moment irresolute before her.

“My purpose weakens, Madame,” he said, with lowered eyes. “I shall go back alone—it is doubtless best. I sought a panacea—but possibly it would have been but added pain. Pardon me that I have needlessly interrupted the routine of your holy duties. My sufferings have been great. I bid you adieu.”

His lips were trembling; and his face wore the look of a doomed man who walks to the scaffold. He bowed with courtly, old-world deference to the Mother Superior and turned toward the open doorway. The air of the cool,

clean hall was fragrant with the heavy perfume of orange blossoms. The hedge of limes that surrounded the convent was a mass of bloom, and the hum of bees over it came with drowsy insistence through the open casement. Wild doves were fluttering in the palm branches.

The Mother Superior watched him with eyes that softened with sudden compassion.

“Monsieur Noël,” she said gently, as he took up his convict cap to go, “I wish to do always that which is right. I fear I have sinned in showing so little compassion—the pride of race is strong in we Frenchwomen. Pardon me.”

She crossed herself devoutly and picked up the rosary which hung at her side.

“Be seated, Monsieur. I will talk with you.”

She motioned him back to the long bamboo settle, and seated herself beside him, drawing her long, black draperies about her and folding her hands in her lap.

“There is in the convent a young girl who comes from my own home province in France. I knew her father and her mother. They were honest, loyal bourgeois. She was well educated, carefully brought up, and extremely pretty. Her crime—”

But Noël held up a warning hand. It was the hand of an aristocrat, with long, tapering fingers, in spite of the marks of toil that disfigured it—and the gesture was involuntarily one of command.

“Ah, well, Monsieur, I will not speak of that. She has been in the convent only a short time, yet the nuns adore her. And I”—she laughed half whimsically—“Well, I confess she has already endeared herself so to me—by her gentleness, her charm, her vivacity—that, well, to be candid, Monsieur, I have thus far shielded her. I have not allowed her to be brought forth for inspection

when the criminals came to choose wives. She is ordinarily as gentle and yielding as a dove. But once when I broached the subject of her possible fate, and she saw others go from the convent as wives of criminals—*Merci!* Monsieur, if you could have seen her eyes! And the look she gave me! It was like the flash of a sword blade. I fear me she would not hesitate to use the knife again if she were forced into an abhorrent union. She tends the doves in the courtyard; they are her special charge. If Monsieur will be so good as to step to the casement he will see."

Nöel walked hesitatingly to the window. His face underwent a strange transformation as he looked through the open swinging casement. He was white to the lips; the pupils of his eyes contracted suddenly as before a lightning flash. He put out his hand blindly and caught the window-sash, steadying himself like a drunken man. Turning to the Mother Superior he confronted her like an accusing judge.

"Madame," he panted through dry lips, his hand shaking as he held the casement—"is it possible—can you mean—can you have known—"

"I knew nothing, Monsieur. I do not understand."

"How long has—has this young girl been on the island?"

"But six weeks, Monsieur. You forget, that being out of the world as you are—"

"Oh my God, yes, out of the world," he gasped, sinking onto the long seat, his head buried in his hands, his shoulders shaking convulsively.

The Mother Superior walked once down the length of the long hall. There was no one in sight. She came back and laid a hand of womanly compassion on the close-cropped curls of his bowed head.

"Monsieur," she said brokenly, "if in any way I can help you—"

Nöel touched her hand with reverent lips and walked once more to the casement.

"Shall I speak, Monsieur?" said the Mother Superior, standing beside him and pushing a vine tendril back. Below them a wild tangle of bourgainvillea vines ran riot over the court yard; and a young girl in conventual grey stood holding a basket of grain and scattering it about her. Wild doves fluttered over her hands, perched on her shoulders, and dived greedily into the basket. She was small, delicately formed, and with a face of ardent and vivacious charm. A wealth of black hair fell in a tangled mass about her face. Attracted by their voices she raised her eyes to the casement and met Nöel's gaze. She pushed the tangled mane of black hair back from her face. A strange look passed between them. The Mother Superior, gazing from one to the other, felt that had she stepped between them that look would have scorched like a flame.

"Toinette," she called softly.

"Yes, Madame?" answered the girl obediently.

"You are to come up, Toinette. Monsieur Nöel wishes to speak with you."

Turning to Nöel she said hurriedly, and with her usually cold face softened into tenderness: "It is only to *you* I would compel the child to listen."

She saw that his gaunt eyes were still fixed upon the girl who was depositing her basket in the further side of the court yard.

"You are so different—I feel that in your case there *must* be some terrible, some ghastly mistake. I believe you to be wrongfully accused. My intuitions seldom mislead me—it is often hard to give specific reasons, though our intuitions are correct. It has been borne in upon me that you are shielding another.

"Toinette," she said, turning to the girl who now stood hesitatingly in the doorway, "Monsieur Nöel does you

the honor to ask you in marriage."

The girl's eyes dilated a moment, their pupils black and expanded—then veiled them under her long lashes.

Nöel attempted to speak. A dry sob rose in his throat and he made no sound.

The girl stood silently, with downcast eyes, fingering the border of her small convent apron.

"It is contrary to the regulations—but I shall leave you and 'Toinette alone together a few moments," said the Mother Superior, turning to Nöel, and startled at the pallor of his face. "My duties call me. I shall return soon."

She glided from the room with the noiseless tread of the cloister and the kindly tact of her sex.

The girl came straight to him across the long hall.

"Ah, M'sieu—M'sieu," she sobbed, her hands held out like a frightened child—"Oh, I did it for you—it was for you."

"Toinette," he said gently, controlling his voice by a strong effort, "when I left France five years ago you were a happy bright-faced girl, a nurse in the family of my brother Pierre. I find you—"

"But it was for you, M'sieu—"

"I know nothing of your crime—of what has brought you here. In God's name, 'Toinette, tell me—*why are you here?*"

"Do you not know, M'sieu?" she asked aghast. "Have they not told you? Then you had not heard when you—when you sent for me? You had not heard when you asked me to—to—"

"Oh child, in mercy tell me!"

"Did you not know that I killed her? It was for you, M'sieu—for you. I always *meant* to kill her from the day I heard you sentenced to transportation for life. That awful day—and the crowds and crowds of faces in the court room! Did I not know she had ruined your life? And you so good—so noble. Oh and many, many other lives, M'sieu. The

good God made her as wicked as he made her beautiful. Yes, from that day I took my resolve. And I have never been sorry for what I did, *never*, for one moment. It was like this, M'sieu—"

"Nöel had pulled her down on the seat beside him as she talked, but now she sprang to her feet and went through a ghastly pantomime. Watching her, he sat spellbound. She snatched the imaginary stiletto, approached softly as if fearing to wake a sleeper, and plunged the weapon downward with deadly stroke, then turned her transfigured face toward him.

"It was for you, M'sieu; did I not know it was she who had made shipwreck your life? That because of her you had murdered M. LeMoine—your best friend—"

But Nöel suddenly caught her hands and pulled her down beside him. His own face was ghastly and drawn; a gray pallor creeping like a shadow over it.

"But, 'Toinette," he gasped, "I am as innocent of M. LeMoine's death as the babe unborn. Before God, and as I hope for my soul's salvation, that is truth. I could not—no—I could never—never—"

The girl was up like a flash and standing before him, her hands clutching his arms.

"Then who?—who?—who?" she panted, searching his face. Her own had grown suddenly white and her eyes burned.

He turned from her, not answering; his lips were compressed.

"Ah, I know—I know," she cried. "Oh *Mon Dieu*, M'sieu, how good you are—how brave! You shield your own flesh and blood. It was Pierre—answer me, it was Pierre!"

His face, still turned from her, twitched and worked with his effort to control its muscles.

"Tell me, M'sieu—*was it Pierre?*"

She caught his hands and clinched

them tight between her small brown palms. She gave them a jerk downward and emphasized each word by clutching them tighter.

"Answer me, M'sieu Noël—look at me—let me see your eyes. *Was it Pierre?*"

He turned his haggard face toward her and the agonized appeal in his eyes answered her. She caught his hands to her lips.

"*Oh Mon Dieu—Mon Dieu!*" she burst out into sobs, losing all control of her overwrought nerves. "Oh, how brave you are—oh how good! But why, *why* did you shield him!"

She dropped his hands, pushed the tangled hair back from her face, and brought one clenched fist down into her open palm. "I am—glad—I—killed her," she enunciated slowly and distinctly. "Yes, glad—glad! Do you know why?" She caught his face between her palms and looked straight into his questioning eyes. "Do you know why, M'sieu? Because Pierre loved her as much as he was capable of loving any human being except himself. Oh, how it must have made his heart bleed when he saw her (for he was the first one who found her, M'sieu), with that little stiletto sticking right where she used to wear that great blazing heart of diamonds. You remember that great blazing heart of diamonds, M'sieu? Oh, how quietly I stole into her room that night—not a soul near; her maid dismissed to carry a billet doux to—ah, to one-of-the-many—were not her lovers legion? The little stiletto—she used to wear it in the bosom of her gown. But this night, when I stole in, oh, so softly, she had fallen asleep in her pretty dressing room with all those pink and gold hangings and the little *bisque* cupids—you remember the little *bisque* cupids, M'sieu? And on the dressing table, littered over with perfumes and powders and all the gold and glitter of her toilet articles, I saw the little stiletto. It

seemed to wink at me, and beckon, and almost rise up to meet my hand. I don't know when I picked it up. I only know I found it in my hand. And suddenly I seemed to see your face rise up before me as it looked that haunting day when you heard your doom read out. She was asleep on that long, low couch with the multitude of pink and white pillows—you remember the one with the pink roses worked in floss, M'sieu? One could almost smell those roses. One bare arm hung off the couch; and on her white fingers the rings sparkled and shone, and blinked, and seemed to say to the little stiletto: 'Come, you know where her heart is.' Her gown had fallen open at the neck—"

The girl crouched at his feet, her great eyes alight and her fingers working convulsively.

"Oh, M'sieu—I would have made death come slower, less mercifully, had I seen your face as I see it now."

"Toinette—if anything in my wrecked life can make amends—"

"Oh, M'sieu, let me be your servant—your slave—"

"Child, never speak like that again! If anything can make amends—"

The Mother Superior entered the room silently at this moment. Behind her fluttered two wood-doves. They settled upon the girl's shoulders, uttering their low, mellow throat-note.

"It is Babbette and Tino," she said, laying her cheek caressingly against the smaller of the two and stroking them both tenderly.

"And your answer, Toinette?" said the Mother Superior, looking slyly from one to the other, a quivering note of anxiety in her voice—"And your answer?"

Toinette's eyes were lowered under the sweep of her long lashes.

"May I take the doves with me, Madame?" she said sweetly.

Two years after Noël's visit to the con-

vent, he sat one day mending a broken spade on the little porch in front of the cabin. The cabin that had been so unspeakably lonely and silent before the coming of 'Toinette. A field of taro stretched half way up the hillside behind the little grass plat that surrounded the cabin. Bread fruit trees cast deep shadows across the doorway. The orange trees were laden with fragrant bloom, and a tangle of vines clambered hand-over-hand up the latticed porch. Drowsy with the heat Noël put aside his work and leaned back in the welcome shade.

"'Toinette," he said quietly, leaning to touch her cheek, "have you ever—do you—do you ever wish I had left you with those gentle nuns in the convent?"

The look in her soft eyes as she raised them to his answered him.

"You know, M'sieu," she laughed happily.

She read on for an hour. The monotonous hum of her low voice, the cooing of the doves, the oppressive heat of the tropical sun which penetrated even this shady retreat, all had a somnolent effect upon Noël, whose eyes closed drowsily.

The girl laid down the book noiselessly, seeing that he slept, and sat looking up into his worn and pallid face.

"How good *le bon Dieu* has been to me," she whispered to herself, nestling against the rough sleeve of his convict blouse. "How good; I dwell in Paradise."

Suddenly she raised her head and listened. The sound of a horse's hoofs on the road beyond the lime border brought her to her feet. She watched and waited silently, then touched Noël's shoulder. "There is some one coming up the lime walk, Maurice," she said excitedly in a voice that trembled. "It seems to be—yes, it is, a messenger from the *chef de l'Administration Penitentiaire*. What can he want, M'sieu?"

Rousing himself, Noël got slowly to his feet and walked nonchalantly down

the path to meet the messenger, who wore the livery of a prison attendant.

"He has doubtless come to take me to task for not counting the taro roots raised this year," he laughed as 'Toinette turned and went into the cabin. He received and tore open the official envelope carelessly. As he read, the color forsook his face; he threw his hands up with a laugh that was half demoniacal.

"'Toinette! 'Toinette!" he cried, rushing into the cabin, "Mercy of God, can it be true? I am free! Pardoned! Recalled! The messenger comes from Noumea. The ship which we saw from the cliff this morning—it is that on which I am to return. And it is imperative that I go at once—the ship returns tonight. *Mon Dieu*, it cannot be true!"

He was like a madman striding up and down the narrow cabin, his face transfigured with the sudden joy.

"And Pierre—God be merciful to his soul!—Pierre has been shot in a duel—and dying confessed the murder, absolving me from all complicity in the crime. I am recalled—pardoned—free! Name of God, can it be true?"

He laughed wildly, snatching the letter from the table where he had thrown it, and rereading it as if it were not possible for him to believe the written words.

"The president encloses a personal letter—'All Paris will welcome you,' he says. Oh, to see the picture reversed that has so long been burned into my memory with fire, into my soul with vitriol! 'Twould be like heaven to a man newly returned from hell. To be received once more by men and women of distinction—the *entree* granted once more to those salons that are always athirst for the sensational and dramatic—do I not know how Paris will receive me? I, a son of the old noblesse, to have herded with thieves and murderers—a social leper. *Mon Dieu*, 'Toinette, what do I say! Oh, I have hurt you, child, how I have hurt you."

"Toinette was white to the lips and put out her hand in a blind way, like one groping in the dark. But as he started toward her she stepped back from him and held him off with warning hands.

"No, no," she panted, "I cannot bear it if you touch me. It is my punishment—God has sent it on me. No, no, Maurice, I beg you, to be merciful and go. Oh, go at once."

"Toinette, am I not still—"

"Oh no, no—you are M'sieu Noël whose hands are stainless. And I—'Toinette Desmond, who stabbed Mam'zelle to death. Oh, will you not go! I—I—cannot—"

"Toinette, my child—"

"I beg you, M'sieu. Oh, can you not see! If you have ever loved me—"

"Toinette! If I have ever loved you?"

"Then be merciful and go, M'sieu. See—I will put together all your belongings—the miniature of your mother—"

She was hurrying about the bare room now, gathering up his few personal belongings, keeping up a running flow of half delirious words.

She looked about her, searching the place with her eyes. "And my crucifix."

She took it from the wall over the little bed. "The good Mother gave it me at the convent that day—that day you so far honored me, M'sieu. It will serve to remind you—"

She broke off, catching her breath in a sob that made Noël spring to her side.

"And that," she said, pointing to the envelope upon the table, but could not bring herself to touch it.

He took it up in a dazed way and tossed it into the little steamer trunk. She closed the lid, and getting to her feet turned to him, her face drawn and white.

"Oh will you not go at once?" she sobbed, swaying dizzily, but holding him off with her imploring hands.

"No—no—I am not worthy—I implore you, M'sieu—"

But he caught her and crushed her against his breast.

"It is farewell, little 'Toinette," he whispered, "but I will not forget you. I will use every effort possible for your pardon—"

"Promise me that you will not, M'sieu. I beg—you only grieve me. And go—if you ever loved me—I cannot bear—this—"

She covered her face with her hands and cowered against the cabin wall.

"Goodbye, little 'Toinette," he pulled her hands down from her face and kissed her lips again and again. "How my heart aches for you, child. You shall go back at once to the convent. On my way to the ship I shall see the *chef de l'Administration Penitentiaire*, all will be granted me now—have I not a personal letter from the President? You shall live always with those gentle nuns. It shall be imperative that you be kept apart from those others who—who are not like you, *petite*. I shall go back to the old life. And for me New Caledonia shall be blotted from the map of the world. But I shall never forget what you have been to me, 'Toinette—never, never. Child, I kiss your hands—your lips—your eyes. Adieu—Adieu."

For hours after the sound of his steps on the worn path had died away, the girl sat huddled together against the cabin wall, swaying and sobbing, the black mane of hair in a tangled mass about her face. The doves strutted in the open doorway, cooing and fluttering about her. Her eyes were wide and dry, and she stared fixedly at the vacant chair by the rough deal table where Noël's open book still lay. The twilight made the room shadowy now; the waxy leaves of the orange trees rustled under the ghostly touch of the trade wind, which springs up when the sun declines. To the girl huddled against the wall, the place seemed peopled with phantoms.

She could no longer endure it; the ter-

rible silence—the haunted cabin—the empty chair. With her arms thrown wildly above her head she sprang through the open doorway, across the little porch, and down the narrow path between the tangled vines. She would go to the cliff behind the taro field. From there she could see—what? She stopped suddenly in her flight down the path and tried to think. From there she could see? Ah yes—she could see the ship that was carrying M'sieu Noël across the sea.

Back to the world—to glory—to wealth—to love.

Blind and dizzy she staggered up the cliff's side and sank panting and exhausted at its highest pinnacle. Here, for hours, shivering with an inward chill, she crouched on the bare rocks; her eyes strained and vacant, watching for the ship. Suddenly she sprang to her feet with a smothered cry, her arms outstretched. There, far out in the strait, it grew shadowy in the distance. She watched with aching eyes till like a phantom ship it faded into the gray mist. Then with her hand at her throat, choking, sobbing, swaying dizzily, she fell forward upon her face.

When at last she stirred after long unconsciousness her limbs were stiffened with the cold which comes so strangely and mysteriously in this sunny clime after the scorching heat of the tropical day.

It had grown dark; but a young moon, pale and ghostly as the wraith of a dark moon, cast wan shadows on the gray rock around her. The utter desolation of her situation flashed on her benumbed mind. She put her hand to her forehead and tried to think.

She would go back to the cabin. There was something—in a small vial—she had brought it with her when she came to the Island. She had always meant to use it if the Mother Superior forced her to marry any of those dreadful convicts. She remembered it now with

a fierce joy. How fortunate that she had always kept it. If she only had it here on this lonely cliff. But to go back to that empty cabin, and the open book, and the vacant chair! Suddenly with a shudder, she felt that she could never do that.

She sat long with her chin sunk on her hands, staring out over the moonlit water. She remembered the doves; ah, *they* would miss her. When had she ever before failed to give them their grain from her hand in the long twilights?

She staggered to her feet, her limbs trembling beneath her, and groping for the narrow path. There was something moving toward her. "Ah, Mother of God! The brain-sickness has come upon me!" she whispered to herself, terror-stricken. If she could only reach the cabin and drink from the little vial these phantoms of the brain would haunt her no more. But she feared that shadowy something in the path! She staggered forward, her shaking arms extended and fell dizzily. She felt herself caught—held—these were not phantom lips that whispered:

"Toinette! Little 'Toinette—it is I, Maurice! Oh, madman that I was to dream that I could leave thee."

In the cold darkness his lips sought again and again the lips of the girl whose white face crushed against his breast was as the face of the dead.

"God of Mercy—can a man tear the heart from his bosom and yet live? 'Toinette, the ship is gone, dost hear? The ship is gone and I chose to stay. They called me mad."

He laughed wildly as he bent over her; then caught her slender weight in his arms as he would lift a child and ran down the narrow path to the cabin.

"The world is well lost to thee and me, 'Toinette," he whispered. The doves cooed sleepily from the palm branches as they passed within the cabin door.

## MY STUDY

By Margret Holmes Bates

*NOT* strictly professional—witness that  
chair  
Overflowing with stockings in sorriest  
plight;

The work's not poetic, but, every pair  
Must be mended before I can slumber  
tonight.

And this is my writing desk—might it be  
worse?

And it isn't just what you were led to  
expect?

Dear, it's quite good enough for the making  
of verse

That some hard-hearted editor's sure to  
reject.

These are "dailies" and "weeklies" that  
litter the floor;

There the kitten tipped over a bottle of  
ink;

But, don't look at that, here are pictures  
galore

And it's best to look up when you can,  
don't you think?

There are faces of poets adorning the wall;  
"Mudjekeewis" in plaster hangs over  
the door

A tragedy queen, in her filmy lace shawl,  
Smiles down as if listening to an encore.

There's a Samson by Vedder, a porcelain  
plaque;

A match-safe and lamp with pretensions  
of brass;

But, spare your upbraiding, the lustre they  
lack,

Is due to the work of inferior gas.

But, these are accessories; rests for the  
eyes

When weary with conning the books on  
the shelves;

There they stand, good or bad, the witty,  
the wise,  
All showing a proper respect for them-  
selves

By a dignified silence. Though some may  
remain

Untouched in their places a year and a  
day,

They never grow jealous and fret and  
complain

Like people. My mood may be grieving  
or gay

And they meet me; I sit in Athenian shade  
With Plato, or listen while Tennyson  
sings;

Let Bancroft explain how the Union was  
made,

Or with Darwin find out the beginning  
of things.

And you think I must long for the sweet  
bye-and-bye

When here 'mongst my pictures and  
books I'll repose

While the hours on their swift-moving  
pinions shall fly

With never a hint of the mending of hose.

No, truly; for that state of things I am sure  
Will mean that the children are women  
and men

With worries and cares of their own to  
endure;

No, I'm happier now than I hope to be  
then.

Now my rare quiet hours are exceedingly  
sweet,

While I jingle my rhymes or I hammer  
out prose;

But I drop my pen gladly to welcome the  
feet

That wear out the stitches I put in their  
hose.

# N Convictions N

By Anna Farquhar

## IMPORTANCE OF THE PEDAGOGUE

THE teacher is the man of most importance to the universal progress of mankind, whether he comes to us in the form of a great prophet, or as an instructor of our children in the public schools. The crying need of all humanity is for a teacher; someone whose intelligence has gone deeper into the mysteries than our own minds can penetrate unaided. Our natures, almost without exception, crave guidance.

No man deserves, nor receives, more sincere homage than he who quietly, patiently, but with compelling enthusiasm, instructs his fellow beings in the knowledge he has himself given all the years of his life to obtain. This appreciation may not come to him in the glare of the great world, nor be advertised in flaring posters, but it does come from a more worthy source—from the grateful hearts of pupils, who are now engaged in bestowing upon their teacher the unadulterated praise of utilizing the knowledge he has given them, and passing it on to other receptive minds.

The competent teacher cannot be manufactured; he must be as natively inspired to his task as is the talented man in any sphere of life; and in our present public school system the gravest fault to be found lies in the native inefficiency to impart facts entertainingly, shown by a large proportion of the teachers employed.

It is difficult to determine how this fault could be obviated where such a large number of teachers, earning their daily bread by this means, necessarily take a hand in directing the minds and morals of Young America. In the majority of cases the teacher is of vastly more importance in settling the future of a child than is the parent, except where the matter of heredity is concerned; and for this reason, the public school teachers of America are perhaps the most important class of people extant among us. This being the case, does it not seem that such determining educational influences should be selected not only for their knowledge of facts, but also for their capacity to impart these facts intelligently and interestingly?

The Johnsonian Boswell, at the moment of confessing Dr. Johnson ill-equipped by disposition for instructing boys, says, intelligently enough, "While we acknowledge the justness of Thomson's beautiful remark,

*'Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
And teach the young idea how to shoot!'*

we must consider that this delight is perceptible only by 'a mind at ease, a mind at once calm and clear.' "

What mind could be "at ease" or "calm and clear" when laboring under the necessity of imparting superficial knowledge, crammed hastily into an already over-crowded brain, for the purpose of avoiding the poor-house? The demands made upon both the public

school teacher and pupil are too great to warrant the best results. There are certain branches of study introduced into our public schools of little or no value to a child unless taught by a teacher with special knowledge of that subject. Girls and boys in grammar schools, at a most critical period of their physical lives, are forced to consider—they certainly do not learn—a third more than they could by any mental possibility digest; while the teacher, conscientiously endeavoring to teach a wearisome multiplicity of studies, a number of which she could not by any means be qualified to teach, loses all ease of mind, and feels, on some particularly vexing days, as if she were in danger of retaining no mind at all under such continued pressure.

Our pedagogues should be treated more affectionately. A teacher is the parent of the future, as the boy is father to the man; and if this valuable parent be harassed beyond endurance what can be expected from her offspring?

#### THE DANGER OF LIVING

ACCORDING to the theory of natural selection, even the original speck of protoplasm was in danger of its life; otherwise, there would have been no warring elements for it to fight against, or compete with, hence no struggle for existence and no development. Now this aforesaid speck had its own peculiar surrounding conditions to encounter; the vegetable world when it came along, another set of opponents; animal life many other destroying enemies; and modern man, the electric cars, automobiles and bicycles, all strenuously endeavoring to demonstrate the theory of the survival of the fittest. Life on the arterial streets of a great American city supplies the place of the more primitively destructive forces, such as wars, pestilence and wild beasts. Nature observing, with a shake of her head, the decadence

of aboriginal forces of opposition, whispered to man: "Invent machines calculated to cover great distances on the hop, skip and jump; you'll have the right of way; millionaires can race these machines, paying fines as they go, and destroying all the weak, and those incompetent to run, encountered along their pleasure routes. Human law will be unequal to the task of suppressing your energies once set in motion, and you will become the supreme force known to the nineteenth century, in the development of species." Accordingly, the popular destroyers now rage and tear through the streets of cities, devastating as they go, scaring nervous people into heart failure, and thus successfully taking the place of war, pestilence and famine. This new condition, according to science, will, in the course of evolution, induce a change of human functions and the city man needs must soon develop several pairs of ears on the individual head, and eyes protruding towards all points of the compass at once, dotted here and there over him. He will not be a handsome animal, judged by our present standards of beauty, but he will have conformed to the necessities of his new surroundings, and at the same time will assert his fitness for survival, those not developing increase or change of function having all been run over or scared to death long ago.

There was more hope for the longevity of those who must inevitably be weeded out, owing to natural incapacity, as long as destroying forces were confined to the surface of the earth, but now that a flying machine has been successfully invented on this same man-destroying principle, the last hope of the inefficient needs must succumb to new conditions.

Undoubtedly the muscles of the legs are also being developed remarkably, for it is now impossible to cross a city street in safety any slower than on an elastic run, and in this fact lies hope

for the young whose pedal muscles are still open to development. From these deductions it is safe to conclude that the future man will be a very terrible-looking person developed by such artificial, soul-destroying means; a person one would not care to meet in the dark, suggesting the head of Medusa and the heels of Jack the Giant Killer; therefore, those of us who see our own fate in the clang, clamor and general nervous horror of our city streets may take some comfort in the thought that of our own choice we would not elect to be men of the future, developed by the force of conditions prevailing at the beginning of the twentieth century.

#### THE DRAMATIC INSTINCT

**H**UMANITY loves an audience. Few of us are free from a tendency to act, once aware of observation.

The unconsciousness of a child is a much overrated attribute, being, as a rule, absent from the juvenile character whenever the child becomes aware of a witness to its pleasure or pain. A child will be at play, altogether charming in its natural grace and freedom, but the moment it knows some one is watching it begins to act, to show off, to assume a character or attributes it would like to possess and impress others with, regardless of the truth.

Walk along the street behind a group of boys or girls and observe how immediately they begin to act for your benefit the instant they feel or observe your presence. As people mature this dramatic impulse is revealed less to the casual eye, but it is seldom extinct before death, and it is indeed a question whether any one of us can boast the acquaintance of a real human being, an individual who upon any single occasion has revealed his actual self, unclothed with some part or other taken on for

effect, either consciously or unconsciously.

This dramatic instinct is largely responsible for the widespread lack of veracity. It is seldom that any one in relating an incident or giving facts, deliberately lies. The dramatic instinct gets the better of statistics in nearly every department of expression; and whereas a story-teller is positive that he is repeating the point of his tale as it came to him, he very frequently makes a good story, according to his dramatic lights, irrespective of truth.

The professional stage is a reflection of the public's dramatic impulse. We say we go to the theatre to be entertained; yes, and to see the members of the dramatic profession express those actions, thoughts and feelings which we all desire to express and do express ineffectually or successfully every day of our lives.

It is a rock-bound nature that has not at some period of its existence imagined itself a hero of romance or adventure, and these imaginings relate to the individual ideal without which the soul would lose its upward impetus; therefore, the dramatic instinct is a valuable addition to the routine of our daily lives, even though it can be accused of unworthy moments, calling forth in the individual affectation and unbecoming self-consciousness. It is usual to find a highly developed dramatic instinct paired with a lively imagination, and when these two are well mated the birth of creative genius is imminent. But in the practical life the tendency to act exists in proportion to the individual imagination. This tendency is often restrained and sometimes entirely hidden by personal lack of the power to express emotions; but the majority—each in his own little way—are actors treading the stage of life with a stage stride and wearing a gold paper crown.





#### NIXON WATERMAN'S PHILOSOPHY

*"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage."*

THE true philosopher is the man who when he cannot have what he likes, likes what he can have. To some life is a prison; to some a palace. He makes the most of life who makes the best of his surroundings. Shakespeare makes one of his characters say, "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." Goldsmith says, when Chinwang the Chaste ascended the throne of China, he commanded the prisons to be thrown open. Among the prisoners was a venerable man eighty-five years of age who implored that he might be suffered to return to his cell. For sixty-three years he had lived in its gloom and solitude, which he preferred to the glare of the sun and the bustle of a city. Mr. Cogan once visited a prisoner of state in the King's Bench prison who told him he had grown to like the subdued light and extreme solitude of his cell; he even liked the spots and patches on the wall, the hardness of his bed, the regularity of his daily duties and privileges, and the freedom from all the cares and worries of active life. He did not wish to be released and felt sure he

should never be so happy in any other place. A prisoner condemned to death had his sentence commuted to seven years of close confinement on a bed of nails. After the expiration of five years he declared if ever he were released he should adopt from choice what habit had rendered so agreeable to him. "The Sailor's Consolation" is worth remembering:

*"A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill;  
Hark! don't you hear it roar now?  
Lord help 'em, how I pities them  
Unhappy folks on shore now!"*

||||

Better to live sweetly than swiftly.

Is your neighbor's neighbor as good a neighbor as your neighbor is?

A cheerful fast is almost as good as a melancholy feast.

||||

How is success to be achieved? By finding what seems to be our work and sticking to it. The man who can do just one thing and does it is greater than he who can do a dozen things and does not. Fortune is very like individuals in some respects. If we are persistent she will sometimes give us all we ask just to be rid of our importuning. The old story of the king and the locusts is worth remembering. A king made a proclamation that if any man would tell

him a story which should last forever, he would make him his heir and son-in-law; but if any one undertook to do so and failed, he should lose his head. After many failures, came one and said: "A certain king seized all the corn of his kingdom and stored it in a huge granary; but a swarm of locusts came and a small cranny was descried, through which one locust could contrive to creep. So one locust went in and carried off one grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in," etc.; and so the narrator went on day after day and week after week, "and so another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn." A month passed; a year passed. In six months more the king said: "How much longer will the locusts be?" "Oh, your majesty," said the story-teller, "they have cleared at present only a cubit, and there are many thousand cubits in the granary." "Man, man!" cried the king, "you will drive me mad. Take my daughter, take my kingdom, take everything I have, only let me hear no more of those intolerable locusts!"

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*"What is the reason—can you guess,  
Why men are poor, and women thinner?  
So much do they for dinner dress,  
That nothing's left to dress for dinner."*

One of our greatest historians has told us that "dress is characteristic of manners, and manners are the mirrors of ideas." Girard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais, then of the Council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was exceedingly cold; but Lanjuinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense and amiability, that on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Girard could not

avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit." With some persons old coats are essential to the ease of the body and mind, and some of the greatest achievements of men have been attained when their owners were in rags. Napoleon wore an old, seedy coat during the whole of the Russian campaign, and Wellington wore one out at the elbow at Waterloo. Poets have ever been proverbially fond of wearing old garments, which is fortunate for their profession, since there have been so many versifiers who could afford nothing better. Fashion is presumed to exercise a more autocratic sway over the minds of women than it does over men. "A woman is always as old as she looks, but a man is as young as he feels." But, after all, there are very few men who could be induced to wear a sadly out-of-fashion coat to a gathering of fashionably-dressed people. There can be no doubt, however, that women note the signs of the coming of age with deeper regret than do men. At a private party given in London a lady who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its spring, said to Douglass Jerrold: "I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn gray; I sometimes fancy it must be the essence of rosemary with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it." "I should rather be afraid, madam," replied Jerrold, "that it is the essence of Time (thyme)."

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Nothing can be really ours until we have earned it.

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The man is lacking more often than the opportunity.

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It is as easy to think blue sky as it is to think clouds and "as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Talk is cheap, as talk goes, but a quality of that article is more precious than silver. Some one has said that the human voice is the most marvelous as well as melodious of all the music of nature. Sweet are the songs of birds, the rich melody of the harp, the viol and other instruments of harmonious sound, but what are these to the wondrous witchery of the human voice? Talking is the best of all recreations and a master of the art possesses the most useful and enjoyable of accomplishments. Conversation is designed to be the one long-lasting, never-failing amusement of mankind. It is the pleasure that sets in earliest, outlives all vicissitudes and continues ours when we can enjoy nothing else. Yet there are few good voices and still fewer good talkers. With many persons the voice is a poor instrument employed in playing a poorer tune. It is a mistake to assume that the average human being learns to talk at the age of a few years. Many live out their whole lives without acquiring the art. Children are seldom given much instruction in how to talk pleasantly as well as properly. Considerable can be done toward mending cracked voices, taking the edge off of sharp ones and keying up or down those that are too fast or too slow. No one has yet discovered a way to put brains into an empty head, but certain helps have been found for those who would express the few thoughts they have in a pleasant manner. A good voice is to be chosen rather than a large diamond ring.

*Nixon Waterman*

#### THE OTHER CHRISTINE

**R**ALSTON, out in the dark street, turned from his survey of the scene inside the brilliantly lighted hotel dining-room to find that he was sharing the picture with a woman. She turned also, and he started as he recognized her.

Christine Merriam had a room near Ralston's in an old studio building that was full of artists and authors, mostly unsuccessful ones. He belonged to the former class, she to the latter.

The girl was not too warmly dressed, and Ralston wondered that she should have paused in that cold spot, a corner where the four winds of heaven held high carnival.

"They look comfortable in there," he said, his eyes following hers, which were fixed upon a young couple seated at one of the smaller tables.

"Yes. And how happy!" There was an indescribable note in the girl's voice.

"Why shouldn't they be happy? They have everything to make them so." Ralston's tone matched hers. "The man is Clyde Willis; the woman Christine Brandon."

Curiously, wistfully, the shabby Christine in the street gazed at the Christine who sat, wrapped about with light and warmth, on the other side of the plate glass window. Ralston's eyes were upon the same errand and his heart ached as a sharp sense of the contrast smote him. For the woman in there he cared nothing; the one at his side he loved.

"The papers are right in saying that neither of those two is marrying for money," said Christine suddenly. "It is easy to see that they love one another."

"Why should either of them be marrying for money when they both have millions?" Ralston spoke moodily.

Christine made no answer. She was searching out the details that gave the other Christine's apparelling a harmony not unlike the harmony of a picture, a poem or a song. Her eyes saw, too, the light that flashed from the eyes of the girl to those in the face of the man opposite her, and she noted the perfect understanding that existed between them.

"A scene like that makes one feel that the river is the only place for people like



**S**AD the separation  
That September brings  
From one's home and family—  
And various other things.

us, doesn't it?" Ralston asked. "What a picture I could make of it, though, if there were light enough."

"It isn't the lack of things that money will buy that makes me so bitter," Rals-

ton went on, "it's having to do without others that are beyond the power of wealth to purchase and yet are made unattainable by poverty; peace of mind and—and love."

His companion did not reply. She was listening but she was thinking at the same time how much wealth, in the shape of grooming and gowning, could do for a woman.

"What a handsome man Willis is," Ralston remarked.

The Christine at his side glanced up at him. He did not need to envy any man his good looks, she thought. He was quite as handsome as the one the other Christine loved, and his face held, besides, something higher and finer.

"I don't envy him his houses, nor his yachts, nor his money," Ralston's shabbily-gloved hands closed tightly over two points in the iron railing before him; "but it's not fair that he should be free to make the woman he loves his wife while I—one cannot invite a woman to share nothing." The bitterness in the man's tone was intense.

The girl at his side grasped the railing also, trembling convulsively for support. Twice she opened her lips to speak before she finally said:

"Not if she already has—nothing?"

"Christine!" All the love in the man's heart and the pent up feeling of the last hour were in that passionate cry.

Christine crept close to him and laid her hand upon his arm, and for awhile neither spoke. Love could not warm the icy air or still the piercing wind, but it could make them forget both.

"Look!" cried Ralston, pointing to the other two, whom they had forgotten; "they are raising their glasses for a toast. Let it be our toast, too."

He moved back a step and lifted his empty hand with a flourish, as if it held a brimming glass. "To Love," he cried, "Love that robs wealth of its monotony, poverty of its sting; Love that brings happiness to rich and poor alike."

Christine imitated his gestures, laughing softly.

"Come," said Ralston, drawing her

hand within his arm; "I must take you home; it is beginning to snow."

But the girl lingered to take a last look at the picture inside the gorgeous dining-room. She was comparing, for the second time that night, her lot with that of the other Christine.

Her eyes sought the man at the table, then the one at her side. No, she did not envy the rich woman her lover. She measured the ease and luxury of the other's life with the poverty that fell to her share, but her heart did not falter at the contrast. Were not the love she gave and the love that was given her both sweeter, tenderer, because of the things they must compensate for? Lastly, she looked at the other Christine's shimmering gown and flashing jewels. They were desirable, surely, and yet—to be loved without them!

A smile was on Christine's face as she turned away from the window and the picture it formed, to go with her lover.

Ina Brevoort Roberts

### THREE DAYS.

*Three days have I in my heart uphealed,  
One so bitter and two so sweet,  
And even the bitter a joy can yield  
That makes my pulses beat.  
Not for a lifetime of power and praise  
And every beautiful thing made glad,  
Would I give the memory of those three days,  
Two joyous and one sad.*

*One, the day when I saw you first,  
Read in your eyes my sweetest doom,  
And love in my soul that moment burst  
Like a splendid flower to bloom;  
One the day when my heart had rung  
With the words that told me your love  
was mine,  
And our eager lips had met and clung  
In a kiss that was half divine.*

*One, the day when we said farewell,  
Knowing it must not be otherwise,*

*And I saw the anguish you could not tell  
In the mirror of your eyes.  
But saw there too that through the years  
Spirit to spirit would faithful be,  
And that day baptized by your falling tears  
Is dearest of all to me.*

*L. M. Montgomery.*

### WALTER, THE BELL COW AND THE PANTHER

IN our modern life we lose many of the wayside stories of earlier times. Here is one on my old neighbor, Mr. Walter Dodd, who is now eighty-seven years old.

Montville, where little Walter lived seventy-six years ago, lay at the foot of a small mountain or rather a spur of a great range of mountains extending many hundreds of miles in each direction. In the boy's eyes this mountain spur overlooking the little village was the greatest in the world. The mighty Rockies were never so formidable nor could ever inspire more terror in any one than he felt on that memorable evening, the incidents of which I am about to relate.

Walter was an enterprising lad and fitted for emergencies, as, I think, this story will show. His father, being poor, though hard-working, had a sharp struggle to provide his large family with the necessities of life. Walter, in his effort to help his father, canvassed the city for cows to drive at "two cents per head" per day. His little drove consisted of nine, including Spottle, his father's cow.

There were no fenced pastures used in those days, hence the cows were turned out to wander where they would. The land sloped up the mountain in fenced patches and "new ground" until it was lost in the wild tangle of rocks, dead logs, ferns and trees. There was, of course, the usual rough mountain road winding in and out and up to the crossing between the peaks, beyond which was a wilderness of piling mountains. In this wilderness, as the villagers well

knew, were still at large some of the wild beasts, such as panthers, wild cats and bears, that had given the earlier settlers so much bother and anxiety.

Walter's cows, however, seldom strayed beyond the edge of the woods except when the day was very hot; then they roamed far into the woods to brush off the pestering flies and to enjoy the cooling shades. Spottle always managed to stray the farthest. Indeed, she seemed to show some resentment toward her companions and not infrequently when driven among them bellowed and prodded them with her horns. If we could read a cow's thoughts we might find that she was a little jealous of Walter's interest in the other cows. However this may be, she would go off by herself and it was sometimes hard for the little herdsman to find her. One evening they put her in a closed stall and strapped a bell to her neck as the teacher would put a dunce cap on the head of a bad boy. This appeared to quiet Spottle; and all went well for awhile and Walter earned his sixteen cents every morning. The cows all knew the lad and seemed disposed to help him in his task, for they would frequently browse homeward and meet him on the way. So everything went merrily along until this evening in October.

Perhaps Walter was beginning to trust Spottle's reformation too much, or that he felt sure of finding her easily by the sound of her bell. However it was, he started for the cows on this particular evening much later than usual. The day had been one of those spasmodically hot and humid days peculiar to Indian summer.

The sun was almost down when Walter reached the edge of the woods. There were the cows among the bushes, lazily chewing their cud and switching off the flies and mosquitoes which the hot day had called out. But Spottle was missing

and the sound of her bell could not be heard. He thought she must have lain down somewhere near; so he drove the eight along homeward and began to look for the missing bossy—wondering the while if she had gone back to her old habits. He searched around in semi-circles farther and farther up the mountain. Many boulders and gorges were in his way, but he got around them the best he could. He did not realize how far he had gone, when suddenly he became conscious of the fact that the sun was down, and he felt the cool and damp of the night dew. He was between the peaks and on the edge of the wilderness, but he did not realize this.

When he saw it was fast growing dark he began to run and fret; calling the cow as though she must answer him. He heard the echo of his own voice and it startled him. After a few minutes further search he gave up seeking for Spottle and began to run pell mell down the mountain side for his home. But in his bewilderment he had faced the wrong way and was dashing into the wilderness. There were no familiar gorges or boulders to be seen; everything was strange. He looked up, and through the trees he could see the black outline of a great mountain before him. Then he realized the terrible fact that he was in the wilderness and lost. Every black spot or piece of "fox-fire" or phosphorescent decay of wood then became to him a lurking beast. The despairing tears trickled down his cheeks but he brushed them off with his sleeve and determined to make the best of his misfortune. But how or what to do he could not tell.

Just then he heard the faint but familiar tinkle of a bell. It was Spottle's bell. Instantly he put off in the direction of the sound, feeling his way along, for it was now too dark to see. The sound came down the mountain on an angle from the way he had come. Spottle would be company for him, and perhaps

protection; who knows? She was unfriendly sometimes and would kick at him when he tried to milk her, but now her presence would be a great comfort. When he reached the place where he thought Spottle ought to be, she was not to be found, but he could hear her bell; and strange to say the tinkle came from an opposite direction, but it was louder than at first.

He did not know that he had been following the echo, so he was thoroughly bewildered at this strange happening; but, still undaunted, he lost no time in following up the sound, which then grew louder and louder as he ran faster and faster. He stumbled frequently, and once fell headlong over a fallen tree, bruising his elbow and bringing the blood from his cheek. A loud clang of the bell, a swishing of leaves, and an excited "m-u-h" told him that he had finally reached Spottle. But she had not recognized him and was starting to run away when he cried pleadingly to her, "Say, Spottle; say, Spottle." Then, recognizing his voice, she stopped and moved slowly up to him and licked his outstretched hand with her rough, rasplike tongue. Walter was never so thankful in all his life for any token of friendship as this dumb beast gave him there in that dangerous and solitary place.

He had secured the friendly companionship of the cow none too soon, for suddenly his heart seemed turned to stone, his feet riveted to the ground, and Spottle threw up her head with a startled jangle of the bell. There came out of the blackness somewhere beyond them a tremulous, insinuating wail, as of a little baby. There was no mistaking the sound. Walter had been taught to know it, although he had never heard it before. It was the cry of a panther. Again it came, apparently a little further off, but he knew the beast was drawing stealthily nearer. Spottle seemed to know the dread sound too, and drew up closer

to the helpless boy as she would have shielded her own calf. Again the wail came and lingered in its echo. Then Spottle wheeled around in front of Walter, facing the direction of the panther. She threw down her head with a suppressed menacing bellow and pawed up the earth with her feet. There was no uncertainty in her stand; she meant to battle for the boy. Walter could almost feel the vicious drop of the panther upon him, and the tearing of its claws. But with all his fright he was a little philosopher. He knew that the result of the battle was uncertain, that many a cow even had sunk under the vice-like claws and teeth of a panther; and, too, in the fierce combat between the cow and the panther he might be crushed. But what could he do? He had not even a jack-knife with which to defend himself. The panther was now very near, and doubtless with those keen eyes of his was estimating the distance to be certain of his leap. Both Walter and Spottle were now very still, their muscles and nerves strained to the highest tension, as in that dread moment before a certain calamity. But in the moment of extreme peril there are sometimes lucid flashes that work miracles—something born out of infinite possibility—more marvellous than the teeming recollections of a drowning man. Instantly a revelation flashed into Walter's mind without any effort of his own save that high and fearful tension of his strength and mind. It gave him the nerve and muscle of a man and the quickness of lightning. He sprang at the cow, seizing her tail, and twisting it vigorously, shrieking at the top of his voice, "Hoey! hoey! hoey! Spottle!" He had divined that the cow could see through the blackness, she knew the way, and his shriek and the fierce clanging of the bell would confound the panther until they were started; then, though pursued, the chances were the beast

would fail to reckon their course well enough to find a limb for his fatal leap.

Walter was right. As he made the plunge, the startled cry of the panther burst out above them, permeating the darkness all about. The beast, hugging the limb and flashing down two yellow, sickly flames which Walter saw in that crucial moment, was witnessing a spectacle and commotion which did indeed confound him. There was a crashing of bushes, and such a clatter of a cow bell and bellowing, accompanied by all the variations of a human voice, as perhaps was never heard before. Walter stepped in ten-foot strides as the cow's legs zig-zagged and kicked, but he hung on. Bushes struck him in the face, briars scratched him, his feet banged against stumps, but he was glued to the cow's tail. Soon the cow rushed into the road; and down the mountain, in and out, they flew. Sometimes Walter felt they were leaping chasms or falling over precipices, but still he clung to Spottle's tail, as though she were a rescuing angel with wings bearing him to heaven. No Tam O'Shanter or John Gilpin ever had such a ride. Death was behind, scratching, tearing, biting, but on they flew until the crashing and dragging and flying became a hazy roar and Walter knew no more.

When he came to himself he was in his little trundle bed. His father and mother were bending over him and the village doctor was feeling his pulse and holding out a watch. Walter's head was bound up and he smelled the odor of medicines.

The cow had brought him safely to his home; that is, barring the scratches and bruises from which he quickly recovered. His story was soon on the lips of every one and, despite a little jesting, Walter was the hero of the village. Nor was Spottle forgotten. The villagers took up a subscription and with pleasant ceremonies hung about the neck of the

astonished but complacent Spottle a silver bell on which was inscribed:

TO THE BRAVE SPOTTLE  
WHO DEFIED A PANTHER AND SAVED A LIFE

This was many years ago, and the good Spottle is dead and gone, but there is nothing in the possession of our venerable and esteemed friend, Mr. Walter Dodd, so precious to him as that little silver bell presented to his rescuer.

L. Fletcher Snapp

#### WHEN IDA PUTS HER ARMOR ON

*WHEN Ida puts her armor on  
And draws her trusty blade  
The turnips in the bin turn pale,  
The apples are afraid,  
The quiet kitchen city wakes  
And consternation feels,  
And quick the tocsin pealeth forth  
In long potato peels.*

*When Ida puts her armor on  
The pots and pans succumb,  
A wooden spoon her drum-stick is,  
A mixing pan her drum;  
She charges on the kitchen folk  
With silver, tin and steel  
She beats the eggs, she whips the cream,  
The victory is a meal.*

*When Ida puts her apron on  
Her breast-plate is of blue.  
(Checked gingham ruffled top and sides)  
Her gauntlets gingham, too;  
And thus protected from assault  
Of batter, stain and flour  
She wars with vegetable foes  
And conquers in an hour.*

*When Ida puts her armor on  
She is so fair to see  
Her battle with the kitchen folk  
Is reproduced in me;  
So sweet she is, armed cap-a-pie,  
So good her kitchen art  
I hardly know which loves her best  
My palate or my heart.*

Ellis Parker Butler.

#### HER FIRST TRAGEDY

LITTLE TOWHEAD is an interesting child, in many ways she is old for her years, which are three; very young in others.

It was a September morning and naturally quiet in our suburban hamlet; and as it was the first day of school, after the long summer vacation, there were no noisy children playing about.

Little Towhead came singing up the street, her chubby hands clasped behind her back. A quaint little figure was she, with large blue eyes and a round baby face, much browner than the light, almost white, close-cropped hair. A short, straight slip of a dress, short socks, little shoes, left exposed bare, brown, dimpled knees, arms and neck.

She walked deliberately, with a queer old-man walk, singing in a high, clear voice "The Holy City"—recognizable by the rythm and a word now and then. She went to the house immediately across the way and rang the bell. I could hear her ask, "Where's Maud?"—Maud being one of her playmates—and when the answer came, "Gone to school," down the steps she trotted, crossed the street and asked at the house next door to mine, "Where's Dot?" and again received the same answer, "Gone to school."

Then she came slowly down the walk, a pathetic little figure now, with one pitiful little finger in her mouth. Once more she asked for another playmate, and again heard the same distressing words, "Gone to school."

This time, crying as if her heart would break, she went down the street to her own home. But alas! that too was desolate, for her own little sister had gone to school for the first time, leaving Little Towhead with the momentary belief that she was alone in the great world, for she was indeed forsaken and had no one to play with.

Lucy Soule Smith

## STUDIES OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

The "National's" Family Discusses Favorite American Authors

### WHO IS THE FOREMOST LIVING AMERICAN AUTHOR?

IN May "The National Magazine" asked its readers to answer the foregoing question, giving the reasons for their beliefs, in the space of 200 words. For the best reply a prize of ten dollars was offered; for the second, third fourth and fifth, paid-up subscriptions to the magazine for four, three, two and one years respectively.

No appeal that "The National" has made to its readers has afforded us more interest and pleasure than this one. The members of "The National" family have written from nearly every state in the union, from Canada and Mexico, and even from far Brazil, where an exile from home proves that it takes more than distance to separate a man from his friends.

The replies—this is one of the odd and unexpected results of the inquiry—are three-fourths of them from our women readers. Does this indicate that women read more than men, or that they have a deeper interest in favorite authors than their brothers, fathers and husbands?

Tabulating the expressions, we find that the authors voted for rank, according to the number of votes received, as follows:

1. *Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens)*
2. *William Dean Howells*
3. *James Whitcomb Riley*
4. *Edwin Markham*
5. *Octave Thanet (Alice French)*
6. *Edmund Clarence Stedman*
7. *Richard Harding Davis*

8. *Joaquin Miller*
9. *Ernest McGaffey*
10. *Joel Chandler Harris*
11. *Edward Everett Hale*
12. *Richard Henry Stoddard*
13. *Finley Peter Dunne (Dooley)*
14. *Ambrose Bierce*
15. *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*
16. *Opie Read*
17. *General Lew Wallace*
18. *Jack London*
19. *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward*

Not all the great names, but variety enough for all tastes, is there not, in this list of the favorite authors of "The National Magazine's" readers?

Not only did Mark Twain gain the largest number of votes, but he also evoked the most eulogistic tributes. Mr. Howells is a close second in the affections of "The National" family, however, and all in the list proved to have ardent admirers, eager to speak their praise.

Thus, we have Chicago voicing her pride in the accomplishment of her poet Ernest McGaffey, whose "Sonnets to a Wife" are rated quite the finest expression of conjugal affection to be found in American poetry; and in her Opie Read, the giant novelist, whose books reach nearly a score in number and whose readers are legion; whose humor and fancy are termed "Shakespearean in prodigality," and who is declared to have depicted Southern life and character more vividly than any other American author.

California acclaims her great poets, Joaquin Miller and Edwin Markham; Kentucky raises the banner of the poet James Whitcomb Riley, and Ohio performs a like service for the author of

"Ben Hur." Indiana must not be thought to have neglected her famous sons; she is loyal to them, but has no monopoly of that loyalty, since her neighbor states claim Riley and Wallace as their own.

Georgia rallies around the author of "Uncle Remus," and strangely neglects to cast a vote for her poet of world-wide celebrity, Frank L. Stanton; an omission hard to explain, since no man now living, probably, has had more readers, the world over, than Stanton, whose musical songs have been wafted by the press wherever men read English.

Frederick Wilson of Rio Janeiro gives his first favor to Ambrose Bierce, that saturnine genius nurtured on the Pacific coast, past master of biting irony in verse and prose, and second only to Edgar Poe in depicting the ghastly and the supernatural.

"The National's" jury has not presumed, in making its awards, to express its own judgment upon the question which the magazine propounded; its duty was merely to select those replies which, in its opinion, best advocated the claims of the writer's favorite authors to the first place among living American men of letters. The jury, in its infinite wisdom—an attribute of all juries—finds that Bertrand Waterman of San Francisco, one of the champions of Joaquin Miller, is entitled to the first prize of ten dollars.

His letter is given hefewith:

"Joaquin Miller is foremost among American men of letters now living. His work, it may be conceded, is done; he will probably not produce anything hereafter of the rank of his great epic, 'Sappho and Phaon.' Yet he is spared to us in person, and may he long be spared! I place the 'Poet of the Sierras' first because he has, alone among American literary men, given adequate poetic expression to the majesty and beauty and romance of the far West's deserts and rivers, its mighty mountains and forests, and to the Pacific ocean. He has been better known in the East and in Europe for

his less meritorious early pieces than for the later and immeasurably greater productions. Although other living American authors of the first class have reached very much larger audiences during their lifetime, there is in my mind no doubt that Mr. Miller's fame will expand after his death for hundreds of years, until he shall come into his rightful place as the one American, Walt Whitman alone excepted, who has created great Homeric poems out of material characteristically American. I do not forget, in this connection, the claims made for Henry W. Longfellow as an epic poet, on the strength of 'Hiawatha' and 'Evangeline.' Far greater than these, in power, beauty and the free spirit that is the essence of all really great poetry, are Miller's 'Song of the Sunset Seas,' his 'Rhyme of the Amazon,' and his 'Sappho and Phaon,' the last named a magnificent epic of the Pacific."

Mark Twain's most eloquent partisan, Josephine M. Paulsen of Fessenden, N. D., superintendent of schools for Wells county, wins second prize, with this:

"America has produced scores of authors, poets and critics—principally critics. The Great American Novel has been written half a dozen times and its ghosts lie in wait for future claimants of the position. Of novelists and verse-makers, poor America, like the old woman who lived in a shoe, has so many she doesn't know what to do. And she wearies of the repetition of newly attired subjects and made-over ideas,—and she breathes a sigh of thankfulness when she thinks of Mark. For there is only one Mark Twain, and when her side of the world goes wrong, he eases the worry by provoking her laughter.

"The gladdest gift one brings with him into the world is humor. Humor conquers all things, even labor. Like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. Like mercy, 'tis twice blest. It blesses him who gives and him who doth receive.

"If Love had never been invented, Humor would be the greatest thing in the world. As it is, it ranks a close second. And as he who creates is greater than the created—Mark Twain should by rights be Chief Potentate of America—instead of holding only the smaller position as the Greatest Living American Writer."

Third prize is awarded to Johnson Brigham of Des Moines, Iowa's eminent editor and author, who tells thus why he rates William Dean Howells higher than any of his contemporaries:

"The foremost American author living to-day is William Dean Howells. If not the first, surely the second, among our literary critics, ranking well with the best of American poets now living, and withal a rare humorist and an extremely clever satirist, Mr. Howells' foremost place is, nevertheless, best assured by his novels. In these novels, his realistic sketches of family and small-community life, his shrewd analysis of the currents and counter-currents of life in cities, his vivid portrayal of individual character, his genial good humor and his stingless satire, altogether impart to his work a degree of vitality which amply assures its immortality. His descriptions, though strongly localized, are nevertheless so deftly generalized that the reader, whether in Boston or on the other side of the globe, never questions the artist's fidelity to truth. His characters are so strongly individualized that one would hardly dare call them types, and yet his widely scattered readers are everywhere finding in them striking counterparts of people they themselves have known. Mr. Howells is by far our best historian of the social life of the American people during the last half of the nineteenth century."

Joseph Allen, winner of the fourth prize, writes from Tulare, Cal., to express his admiration for Octave Thanet, who has delighted "The National's" readers with many stories contributed to these columns, saying:

"Miss Alice French (Octave Thanet) is the foremost American writer for the reason that her work appeals to the largest and most cosmopolitan audience. The life of the American people is most intimately connected with the workers of to-day, and no person has done so much, and so clearly accomplished the task of bringing about a better acquaintance with this work-a-day nation and its factors as the gifted genius, Miss French. She has a grasp of the conditions about her which is remarkable.

"Her intuitive knowledge of the work-

ings of the human heart is such that her readers are carried bodily into the factory and shop, the farm or the woods, and made to see and feel the vividness and accuracy of her pen pictures. Americans in all walks of life read and enjoy her pure and wholesome productions. In no sense is her work exclusive. Living, as she does, in the middle West, she is none the less familiar with all phases of life—South, East or North. In accuracy of portrayal, interesting narrative and delineations of her various characters, she is pronouncedly superior. She is simply in earnest, therefore understood."

Charles Dorr of Dorchester, Mass., to whom the fifth prize was awarded, makes this argument for Edwin Markham:

"The foremost living man of letters, in my opinion, is he who, by the creation of some masterpiece of literature, makes for it and for himself, a world-wide reputation.

"Every age has its problems; that of our time is the industrial situation. Almost every author touches, at least, upon the outlines of this question. But it has remained for one man to utter thobbing words of truthful wisdom; words which have been quoted, praised, censured and criticised by all sorts and conditions of mankind in a greater degree than has the work of any living poet. These lines possess both power and the quality of endurance and will be read, learned, loved, hated and studied when the works of his contemporaries shall have passed into 'inocuous desuetude.' I refer to the poem 'The Man With the Hoe,' by Edwin Markham. While his other work is both beautiful and inspiring, this one poem, by its prescience and its popularity, places him in the front rank of living men of letters."

James A. Riddle, of Runyan, Ky., characterizing James Whitcomb Riley as the Robert Burns of America, adds:

"He is pre-eminently the poet of the masses, the common people who exchange love for sympathy with one who

'Tells of things just like they wuz—  
They don't need no excuse;  
Don't tech 'em up as poets does  
'Till they're all too fine for use.'

"But Mr. Riley is more than this. For those who have no ear for the 'Hoosier dialect' he has written 'Beautiful Hands,' 'There Is Ever a Song Somewhere, My Dear,' 'Away,' and many other gems that accord him no low place among writers of classical English.

"If he does not arouse the spirit of reform or stir the mind to action, he warms the public heart with humor and pathos, and is the true apostle of the gospel of Relaxation.

"These and other characteristics place Mr. Riley first among my present-day favorites."

#### A BOOK THAT COST THE LIFE OF ITS AUTHOR

"LONG after his days of extreme weakness began, he continued the revision of his novel, declaring that, as it was his only contribution to a world he was so soon to leave he would like it to be the best within his power, no matter how great the cost in effort and perseverance. He was twenty-four years old when he put aside the story which is here offered, saying: 'I can't think any more.'"

Forrest Crissey is writing of Frank Burlingame Harris, and of his novel, "The Road to Ridgeby's." Forest Crissey is a Chicago journalist and magazine writer, well known as a contributor to the "Saturday Evening Post." Frank Burlingame Harris was a Chicago journalist. He was born in New York, but spent most of his boyhood and his young manhood in the West. He got his education, as to books, in the Omaha high school and the University of Chicago. He did his first writing for a paper conducted by the high school pupils. Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, the wife of the then managing editor of the Omaha "World-Herald," a paper which William J. Bryan later edited for a short period, saw the promise in Harris' work, and got a place for him on the paper. He went on to

Chicago, wrote and studied. Then he tried to plant a magazine, "The Calumet," in the thin soil of the western metropolis. Of course the effort failed. Chicago was not ready to recognize merit in her own; she must have the stamp of Boston and New York approval upon what she bought to read. "The Calumet" died. Harris planned a story of Iowa farm life; the suggestion, perhaps, was obtained from Mrs. Peattie's Nebraska stories. The boy went out into the Iowa farm country, lived the farm life, gathered his materials and came back to town to write his book. He was intemperate in zeal; burned the candle of his strength at both ends. When the last chapter was done the author's health was shattered. "The following summer," to quote from Mr. Crissey's foreword, "saw him journeying in a mover's wagon across New Mexico, making the final stand in a pitiful campaign for life. He lived to learn that his book had been accepted by a publisher, but his eyes did not see a page of the proof."

A man's value to the world is best measured by the worth of what he gives to his fellows. Not by the length of his days, nor the amount of material wealth or abstract learning he accumulates, but by the extent of his service to his kind. Measured by this standard, Frank Burlingame Harris did not live in vain. He had a story to tell that was worth the telling; the people in his book are real people, the country he describes is not an imaginary country. He saw the people and the place they inhabit with wide, keen eyes, and with sympathy. Once met, they will not soon be forgotten. Some traces of the crudity of youth and inexperience are in the work; something, perhaps, of the weakness of hand and brain in those last days of a losing fight for breath and the visible world. Yet these are but minor defects, scarcely noticeable in the first reading of the story, so tensely does he hold the in-

terest throughout. They occur to you as an afterthought. But you would not have missed meeting his lovely and great-souled heroine—a compound of the Greek love of beauty and Puritan devotion to the spirit of honor. At the first, too, you notice—if you are familiar with western writings—a reflection of the epigrammatic style of Opie Read, who has been a most powerful factor in shaping the literary manner of many young western writers. But the story is Harris' own, and you forget the style in the story.

The story? Well, I could not give you that in the brief space at my command here; and anyway, this is only the story of a story. Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston publish the book. This firm, which occupies a unique position among American publishing houses by reason of being the only authorized publishers of Walt Whitman's books, has gained an enviable reputation also by bringing forward numerous strong young westerners, men who have something new to say, and a new way of saying it. Harris' book, I am inclined to think, is one of the best of these that the house has published, perhaps the very best. *F. P.*

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**DUTCH COLONIAL HISTORY  
MIRRORED IN "ANTONIA"**

**T**HERE is certainly a refreshment in the book-making art suggested when one takes up "Antonia," by Jessie Van Zile Belden, published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston. The large, old-style type, within stern black borders, suggests not only a Colonial touch, but something also of the manner of Gutenberg, with a sniff of Zuyder Zee. The words are so thin-spaced that the eye is saved much in traversing white space. So, in any event the publishers have an original idea in modern book making, well illustrated with line drawings attuned to the

letter press and tone of the story. The story concerns the early Colonial settlement in New Amsterdam and has a picturesque historical setting, with a glimpse of the life in the prosperous city of Albany. New York, as New Amsterdam, and Schenectady, as Schonowe, also figure as conspicuous points in the plot.

In the opening chapter the hero is called a coward by the heroine on the deck of a vessel nearing the New World. In the last line of the last chapter she asks his forgiveness—they are married. The tale does not lack for incident and action and throws many vivid side-lights upon the early struggles with Indians. It seems as if the hero is uncommonly stupid—but perhaps in this he differs not from all lovers—in getting at the point and winning the hand of Antonia, who had married an old man for mere financial reasons—and who, when he died, was left a charming widow, Madame Van Syck. The heroine had a strain of Spanish blood mingled with the Dutch and is a fascinating character. So much cannot be said of Johannes von Blerckom—modest and brave enough, it is true, but somehow one craves a degree of acuteness and courage in an ideal lover that does not yield forever to an impulsive command—"never speak of love again"—because he had spoken when she was a promised wife. It was then she called him a coward. We would have had him return earlier to the charge when she became a lovely and not inconsolable widow, even though he did have all kinds of bloody Indian fights on his hands. Well, one must not be too exacting in these waning days of historical fiction. We will wonder in the future how such stern, rugged, dry facts of history as are taught in text books ever served the purpose of interesting and instructing. So much easier to learn now when you can have a novel poked at you, based on any event or epoch, while you wait.

*J. M. C.*

### THE VALUE OF LOCAL COLOR IN A STORY

YESTERDAY an editor told me he preferred to print "American stories." I had never made any such distinction between stories. The remark set me to thinking along that line. What is it in a story that makes us read to the end at a single sitting? What is it that plays upon our emotions? What is it that we remember next day, next year, and for many years, maybe. Is it the snow-capped summits of the mountains, or the fond lovers at the moonlit gate?—the dew on the waving corn, or the solitary old man taking a last long look through tear-blurred eyes at the home from which he has been evicted? Is local atmosphere the chief factor in compelling our interest, or is that evoked by the play of elemental human passions in the characters of the story? Is a story an "Iowa story" merely because it deals with Iowa people, and Iowa scenes? Or do we forget that the people are Iowa people, and follow the development of their careers, remembering merely that they are men and women—our kin—and that we see reflected in the mirror of their lives something of our own?

"Somehow I can't realize that a story can be considered geographically," I replied. "Would you, having to choose between an American story of only average merit, and a story laid, say, in England, but of greater power, select the former to publish?"

"I would. The American story might not be remembered as long, or take hold as strongly upon the imagination of its readers, but it would have an educational value. It would give our New York people some idea of the lives of their

countrymen in California, say—something they ought to know."

"Then you believe the chief purpose of fiction is to educate?"

"I do."

"And you think that education ought to be limited to our own country?"

"A big enough field for one publication."

"But I am just as much interested in the condition of a peasant in Russia as in that of the Iowa farmer."

"You are the exception."

"I never thought of a state as home, or a country, but of the whole world; all its people have been my brothers as long as I can remember."

"Do you mean to say you never had a thrill in your heart at the sight of the old flag, or a pride in the thought you are an American?"

"Not at all; I never look on the flag waving up there in the breeze but what a lump comes into my throat; yet that only makes me think the more kindly of all other flags, remembering how other men feel the same way toward their country's emblems."

"Very pretty; but most people have a love for the soil they were born on, an interest in the people they have lived among, that puts other lands and other peoples off into the background. Most people like best to read the stories of lives that purport to have been spent among surroundings, and under circumstances, with which they are themselves familiar. A magazine that takes the world for its field, must look to the world for readers. An American magazine must print American stories."

It may be the fault of a wrong habit of thought, but I'm blessed if I can see it that way. You who read this, what do you think about it? *F. P.*





THE September issue of "The National Magazine" is a sea number. Can you not sniff the salt water in the pages? Sporting interest centres in the international yacht race this month. The keen enthusiasm of the American people over the navy is emphasized at this time. There is the spirit of ownership felt by the thousands who visit the various navy yards and gaze upon the grim and rusty as well as bright and shining ships that won a world victory at Manila and Santiago. Thousands of American boys who never sniffed the sea brine can tell you the details of nearly all of the ships of the United States navy; and American lads never lack for opinions, either. They express them with a degree of ownership in the White Squadron that no millionaire yachtsman can surpass in discussing his luxurious nautical retinue.

The sea—the great restless sea—is a mighty factor in national development. The sea drinks the very air itself, and the sun drinks the sea. Mystery of mysteries—fascinating now as in the days of the hardy Norseman, the sea has its never waning influence on national destinies—and what more fitting and absorbing subject matter for hazy days of September and the budding brilliance of an American autumn?

ONE of the interesting features of "The National Magazine" for October will be a descriptive article, illustrated, concerning the convention held at Buffalo the week of August 26. The delegations are beginning to arrive from the various states as this issue is mailed to readers, and one of the first actions taken by the convention was to send greetings to the readers of "The National Magazine," the first periodical to conceive and successfully carry out a national convention of its workers and readers. The inaugural convention was a success far beyond anticipation and the succeeding annual gatherings are likely to grow in interest.

THE thousands of subscribers who called upon us during our "exhibit" of printing "The National Magazine" at Buffalo in the Graphic Arts Work Shop were an inspiration. They did not hesitate to speak good words amid the rumble of the busy presses. This has indeed been a memorable year in the history of "The National." Two things have been achieved that have never before been accomplished by any periodical—printing an edition on an exposition grounds, and holding a convention with delegates from every state and territory

in the union. The American people are quick to appreciate alert activities, and the thousands of old and new friends met at Buffalo have emphasized this appreciation in words and deeds that cannot be mistaken. Now, it is to still further deserve this appreciation and fulfil these expectations, that we are planning a campaign for 1902 never equalled in the history of the magazine. In order to start this campaign right, we desire an active, alert and aggressive representative, thoroughly imbued with "The National" spirit, in every city and town in the United States. We believe that "The National Magazine" should be in every American home, and how to get it there is the problem before us. At \$1 per year, it is certainly within the reach of the great masses of the American people. Besides the regular cash commission paid to agents we have some attractive offers to energetic and successful representatives.

\* \* \*

Every publisher wishes to know what his subscribers think of his publication. Especially is this true of "The National Magazine," which owes its success largely to the cordial relations of readers and publishers. And if it is not presuming too much we should like such an expression from you during the next few months, while plans are being made for the coming year. The definite policy of developing American ideas will be adhered to, and in this there is a wide range for suggestion. If you like "The National Magazine" tell us so. Renewing subscriptions is the most substantial method of expression, but there is something beyond all this, earnestly desired. Speak right out—a two cent stamp does it.

\* \* \*

There is no use of our mincing matters—you want the magazine, we want more subscribers; now let us come together. We feel pretty well acquainted with our subscribers since the Buffalo ex-

perience, and the success of the first "National Magazine" convention. The meeting for 1902 will likely be held in Boston, and you may be the delegate. Who knows? With the personal interest of present subscribers and readers back of us, we feel that there is nothing too great to conquer in the circulation campaign that will begin in the early autumn. See that your town library and every friend and newsdealer has "The National" on their periodical lists, and the million subscribers which we are looking for will not seem so far off in the future, after all. Now what can you do? Write us. We have plans that may interest you. Don't forget to include a new subscription any time.



THE October issue of "The National Magazine" will be an "Export" number. Special up-to-date and attractive articles will be published, with direct reference to extending American foreign trade. This is a subject to be studied and investigated. In close touch with American consuls all over the world, there is no periodical better equipped for taking hold of this subject—heretofore overlooked by magazines—than "The National," which typifies and intensifies the national idea to the utmost. The subject is too great to cover fully in a single number. Special attention will be devoted in the October issue to the Australian and Oriental market. The new Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, and the Philippines are a market well worth cultivating in a business-like and reciprocal manner. An extra edition of "The National Magazine" will be printed and circulated extensively among the millions of English speaking peoples of the South Pacific. The "Export" number will have a special value to manufacturers of articles of export who wish to expand their business in this field by effective advertising.

WE feel a special pride in the high quality of the fiction presented in "The National" month by month. Few things are so plenty as stories; few so rare as stories that have action, humor or the dramatic quality—well thought out and carefully written and re-written to attain the final touch of finished excellence. We read carefully every one of the dozens of stories that reach us daily. Not even the most amateurish effort is passed by hastily; it is scanned closely to see if perchance in it may not be detected the promise of better work—a promise always worth waiting on, if not always fulfilled.

Sometimes you will get the impression, reading over the fiction in half a dozen magazines of any one month, that their stories are nearly all anaemic—bloodless and dull; or that they all run in one channel. The stories we want are—not exclusively, but by preference—American stories. A first-class story is its own guarantor, wherever the scene be laid, and we are always glad to get it. But there is a wealth of fictional material as yet unworked in all parts of our country. We like stories of adventure by land or sea, with not too much of involved study of human motives in them. Stories keyed to the rushing activity of our clime and time.

TO foreigners the United States patent department is one of the seven wonders of the nation, and it certainly goes far to explain the industrial supremacy of the United States. Here can be witnessed an evolution, which from a practical standpoint means more to the world than Darwin's immortal theory. The large number of applications for American patents made by Russians during the past year is significant. An array of the thousands of inventions patented, but never put into practical use, because of the lack of exploitation or capital or

promotion, furnishes a volume of romance. Who can tell the years of sacrificed strength and struggle which these forgotten models represent? One little old man with a long beard comes often to look at a model in an obscure corner. He still believes in this creation of his brain, and although it was supplanted long years ago by other inventions, he will stand and talk over the plans of years ago, to himself.

"Yes, Mary, we'll soon be out of debt. This will make us rich, very rich, and then we can do for the children—"

Outside the office the dread realization comes upon him again, and he walks down the avenue in tears. His story is not difficult to surmise, for the pathos of the patent office—the strain and stress of inventors—too often swindled by sharpers—has become one of the commonplaces of our life. A man absorbed in an invention rarely counts aught else but the consummation of his dreams success, and, exhausted by their failure, he falls an easy prey to delusions, which envelope himself and friends. The lost fortunes represented by the Patent Office exhibit are many. Yet the fortunes made furnish the lure that keeps men always dreaming and striving.

A NOTABLE petition to the 37th congress, of which Abraham Lincoln was a member, was that of Asa Whitney, a citizen of Michigan, who asked for a strip of land twenty miles in width, from Lake Michigan to the Pacific Ocean. The request aggregated 40,000 square miles of territory, five times the area of Massachusetts, upon which to build a railroad from ocean to ocean.

Legislatures and individuals of prominence indorsed the scheme, but Congress balked. In the sixties the pendulum swung back and gigantic land grants followed which were the fruits of what was termed "Asa Whitney's dream."

## SOUTH BEND, THE METROPOLIS OF NORTHERN INDIANA

*By Frederick A. Miller*

**K**ISSED by the waters of the picturesque St. Joseph river, the Rhine of Indiana, nestling in the fertile St. Joseph valley and surrounded by a rich farming region, South Bend, the metropolis of northern Indiana, a city celebrated the world over for its manufactures, is one of the most commercially active points in the middle west. Situated on some of the greatest trunk railway lines in the United States, its products find their way to all points where civilization has taught man the use and convenience of modern implements for the field or shop.

South Bend is on historic ground. The first white man in this region, bent upon exploring unknown territory, landed near the northern boundary, there first setting foot upon Indiana soil. Robert Cavalier de La Salle was the man. In 1679 the great explorer and his party left the blue waters of Lake Michigan and paddling their canoes up the St. Joseph, then called by the Indians the River of the Miamis, landed at the old Indian portage, just below the present site of South Bend, and crossing overland sought the head waters of the Kankakee. Then their canoe voyage was resumed down the Kankakee and the Illinois to the perilous waters of the great Mississippi. The portage from the St. Joseph to the Kankakee was known by the Indians as the shortest from the great lakes to "the great river" emptying into the gulf, so the intrepid LaSalle brought with him a Mohegan Indian from the east, who was acquainted with the route. A tract of land near the point of the St. Joseph where LaSalle landed has been presented to the Northern Indiana His-

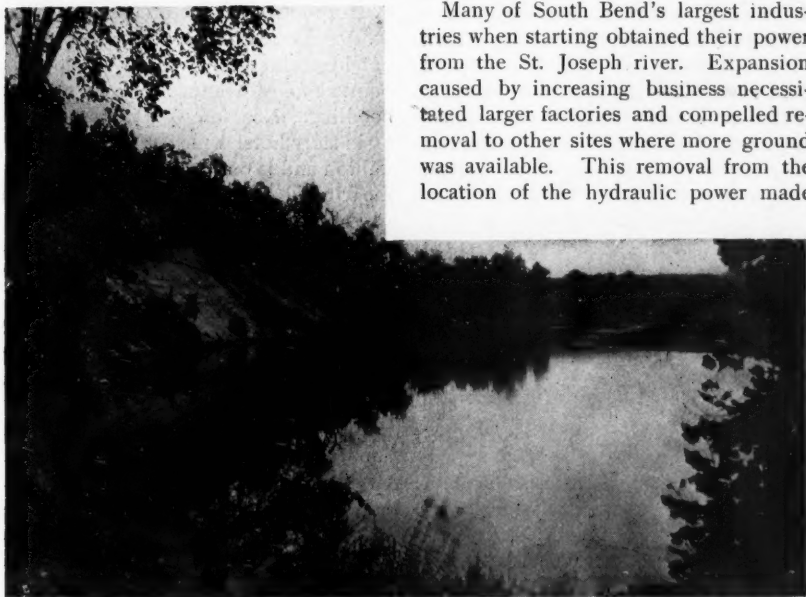
torical Society and a monument will be erected to commemorate the visit of the daring Frenchman.

South Bend derives its name from the south bend of the beautiful St. Joseph river at this point. The pioneer settler was an educated Frenchman, Pierre F. Navarre, who came here from Michigan in 1820 and established a trading post for the American Fur Company. Navarre's old home is still one of the city's interesting landmarks. He went west with the Indians in 1840, when the latter were deported. Later he returned to the scene of his early labors, dying in South Bend in 1864. In March, 1831, the town of South Bend was laid out and four years later a town government was organized. This continued until May 22, 1865, when a general election favored the organization of a city under a general charter. June 5, the same year, the first city officials were elected. The government continued under a general charter until the present year, when a special charter was voted by the Indiana General Assembly.

In this charming country, the home of the free and the happy Indian has given way to the manifold advances of civilization. The forest has given way to the city, and South Bend, with 43,000 people, is the active commercial and social centre of a vast population in northern Indiana and southern Michigan, for it lies but six miles south of the line which divides the two states. The city has attained such a world-wide reputation through its manufactures that it has become a saying that anything bearing the name of South Bend may be accepted as standard. Here are located

some 150 manufacturing establishments which make clover hullers, wagons, carriages, pony carts, street sprinklers, police wagons, ambulances, plows, sewing machine parts, cigars, blank books, brooms, steel articles, grain drills, woollens, knit underwear, speed indicators, feed mills, shirts, beer, mattresses, cigar boxes, confectionery, optical goods, bicycles, toys, harness, varnish, linseed oil,

SCENE ON THE ST. JOSEPH RIVER, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA



paper boxes, ice, bluing, flour, seeders, paper, baking powder, banks, bar and other furniture, steam boilers, electrical appliances, brick, cement, barrels, cutlery, towels, furniture, harrows, tombstones, rubber stamps, sash, blinds, doors, screens, sheet iron products, spark arresters, mineral waters, steel skeins, etc. Nearly all the South Bend factories work all the year. Of its numerous manufacturing establishments some are the largest in the world. Among these are a clover huller plant,

one of its several vehicle factories, one of its four plow concerns, sewing machine case factory. With such great and varied industrial interests whose products must find a market, it is not surprising that South Bend is also a big railroad-centre and favored with splendid transportation facilities on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Grand Trunk Western, Michigan Central, Vandalia, Indiana, Illinois & Iowa, Indiana Northern and South Bend & Southern railways.

Many of South Bend's largest industries when starting obtained their power from the St. Joseph river. Expansion caused by increasing business necessitated larger factories and compelled removal to other sites where more ground was available. This removal from the location of the hydraulic power made

steam necessary, and today most of the manufacturing plants receive their power from steam or electricity. The hydraulic power has by no means been abandoned, however. A company is at present engaged in work preliminary to the construction of a dam in the St. Joseph river a few miles above the city to provide power for generating electricity which will be sold to factories in South Bend and other nearby cities for power purposes. This dam will be over 400 feet long and twenty-one feet high.

Its twenty turbine wheels will generate about 7,000 horse power of electricity. One or two dams are also under consideration below the city. Their completion means cheap power for factories. This, combined with the city's splendid transportation facilities, will add a hundredfold to its value as a manufacturing centre. Another factor which has contributed to South Bend's advantages as a point of manufacture is the absence of labor difficulties of any consequence. A strike of importance is a rarity. The laboring men are for the most part men of intelligence, conservative views and good judgment. Thousands of them own their own homes and contribute a large share to the city's general appearance of prosperity and constant progress.

South Bend probably has the best and most substantially constructed electric railway system in America and excellent service which is from time to time broadening its scope to keep pace with the city's exceptionally rapid growth, a growth from 1890 to 1900 of about sixty-five per cent. The system, besides covering the city, extends to the east and south-east for twenty-six miles, connecting with Mishawaka, a beautiful manufacturing city of about 6,000 people, four miles distant; Elkhart, a smart manufacturing point of 16,000, and Goshen with 8,000. Franchises have been obtained

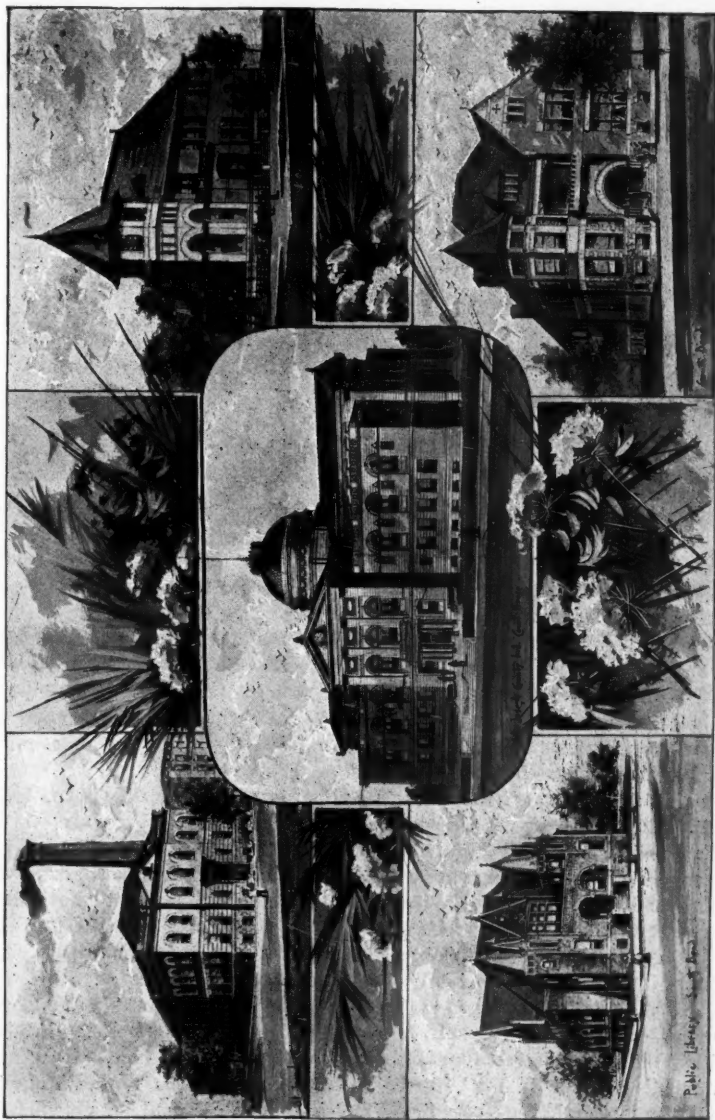
for the extension of the system northward to Lake Michigan, connecting the towns and cities of Buchanan, Berrien Springs, Niles, St. Joseph and Benton Harbor with South Bend.

As a place of residence South Bend is excelled by no city in the country. It has beautiful homes on streets bordered by stately maples and paved with asphalt or brick which are well kept. The business district, while not marked by many especially large structures, has several of exceptional architectural beauty. The St. Joseph county court house, erected not long since at a cost of \$240,000, is pointed to as a structure built without boodling. Near the court house stands a six-story hotel which cost over half a million and is one of the finest hotels in the United States. Not far from it is a very pretty opera house seating about 1,200 people. A city hall that will be one of the handsomest buildings in the state is being constructed. The government has erected a post office building which is well appointed, but which already gives signs of being overcrowded. Not far from the post office is another theatre of pretty design which will seat about 1,600. The public library is one of the most striking edifices in the city. It is built of red sandstone. Its thousands of volumes are a source of much intellectual pleasure to all classes. A

GENERAL VIEW OF ST. MARY'S ACADEMY FOR GIRLS, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA



SOME OF THE HANDSOME BUILDINGS IN INDIANA'S CHIEF MANUFACTURING CITY



NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, THE GREATEST ROMAN CATHOLIC SEAT OF LEARNING IN THE UNITED STATES



large portion of the upper part of the library is devoted to a museum under the supervision of the Northern Indiana Historical Society. The two principal clubs have splendid homes. The Commercial-Athletic Club has a magnificent building on West Colfax avenue, and the Indiana Club occupies a completely appointed building on South Main street. The former is a business men's club and the latter is strictly social.

No city of its size furnishes better educational advantages. Its public schools, eleven in number, rank very high, its High school being one of the best in the state. The city's parochial schools are of a very substantial character, as are its commercial colleges and other private educational institutions. St. Mary's academy for girls occupies large, well kept and attractive grounds just outside of the city. This is the largest Catholic young women's academy in the United States and the mother house of the Sisters of the Order of the Holy Cross. The University of Notre Dame, which is under the supervision of the Order of

the Holy Cross, is just outside the city and occupies private grounds covering many acres. This is exclusively a men's school and is the largest Roman Catholic university in the United States.

South Bend prides itself upon its water supply. The city has two pumping stations, which each day distribute millions of gallons of pure, sparkling water, drawn from ninety very deep artesian wells.

All in all, South Bend is an ideal American city of the 40,000 class, in which it is likely not to remain long, for it is marked by rapid growth of a substantial character. The city never had a boom and never expects to. Its healthful climate, industrial disposition, educational advantages, progressive ideas, energetic citizens and advantageous location have contributed to its high standing and will continue to do so and will eventually be next to Indianapolis, the capital, in size and possibly first in commercial importance in Indiana, for no city in the middle west enjoys better prospects or has larger ambitions.

•PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD DOCKS, ERIE, PA.



## ERIE: PENNSYLVANIA'S LAKE CITY

*By John Miller*

**A**S originally surveyed, Pennsylvania barely touched the waters of Lake Erie, where a mile or two of the extreme north-western corner was, as it were, washed away by the tide of the fresh-water sea with which it had come in contact. A lake front so restricted was not enough, however, to suit the ambitious fancy of the Keystone statesmen, who wanted for their state, if it reached the great lakes at all, an opportunity to win some of the commerce that these waters promised. To that end "the triangle" of debatable ground west of the accepted western boundary of New York state was added to Pennsylvania, and thus Erie was secured as a lake port. That was in 1792; but even then Erie was an entity. For Erie has been no mushroom growth. It was not builded in a day, nor in a year. There is history in the subsoil of Erie. First a French fort and trading post; then a British garrison, figuring in the famous Pontiac war; again one of the very last of the British posts to yield to the Americans after the Revolu-

tion; near the end of the eighteenth century the death and burial place of General Anthony Wayne; early in the nineteenth century the place at which Perry's victorious fleet was built—Erie has history behind it.

But history does little for Erie these days, and not one in a thousand of its present inhabitants, probably, knows about *Sieur Marin* or Pontiac and his braves ever having had anything to do with Erie. Erie of the present is emphatically a city of the twentieth century, forging ahead to keep pace with rival municipalities, struggling for position in the race for preference. This is what impresses the people who live in Erie and do business to-day.

For Erie is a city of more than one side. It is a manufacturing city more than it is anything else, but it is by no means insignificant in the matter of commerce, while as a place of residence it is not fulsome to say it has few equals and probably no superiors. Though its history covers a century and a half there

is really no portion of the city that has the aspect of decay; that manifests the decrepitude of age. On the contrary there has been a process of recuperation in force that substituted a new order of things where the ancient had obtained. The latest development of Parade street—the old French military road—for example, carries a new residence section right over the ground upon which Fort Presq' Ile of the French once stood. But one benefit of age and the slow and steady growth of the city is apparent in its park-like appearance. Seldom are city streets so finely shaded, and rarely indeed are such magnificent specimens of the maple and elm seen bordering public thoroughfares as are found extending for miles along the residence streets.

the supply being pumped from the lake; its sewer system is tolerably good and is being rapidly improved; it has a well-equipped paid fire department, an efficient police department, well-lighted streets, natural gas for fuel and most important of all, gilt-edged credit in the financial world. Its public school system is of the highest order, the Erie High School ranking among the best in the country. Connected with the public schools of Erie is the Public Library, and this the citizens of Erie owe no one for, although, after its construction had been provided for and at the time of its dedication, contributions were received from Mr. Andrew Carnegie. These were but small, however, the magnificent library building, finished in

WEST SIXTH STREET, FROM PARK, ERIE, PA.



Erie has never (save once, and that was long since forgiven and is now well nigh forgot) been a "boom town," or resorted to any such adventitious methods to effect its development. Yet Erie is rated in advance of any other city in the commonwealth so far as what constitute city improvements are concerned. It is an exceedingly well-paved city, the pavements chiefly of asphalt and brick and well looked after; it has an uncommonly fine waterworks service,

marble and mahogany and well supplied with books, being paid for by money raised by the school board through the issue of library bonds. It is maintained by the school board and is regarded as a part of the educational establishment of Erie, just as the High School is.

Erie has ample church facilities and many institutions for the care of the sick, the aged and the orphan. The most notable of the public institutions is the Pennsylvania Soldiers' and Sailors'

Home. This occupies a commanding position opposite the entrance to the harbor and part of its fine grounds includes the site of the British and American garrisons of the Revolutionary period and later, and a restoration of the blockhouse of those pioneers has been erected over the first grave of General Anthony Wayne, which contains all of his body but the bones, these having been buried at Radnor.

But Erie's chief claim upon public attention is as a shipping port and a manufacturing centre. Its splendid land-locked bay—for the entrance is through a narrow but deep channel, protected by government piers and breakwaters—forms one of the most commodious and safe harbors in the world. Here there are immense quantities of iron ore received from Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, to be forwarded by rail to Pittsburgh and "down the valley;" grain and flour from Chicago, Milwaukee and Duluth, and copper from Lake Superior. The shipments are anthracite and bituminous coal and "package freight," consisting of all sorts of general merchandise, forwarded from the railroads terminating at the port, besides machinery, castings and other merchandise from Erie. To facilitate the loading and unloading of vessels mammoth docks, provided with the most approved devices, have been built, including capacious grain elevators and extensive warehouses.

The latest census locates the industrial centre of the country at Erie. The facts of its contiguity to the coal mines and the iron furnaces and its unrivaled shipping facilities make it an industrial

centre in another and practical sense. Most of the industries of Erie had their birth in small beginnings right here,

FEDERAL BUILDING, ERIE, PA.



from which they have grown, many of them, to gigantic proportions. This is true of one brass works, of two paper mills and of two of its manufactories of steam engines and boilers, which are among the largest in the country. Erie is, in fact, notable for its business in engines and boilers, standing, at least until very recently, in the lead of the cities of the Union in that particular line. But Erie's industries are greatly diversified. Beside its engine and machine shops, it has a number of stove works and foundries; manufactories of brass goods, pianos, bicycles, biscuits, flour and meal, pickles, scales and gas meters, newspaper and book folding machines, pumps, electrical machinery,

SUMMER RESORT AT TOWER HILL CREEK, ERIE, PA.



hollow ware, malleable iron, pearl buttons, paper, church organs, show cases, lithograph work, boxes, step and extension ladders, clothes wringers and washers, freight cars, forged steel and iron work, bricks, rubber goods, articles of

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, ERIE, PA.



wood, chemicals and machinery and novelties, beside a number of large breweries and other smaller domestic industries, such as bakeries, tailoring establishments, cigar manufactories and others.

This industrial diversity is due, as has already been stated, to Erie's advantageous situation. Its proximity to the coal region gives it so great an advantage that Mr. Behrens declared, when looking for a site for his new paper mill, that no other point he had under consideration could equal it. The economy in the matter of power, due to the low rate at which coal could be procured at Erie, he rated higher even than that to be obtained at Niagara, which was offering him inducements. Then, as to freights, Erie, with its five lines of railroad, is able to reach any point in the world and obtain advantageous rates, while the regular service of freight steamers with the West—to Chicago or Duluth—offers rates with which railroads cannot successfully compete.

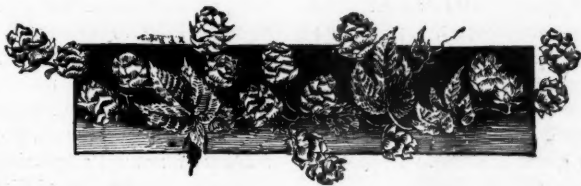
Socially, Erie is one of the most admirable places of residence in the country. There are no more attractive residence streets in any city, and the splendid homes that line them are indicative of the people who make them their places of abode. There are evi-

dences of culture and refinement on every hand, and of public spirit upon every turn. Erie has three clubs, each

CITY HALL, ERIE, PA.



with a large membership, and almost innumerable fraternal and social societies. It is provided with attractive pleasure resorts for the people, available over one of the most perfect street railway systems in the United States, and the city is surrounded by a magnificent farming and fruit country, the famous Chautauqua grape belt extending to the margin of Erie's eastern suburbs.



## AMERICAN NATURAL MINERAL WATERS FOR EUROPEAN COUNTRIES

*The value of Mineral Spring Waters Having no Taste or Odor, and but few Minerals*

*By Chas. Melvin Miller*

(Copyrighted, 1901: all rights reserved)

### THE SPRING: ITS PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

When hills were born my life began,  
My crystal drops commenced to flow,  
They never ceased as centuries ran,  
As ages come I still shall go.

But time at last brought forth the day  
When man should make my purpose  
plain:

I was not sent for idle play,  
But to bring health, man's greatest  
gain.

**T**HE series of articles to be given on American Natural Spring Waters and Resorts, will not be an attempt to prove the waters a cure-all on a patent medicine basis, nor to put a medicinal interpretation on their therapeutic virtues, but rather an effort to estimate what can be avoided by their general and advised use. A summing up of the development of one of America's natural resources, the commercial progress made by each class of waters and their possible future.

The object, an endeavor to stimulate a more careful clinical study of the waters, a broader scientific application at the spring, a more intelligent use in the home, a more extended utilization at places where drinks are retailed. To secure recognition and adoption of American waters abroad, a plea for an American product whose merit warrants not only the patronage of Americans at home, but a demand by them for the waters abroad. In general, to make plainer the great economic importance of American waters and resorts.

American waters should be procurable in every market of the world, where other American products are offered, and American mineral spring resorts should command the attention of foreign travelers.

It has been difficult to secure the admission of American waters abroad on account of governmental regulations. In this paper we present evidence of the rigidity of the regulations regarding the sale of mineral waters in France. The admission of a mineral water into France is an acknowledgment of its integrity.

Mineral spring waters in all ages have been utilized as remedial agents. Much has been said regarding the therapeutic action of the minerals and gases contained in natural spring waters, especially of those having taste or odor.

Recently the reverse of mineral waters—distilled waters—have claimed some attention from the medical profession and hygienic scientists. High-mineralized natural spring waters have been successfully employed to alleviate chronic ills, and to purge the system of effete accumulations. The virtue of these waters is due to their richness in mineral salts and carbonic acid gas.

Distilled waters have been recommended on account of non-mineralization, solvent powers and purity, to be the aqueous fluid to remove obnoxious conditions. No one now disputes that water is more potent in maintaining good health than any other alimentary substance. My experience, devoted to the subject of natural mineral spring waters and to the production of distilled waters,

prompts me to the conclusion that there is merit in both. The greatest results to be derived from strong mineralized waters and distilled waters lies in their application periodically to alleviate chronic diseases, rather than in their general use to maintain the normal of the human economy. The foregoing conclusion is based fundamentally upon the great general principal that the factors representing the extremes of a proposition are not to be accepted as the solution of its general utility. High-mineralized spring waters and distilled waters are the extremes of the water problem. At the outset of our investigation we adopted this rule as a guide, and reasoned that the "less mineral salts a natural water contained the greater its *general* therapeutic value."

Conclusions regarding spring waters for general use were not reached from a medical standpoint, but rather by applying the rule of neutrality. Waters which can be drunken in any quantity and not disturb the digestive functions, not prove cathartic, laxative only as they liquidate the bowels by simple dilution of the solids, fully diuretic, which is the natural office of water in the human system, are the type of waters for the table, for the dilution of wines, as an antidote for alcohol; these neutral waters to a greater extent than all others insure our *constant* mental and physical well-being—these are the ideals for general use.

Have such mineral waters any standing with physicians, commercially do they enjoy a sale, and do they command a price equal to imported medicinal mineral waters? All these queries can be answered in the affirmative.

Without minerals it has been popularly supposed that spring water had no therapeutic value.

A Maine physician once remarked that he had never heard a good reason given why New England's mineral spring waters (the lowest mineralized spring

waters in the world) should be a potent remedy in the treatment of disease from a therapeutic standpoint, as they contained only a few grains of mineral matter to the gallon, and even if a large quantity was drunk the amount of medicine received into the system would be infinitesimal. This physician voiced the opinion of many of the profession at that time, and the opinion was in perfect accord with an old theory of *materia medica*; but the argument has no force, when we consider that medicine is an incomplete science: the face of it changes every generation to conform to discoveries made.

The modern water notion is that people drink too little sanitarily pure water to properly supply the body with the natural fluid to maintain the liquid normality of the various internal organs.

Sanitarily pure water is the natural liquid for the creation and distribution of nutrition, and is the only vehicle for the expulsion of the wastes from the body.

For general use mineral spring water's primary and paramount value lies in its simple naturalness for the physiological work, the task of repair by virtue of nutrition. The first essential quality of a spring water is that it should be of a high standard of excellence—sanitarily; as hygiene in its broadest sense is the science of how to keep well. And in this twentieth century we are looking along lines of prevention. The scientist who removes the cause of disease is the coming physician.

The normal human system is kept so by the observance of ordinary hygienic practices, and this means to all people, especially those residing in thickly settled districts—the leisure and sedentary classes in particular—plenty of water inside and out. The largest half of our ablutions should be inside, as this side of our bodies is the dirtiest. Chemically, or the interpretation we put upon what a

mineral analysis of a spring water reveals, is very apt to lead into error regarding the water's therapeutic value.

A rule laid down by European mineral water authorities is that it is impossible to estimate exactly the effect of a given mineral water merely by summing up the respective effects of the ingredients which a chemical analysis shows the water to contain. On the other hand the science of sanitation has indisputably demonstrated that the hygienic quality of water can be accurately ascertained and its effect positively prognosticated. This points how to keep well.

What sort of water should be taken to keep good health is clearly shown by a sanitary analysis, while empirical results have largely to be relied upon in the treatment of disease by mineral waters of the highest mineralization.

The most desirable mineralization of a spring water for general use is one in which the combined amount of chloride of sodium (common salt) and silica should closely approximate the amount of the lime salts. It has been ascertained by extended observation that waters of this type can be drunken in large quantities without discomfort (sense of fullness) accountable inasmuch as the waters pass quickly into the circulation in their natural state. As a mineral spring water health resort, New England has not attained the prominence that New York, Virginia or California have. There are no thermal springs in this section. The waters flowing from the granitic formation are only weakly mineralized and have no odor or taste.

The amount of literature on the virtues of New England's mineral spring water is nil. Notwithstanding all this, New England has secured its share of the mineral water business at home, and her low-mineralized, no taste, no odor, no heat, hygienically pure spring waters are the first American mineral waters to receive recognition and adoption in

foreign countries. The exports are small, all due to the fact that American spring owners have not attempted the development of the springs of America on the same lines as other natural resources of the country have been exploited.

In America, in 1899, there were 541 mineral springs utilized for commercial purposes. New England reported fifteen per cent of the whole number. The output in gallons from New England springs was nineteen per cent of the whole. In 1883 the output of mineral waters from 189 springs in America was 7,529,423 gallons. In 1900 from New England springs alone there was 7,340,907 gallons sold.

In the absence of sanitariums and spas, and other influences which other classes of mineral spring waters have employed, what factor or factors have been instrumental in creating the demand abroad for New England's low-mineralized spring waters?

We find the inception was based upon the fact that the large number of people who went away from New England into localities where higher mineralized waters were habitually drunk, have upon their return here experienced a general toning up effect from the use of the waters.

Those benefited at the springs, have received like benefits from the bottled waters at their homes, and this has created a demand for bottled spring waters to such an extent that the largest mineral water bottling establishments in America are in New England. The waters bottled contain but a few grains of minerals to the gallon, no taste, no odor; they command the highest price paid for any imported medicinal or table water. The waters bear exporting well.

The granitic spring waters of New England are not duplicated by any section of country in the world. This can not be said of any other class of mineral waters, as saline, alkaline, sulphur, mag-

nesia, and thermal springs abound in many localities. The benefits derived from the use of New England mineral spring waters are not due to the regime of modern sanitariums or spas, as New England has no such places; the sales of bottled water were not secured by the endorsement of some distinguished scientist. New England's mineral springs enjoy a geological exclusiveness covering a small area of territory, a market of a great extent of territory, that includes many millions of peoples. The neutral character of the waters insures their very general use abroad; at home their effectiveness is augmented by virtue of their being located in a distinctively tonic climate.

That the reader may not conclude that we estimate New England mineral spring waters as the aqua-eureka of all mineral-waterdom, we repeat that high-mineralized spring waters possess specific virtues. They should not be used regardless of temperaments or conditions. In the use of medicines—and high-mineralized waters are forms of medicines—it is to be remembered that "one man's meat is another's poison." Under intelligent supervision at the springs and by the advice of the physician at home, the stronger mineralized spring waters have cured many ills of the flesh.

We regret that there are not many more spas in America, where afflicted humanity can go and receive scientific treatment in the same manner as it is administered in Europe. America has varied climates, the springs, the capital to develop them, and Americans have the money and inclination to support the same places of recreation and spas.

New England's mineral spring waters were not born with a silver spoon in their mouths; their birth was not attended by the prominent physicians of the times, nor was it heralded by the eminent scientists of the age. The business of bottling the waters and of conducting

the resorts was not built up, starting upon a precedent of results attending the use of other waters of similar type. They could not say as is now said, "just as good as—" The New England spring waters have been pioneers. Their success is based upon the fact that every step taken has been held by virtue of their natural fitness to the physiological work—the task of keeping the wheels of the human economy lubricated. Their success is not based upon "theories originating in the laboratory."

As to resorts in New England, there is but one which equals those in foreign countries. This one is complete in every respect—a monument to its builders, a credit to the state of Maine and to New England. As an object lesson it will do more than any one factor in the promotion of the interests of New England's resorts and mineral spring waters.

In this article we have presented an interpretation of New England spring waters, and evidence of the integrity of the waters, inasmuch as they have been endorsed by the highest scientific authorities and admitted for use in foreign countries.

The following pages are reproductions of the official correspondence from the French Republic to the United States government. It will be noted that the sale of mineral waters in France can only be effected in places authorized by the administration, and under the supervision prescribed by a Royal Decree of 1823. This procedure insures to the consumer protection against substitution by the dealer, and compels the producer to deliver mineral waters just as represented. These regulations are quite as essential as applied to mineral waters as regulations are necessary to secure pure food and medicines. Mineral waters are, in a way, both food and medicine, as they are used in the sick room, and it is well known that pure water is the most important of all alimentary substances.

In America, in the absence of similar regulations as prescribed in France, there is a vast amount of substitution, and many very impure spring waters find a market. A more official recognition of

mineral waters by the American government would correct this evil.

Following is the correspondence concerning the admission of American natural mineral water into France:

Enclosure 1 in N° 624.

Mr. Stanatany to Mr. Enslis

Translation

Paris. January 26<sup>th</sup> 97.

Mr. Ambassador:

The Minister of the Interior has just informed me that, in accordance with a request made by Mr. Paul Stannagan, a resident of Lawrence (U.S.A) he has authorized by means of a decree dated January 18.<sup>th</sup> (under the conditions of the securing (captage) and analysis resulting from the documents in support of this application) the introduction and sale, in France, of a certain mineral water from a spring known as the "Ballard-vale Lithia Spring" belonging to the petitioner and situated within the limits of the City of

of Anderson (U.S.A.)

Mr. Barthou adds that this authoriza-  
tion is granted under the following conditions:

1° This above mentioned spring water  
must only be introduced into France in bottles.  
Every invoice must be accompanied by a  
certificate of origin (certificat de provenance)  
delivered and witnessed by local authority  
and duly legalized by the French Consular  
Agent of the locality, declaring that the  
bottling was effected at the spring itself.  
The certificate must be presented to the Custom  
house authorities, and also to the inspectors  
appointed in France for the supervision of  
the sale of mineral waters.

2° The sale in France must only  
be effected in apothecary stores or in ware-  
houses authorized by the Administration

and under the supervision prescribed by Art. I. of the Royal Decree of June 18, 1823.

2° The depository of the Ballardvale Lithia Spring mineral water must conform to the regulations existing at the present time or to be enacted in the future concerning the police supervision of mineral waters.

Moreover, in accordance with article 3 of the same decree it is prohibited to make use, on circulars and labels used in the sale of the "Ballardvale Lithia Spring Mineral Water" of the terms "authorized" or "approved by the Academy of Medicine".

Agreeably to the wish expressed by my colleague I have the honor to submit to Your Excellency, these various provisions and shall feel greatly obliged to you if you will bring the same to the knowledge of Mr. Paul Stannagan

Please accept the assurances of  
the high consideration etc  
(sd) G Hamotany.

His Excellency  
Mr. Gustis

Ambassador of the United States.  
Paris

T/W

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,  
WASHINGTON.

February 10, 1897.

Paul Hanngan, Esquire,

Lawrence, Massachusetts.

Sir:-

I enclose for your information a copy of a despatch, No. 624, of the 28th ultimo, from the American Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, stating that the French Government has authorized the introduction and sale in France of "Ballardvale Spring" water.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Richard Olney

Enclosure:

From Mr Vignaud, No. 624, January 28, 1897.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION BUILDING AT THE PAN-AMERICAN



## ST. LOUIS PREPARES FOR HER WORLD'S FAIR

Her Official Representative is Active at the Pan-American

*By John Vavasour Noel*

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ing is astonishing and the supply of printed matter referring to the St. Louis World's Fair is exhausted quite often, notwithstanding that large quantities are being constantly forwarded from St. Louis.

Many concessionaires and exhibitors on the grounds are daily making searching inquiries as to the general plan of the World's Fair, and Mr. José De Olivares, the official representative, is constantly engaged in supplying information and data on the subject.

To the activity of the latter is due the great interest which is being taken in this event by the various Latin-American commissioners, who make the building the centre of reunion and where the meetings of the Foreign Commissioners' Club are held. It is stated that the plan and vast scope of the St. Louis Fair has been so clearly and forcibly laid before the chiefs of the several Latin-American commissions that they have all commended the value of the same to their respective governments.

It is from this place that the entire western hemisphere is being flooded with the preliminary pamphlets in English and Spanish, describing the "raison d'être" and the general purposes of the approaching fair, which it is claimed will eclipse all former expositions.

Mr. José De Olivares, who was wisely selected to occupy the post of official representative at the Pan-American Ex-

JOSE DE OLIVARES, OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION AT THE PAN-AMERICAN



position, is a brilliant and experienced journalist, who has already made a name for himself as a war correspondent and as a writer of strong, classical English. He has traveled extensively, and is especially fitted to fill the present post acceptably and to handle the heterogeneous and cosmopolitan elements which are a necessary part of all expositions.



## ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

In 1878, Dr. P. Harold Hayes, then a highly successful private practitioner in Binghamton, N. Y., announced that he had discovered and successfully applied a treatment for Asthma which would remove the cause and cure this most intractable disease, to stay cured. He explained that a cure which should be more than mere temporary relief could not be brought about by using symptom drugs such as opiates, which merely suppress or cover up the symptoms, but must come from the inside, through the removal of the cause; that to eradicate the cause of the disease the tissues of the sufferer's body must be reconstructed and made over into healthy flesh and blood; that new blood and better blood must be made by the digestive organs and the waste materials of the body gotten rid of thoroughly and completely; that to accomplish this certain medicinal agents—true medicines, natural to the blood—must be used in proper combination, alternation and rotation, until the body is freed from the imperfect and diseased blood and tissue, and a sound, healthy, normal condition established.

One by one chronic sufferers came to him; one by one they received relief; one by one they found their Asthma departing; one by one they found themselves cured. Others came in increasing numbers and went away relieved from a life-long thralldom of suffering. The years have passed; Dr. Hayes' success has carried his practice to all countries of the civilized world and more than 48,000 cases have been treated by him and his staff; for the overwhelming evidence that his cures *stay* cured has brought such a gigantic practice as to necessitate the education of a staff of eight other physicians—two of them his own sons—schooling under his own eye and having the benefit of his counsel and guidance in their studies and management of cases.

And twenty years after? Has the disease been conquered? Ask C. A. Mills, locomotive engineer of Rochester, N. Y. He came to Dr. Hayes in 1878, broken down with Asthma and unable to work. He has stayed cured twenty-two years. Ask W. H. Whitcomb, American Express Agent of Poynette, Wis. He has stayed cured sixteen years. Ask Richard H. Ewart, Linen Manu-

facturer and Importer, 117 Franklin Street, New York. He has stayed cured for twelve years. Ask Rev. George W. Fitch, 1710 Tenth Street, West Oakland, Calif. He has now stayed cured for fourteen years and was so grateful for his relief from his agony that he for many months gave a considerable portion of his time to hunting up Asthmatic sufferers and telling them the joyful news that he had been cured of Asthma by Dr. Hayes.

In 1885 Dr. Hayes removed to Buffalo, and in the minds of thousands of grateful patients all over the world Buffalo's chief title to fame lies not in the Pan-American Exposition, but in the fact that it is the home of Dr. Hayes, who has taken Asthma from the realm of incurable diseases and made it completely amenable to treatment.

One of the most valuable features of Dr. Hayes' treatment is the fact that it is adaptable to any case, however delicate and wherever located. It is not necessary for the sufferer to leave home. By a carefully prepared series of questions, the essential points are brought to the Doctor's knowledge and he can write his prescription and forward the proper medicines by express and thereafter give personal advice and directions by mail. Thus there is hope for every sufferer where organic disease of the heart, lungs or kidneys does not exist, and a certainty of skilful, intelligent and successful treatment when the patient gives to it his earnest and hearty co-operation. So well known have Dr. Hayes and his work become all over the world that letters of inquiry addressed simply "Dr. Hayes, Buffalo," are sure to reach him. Indeed, one letter from far away China was safely delivered to him although it bore the legend simply "Dr. Hayes, New York."

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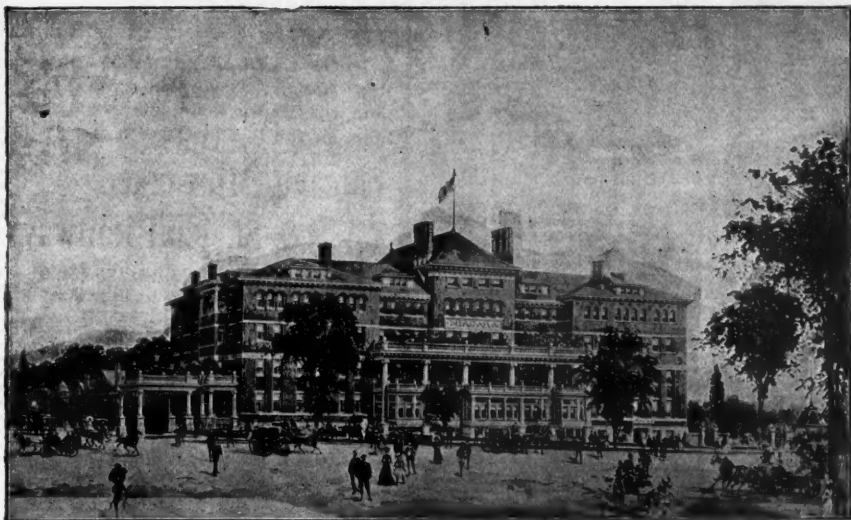
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**Corsique** is a thoroughly reliable system for Bust and Form Development. Conspicuously different in principle. Absolutely certain in results. Economical in price and time. Guaranteed to permanently enlarge the bust and perfect the contour of the neck and shoulders. Send 2c. for booklet showing perfect development and how to obtain it. You

will be impressed with its logic and common sense  
THE MADAME TAVIS TOILET CO., 288, 3rd St., Chicago, Ill.

## Women Made Beautiful



by VESTRO. Develops the Bust 6 inches, fills all hollow places, adds grace, curve and beauty to the neck, softens and clears the skin. Beautiful women everywhere owe their superb figure and matchless loveliness to VESTRO. Harmless, permanent. NEVER FAILS. Every lady should have this unrivalled developer. Adds charm and attraction to plainest women. Full particulars, testimonials, etc., sealed for 2 cent stamp.

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MANUFACTURER OF

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FOR THIN BLOODED PEOPLE.

**PLEASANT** to take, harmless to the system. They cure Nervousness, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Female Trouble, Blood Purifier and Tonic. A great flesh producer. You derive all the benefit and nourishment from these tablets that you would from the pure blood of a healthy bullock. Thin people gain ten pounds a month. It costs you nothing to try them. Send to-day. **FREE** A Three Weeks' Treatment. Send 10 cents for the postage on same. We send Tablets prepaid.

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## Pennsylvania Hotel,

130-140 BIDWELL PARKWAY,

NEAR Elmwood Ave., is the Pennsylvania headquarters, and offers the best accommodations, for the price, to be had by Pan-American visitors. It is situated in the choicest residence section of the city; three blocks from Exposition gate, and has porcelain baths free to guests; rates 75c. and \$1.00; excellent cafe. Take any street car, transfer to Elmwood Ave., and get off at Bidwell Parkway.

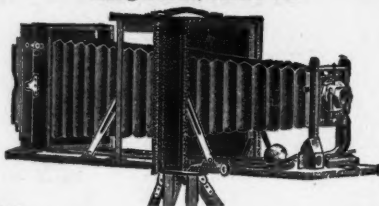
This magazine has selected the Pennsylvania as one of the hotels to entertain delegates to its convention.

### OHIO HOTEL

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## "It's a Korona"

No Other "Just as Good"

The best mechanical design, and materials showing the finest finish and workmanship.

**LENS**—Clear, clean, accurate definition.  
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Handier than Gas Better than Electricity  
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One match does it  
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Fixtures*

Single, double, all styles  
For homes, halls, shops  
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Pressure and Arc Lamps  
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100 to 600 candle power

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*OF COURSE* you want the prettiest Wall Decorations. You desire exclusive designs, rich color effects and a thoroughly reliable paper. A paper that will not soon fade.

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Watch for his ads in your local papers and see his beautiful display of wall hangings—so very desirable and so modestly dressed.

And be sure you get Pittsburg Wall Paper—the trade mark's on the margin of every roll.

**Free** We have prepared a beautiful catalogue containing 24 actual color reproductions of our prettiest patterns; also many helpful and practical decorative ideas.

We will gladly send you a copy absolutely **FREE** on request. Just a postal card will bring it. Write today.



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WESTERN, GREAT LAKES, AND  
ATTACHED, AND EXPRESS TRAINS

CHICAGO, PORTLAND, AND  
OF PORTLAND, AND CHICAGO.

ALL ROUTES  
GOOD VIA  
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**CHICAGO & NEW YORK CITY**

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**RATES LOWER THAN VIA OTHER LINES**

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An oil that lubricates, cleans and polishes, guns, bicycles, typewriters, sewing machines, fishing rods and reels, clocks, tools and delicate mechanisms.

### 3 in One

polishes fine furniture, quickly, easily, cheaply—producing a lasting lustre. Prevents rust and tarnish on metal surfaces. Preserves life and brightness of brass and silverware by preventing oxidation. Fine for shoes, harness, wood-work, parquet floors. Satisfies every oiling need of every house.

Saves life and looks of things. Saves labor in application. Saves worry—a lot costs a little and a little lasts long. No acid, no grease, no odor. Will not gum, collect dust, turn rancid or soil. Perfectly pure, safe and sure. All dealers sell it, **FREE** sample for a 2c. stamp.

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### Morrow Coaster Brake.

Keep your feet on the pedals and coast every down grade.

You will save yourself 528 strokes each mile. Think what a saving of effort this would mean in riding a Century! Over 200,000 in use.

We have a booklet which tells all about it. Write to-day.

**ECLIPSE MANUFACTURING CO.,**

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**P**ATERSON PARCHMENT PAPER is air tight. Perishable provisions wrapped in it, therefore, cannot become tainted or spoiled. Fish imparts its taste to other provisions placed next to it. Wrapped in this paper it is impossible. Butter wrapped in this paper will retain its flavor and deliciousness.

It has many other uses, all described in our booklet, sent free with samples.

One roll, containing about two hundred yards of PATERSON PARCHMENT PAPER sent with neat attachment, to your nearest express office, on receipt of price—One Dollar, charges paid. Address

**THE PATERSON PARCHMENT PAPER CO.,**  
**25 Eighth Street,      ●      ●      ●      ●      PASSAIC, N. J.**

Ask your grocer and butcher to wrap your provisions in Paterson Parchment Paper.

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# **\$500 In Prizes for Short Stories.**

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be paid in cash for the best five stories suitable for publication in THE GRAY GOOSE. This amount will be divided into

## **FIVE PRIZES OF \$100 EACH.**

stories may contain from 3,000 to 6,000 words each.

Each Ms. submitted must be accompanied by 50 cents for one annual subscription to the magazine.

Contest closes September 30th, 1901. Prizes will be paid in cash within thirty days after close of competition.

All MSS. not winning prizes will be considered for use in THE GRAY GOOSE, and if acceptable will be purchased at prices to be agreed upon with the author.

All MSS. not receiving prizes or desired by us for use in the magazine as above will be promptly returned upon the conclusion of the competition.

A stamped and addressed envelope for the return of the MSS. should accompany each story submitted. Address all MSS.

**THE GRAY GOOSE CO., Franklin, O.**

# **THE NEXT OF KIN**

OF 100,000 natives of Great Britain, France, Germany and America, who have died intestate, and who have left unclaimed estates of varying amounts to heirs, are invited to correspond with the undersigned.

Some notable cases are the following :

HEATHCOTE, WILLIAM, Tottenham, England	-	£200,000
PERTON, GEORGE, Birmingham, England	-	200,000
BLAKE, HELEN SHERIDAN, Kensington, England	-	140,000
YOUNGHUSBAND, WILLIAM, Upper Norwood, England,		60,000

The representatives of the following named families are also sought "to their advantage":

AGASSIEZ	DUNSDON	CAKEBREAD
AVERY	FIELDER	CHARMSIDE
BALL	GLASSPOOLE	DODDS (Kent)
BARBER	ANDREWS	DUTTON
CALLENDER	BAINES	FILEWOOD
CROUCH	BANKS	WILDGOOSE

A copy of the original advertisement, in each case, sent applicants upon receipt of five dollars. Postal order or registered letter.

**H. J. MOULTON, 80 Montgomery St.,  
BOSTON, MASS.**

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# THE CORRECT TIME

to look after your floors is right from the moment they are laid.

## Johnson's Prepared Wax

is the one standard, trustworthy article for the treatment of floors.

It preserves the natural life of the wood, enhances its beauty and keeps it from showing heel marks or scratches of any kind.

It will not make your floors slippery, nor will it catch dirt and dust.

It will also cover 20 per cent. more floor service than any other floor preparation.

If you have a hardwood floor in your house, you cannot afford to treat it with anything but

### JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX!

Test the best and you will spurn the rest.

Sample can for 10c. to pay postage.

1 and 2-lb. cans at your paint store, 60c. lb.

4 and 8-lb. cans, 50c. lb.

Send for our FREE booklet, THE PROPER TREATMENT FOR FLOORS

GOOD FLOORS can be had at small expense if you go about it in the right way. Our new parquetry catalogue will tell you how to proceed. It's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WIS.,

U. S. A.



*Enroute  
Lackawanna Route  
John H. Martin  
Hoffman House  
New York  
My Dear Mr. Martin  
This is the smoothest  
Rail road I ever rode on.  
When you pass Connetquot  
send her via  
Lackawanna Route  
W. C. Brady*

**Lackawanna  
Railroad**

This letter was written on a Lackawanna Railroad train traveling sixty miles an hour. The regularity of the handwriting testifies to the wonderful smoothness of the road-bed.

POPULAR PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION LINE between New York and Buffa'o, with daily through cars between New York and Chicago, New York and St. Louis.

Tickets and reservations at 429 and 1183 Broadway, New York; 289 Main Street, Buffalo; 103 Adams Street, Chicago; Eighth and Olive Streets, St. Louis.

The Lackawanna Railroad presents unexcelled locations and opportunities for industries and manufactories.

General Offices, 26 Exchange Place, New York City.

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# OSMOSE GIN

The best medicine and tonic for women is OSMOSE GIN.

The medicinal properties of gin are just beginning to be understood in this country, although they have been thoroughly known in Holland for a great many years.

Gin is the national drink of Holland and the women, as well as the men, drink it freely. As a consequence, the Dutch women are always strong, hearty and rosy, rarely, if ever, suffering from the many disorders which afflict women of other countries.

What a good gin can do for a woman in Holland it can do for a woman in the United States and every woman will save herself much trouble and suffering by keeping gin constantly on hand and taking it when necessary.

OSMOSE GIN is particularly recommended for the reason that it is perfectly pure, and is so guaranteed, and for the further reason that it contains double the medicinal qualities of any other gin.

A full quart bottle will be sent prepaid and packed in a plain package upon receipt of the price, \$1.50.

**THE J. W. EVENDEN CO., 18 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y.**

# DIRECT TO YOU



## YOUR MONEY BACK.



**IF YOU ARE NOT** absolutely satisfied with **Colfax Maryland Rye**, tell us so and we will promptly refund your money. We do not want you to pay us unless you are fully convinced that **Colfax** is the best whiskey ever sold at anything like the price.

We are shipping **Colfax Maryland Rye** to all parts of the country. North, East, South and West whiskey connoisseurs declare it the best whiskey they ever used.

**COLFAX MARYLAND RYE**

is a fine old stock that has been matured in wood for eight years. It has a rich mellow flavor and excellent bouquet. No better whiskey made for medicinal or general use. Maryland Rye is famous the world over. Colfax is the best Maryland Rye ever put on the market, and it is the only Maryland Rye sold direct from distillery to consumer.

Send us \$3.50 and we will send you **four full quarts** of this celebrated whiskey. Shipped in plain package, express charges prepaid. Remit by postal order, express money order or registered letter.

**REMEMBER!** If you are not thoroughly satisfied in every way we will promptly refund your money. You take absolutely no risk whatever. We are reliable. Consult Bradstreet, or Dun's, or the Farmers' and Merchants' National Bank of Baltimore.


**FREE:** Our instructive booklet "Cold Facts About Colfax" sent free on request.

**P. S.** Orders for Arizona, Colorado, California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah or Washington must be for ten gallons—the freight prepaid.


**Department M.**



**COLFAX DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Maryland.**



# RED TOP RYE




The delicate flavor, exquisite bouquet and rich rare quality of

## ...RED TOP RYE...

make it the favorite drink of connoisseurs. It tastes delightfully old because it has the age—ten years in wood before being bottled.

Send ten cents in coin or stamps and we will mail you post paid our handsome "**RED TOP RYE GUIDE**" containing over 125 pages of modern formulas for fine, fancy and mixed drinks.

**FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS, Distillers,**  
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## The Only Dentifrice

Which after a scientific investigation by the DENTAL PROFESSION has been officially endorsed as

### "THE BEST"

**DENTACURA** is a paste in a handy tube. You can get it at your druggist's for 25 cents. If not, send the 25 cents to us.

**FREE!** A large sample and booklet that really tells how to take care of the teeth.

... **Dentacura Company** ...

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# LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN

The Best at Any Price

Sent on approval to responsible people.

A Pocket Companion of never ending usefulness, a source of constant pleasure and comfort.

To test the merits of The National Magazine as an advertising medium we offer your choice of these popular styles superior to the

**\$3.00**

grades of other makes for only

**\$1.00**

Unconditionally Guaranteed Pre-eminently Satisfactory.

Try it a week, if not suited, we buy it back, and give you \$1.10 for it (the additional ten cents is to pay for your trouble in returning the pen). We are willing to take chances on you wanting to sell; we know pen values—you will when you have one of these.

Finest quality hard Para rubber reservoir holder, 14k. Diamond Point Gold Pen, any desired flexibility in fine, medium or stub, and the only perfect ink feed known to the science of fountain pen making.

Sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00 (Registration, 5c extra.)

This great Special Offer is good for just 30 days. One of our Safety Pocket Pen Holders free of charge with each pen.

Remember—There is No "just as good" as the Laughlin; insist on it; take no chances.

State whether Ladies' or Gentlemen's style is desired. Illustrations are full size of complete article. Address

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Readers of Newspapers and Dealers in Newspaper Information Largest in the world. Output more than four million clippings a year. Send for information to nearest office.

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*Brimful of bright ideas  
for business and professional men*

Better still, send 50 cents and receive all numbers from the first issue (December, 1900) to January, 1902. You cannot afford to miss even one of the articles described below:

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To no other subject is so much space devoted in SYSTEM, because no other subject is of so much interest or importance to business men. The methods used by the most successful business men are described by our experts with added comments and suggestions.



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### Purchasing

Prominent purchasing agents explain systems used in their own offices for purchase orders, quotations, stock records and general data.

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The work of call collectors from the retail man to the manufacturer is covered fully.

### Banks and Trust Companies

Indexing signatures, depositors' names, safe deposit vaults and other similar matters will be taken up.

### Insurance and Real Estate

No part of the detail work of an insurance or real estate office is neglected. Particular attention is called to the system recommended for expirations.



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### Bookless Accounting

Bookkeeping without books seems almost impossible until you have read this splendid group of articles. The illustrations are very complete.



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This regular department suggests the quickest, easiest ways for doing your routine work. The brightest men in the country contribute these. Single suggestions are worth a dozen years' subscription.

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The largest exclusive Makers of Card Systems in the world. **Muskegon, Mich.**

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Two blocks north of Great Terminal Entrance. Most accessibly located hotel for all persons coming to Buffalo to visit the Exposition and Niagara Falls; gives every means of transit within step; are saved delays, fatigue and expense in reaching all objects of interest.

## EPWORTH HOTEL .. IS YOUR CHOICE ..

If you wish a nearby, clean, quiet resting place, after the day's travel and sight-seeing, where you can breathe fresh, pure air, have broad verandas, from which to behold the most wonderful display of the world.

### High-Class Hotel. Modern Conveniences.

ACCOMMODATES 600 GUESTS. Every room an "Outside Room," cool, well ventilated. Rooms, \$1.00 and up, according to location and number of occupants. Regular meals in Main Dining Room, 50 cents. A la carte at all hours, moderate rates. Shower Baths Free.

On arrival in the city, take Belt Line Steam cars direct to Exposition Grounds and your hotel is in sight. We will transfer your baggage at usual rates, without trouble to you.

HERTEL AVENUE, head of Rosalia Street, BUFFALO.



## Boston & Albany Railroad

New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company, Lessee.

### PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

A. S. HANSON, General Passenger Agent.

If you are going to the

### PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

in Buffalo, bear in mind that the Boston & Albany and N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. is the quickest and most direct route. They have just announced their special excursion rates, and if you are interested, address A. S. Hanson, G. P. A., Boston, for rate circular and time table.

SEND 10 CENTS

TO FOR "FUN"  
WILL H. WATSON,  
Blddeford, Me. You'll Get It!

## OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. M. 9. Lebanon, Ohio.

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**WE MAKE Kitchen Utensils**  
**HAVING THIS TRADE MARK**



**(burned in the enamel) ARE SAFE;**  
 others may claim Safety or Purity, we alone Substantiate it with Chemists' Certificates.

Note the blue label used by us (and fully sustained by recent U. S. Circuit Court decision) to distinguish our absolutely pure Agate Nickel-Steel Ware from other goods containing either **ARSENIC, LEAD or ANTIMONY.**

*Booklet showing facsimile of our label, etc., free to any address.*

**LALANCE & GROSJEAN MFG. CO.**  
 NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

**BEST & CO**  
 LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

**Our Fall and Winter Catalogue**

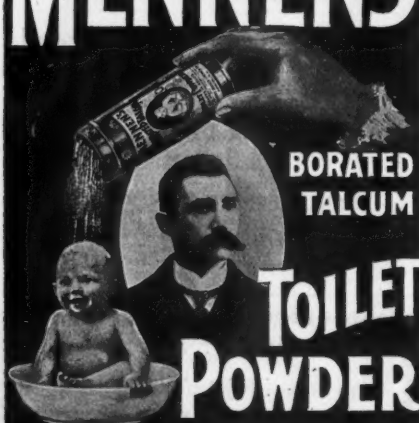


**FOR CHILDREN'S OUTFITTING** will be issued about Sept. 10th and will contain much new and interesting matter, including descriptions of over **2,000 Articles,** more than one-half of them illustrated, and many of them novelties not to be found elsewhere. Every mother should send for a copy, which may be ordered through our improved Mail Department. Easiest way in the world to do shopping for the children.

Our Mail Order Department is large and well organized, and correspondence receives prompt attention. Your wants can be filled as well as if purchases were made in store.

**We have No Agents.**  
 OUR GOODS SOLD ONLY AT THIS ONE STORE.  
**Address Dept. 11, 60-62 W. 23d St., N.Y.**

**MENNEN'S**



**BORATED TALCUM**

**TOILET POWDER**

**Delightful After Bathing, A Luxury After Shaving**  
 A positive relief for **PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING** and **SUNBURN**, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. **Get MENNEN'S** (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.  
 Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. (Sample free.)  
**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**

## GRAND TRUNK AT BUFFALO

An official of the Grand Trunk Railway, who has been at Buffalo for the last few days, has returned to Montreal, after having secured space for the railway's exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition. The space secured is one of the most prominent on the grounds, covering nearly 4,000 feet of the walls and 600 square feet on the floor of the machinery and transportation building, which is said to be one of the finest architectural creations on the grounds, and is completed and ready for the installation of exhibits. It is the intention of the Grand Trunk to make a display such as the company has not yet installed in any exhibition, and this will comprise a large selection of its choicest photographic gems, including a number that were awarded the gold medal at the Paris international exposition of 1900. Canada will be represented by numerous typical scenes of the resorts which are reached by the Grand Trunk, and it is expected that as a result of this influx of tourists during the season of 1901 into Canada will be something phenomenal. The building in which the Grand Trunk exhibit is to be placed is situated in a central location on what is known as "the Mall," reached by the Amherst street gate. While at Buffalo the Grand Trunk representative made a careful inspection of the entire grounds, and reports that the management of the exposition is making favorable progress with the buildings. May 1, he said, will see the opening of one of the finest expositions that has ever been held in America, which, though not quite so extensive as the World's fair, will exceed in quality anything that has ever been held on the western hemisphere.

**THOS. WYNNE, N. E. Agt. Grand Trunk.**

**306 Washington St., Boston.**

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

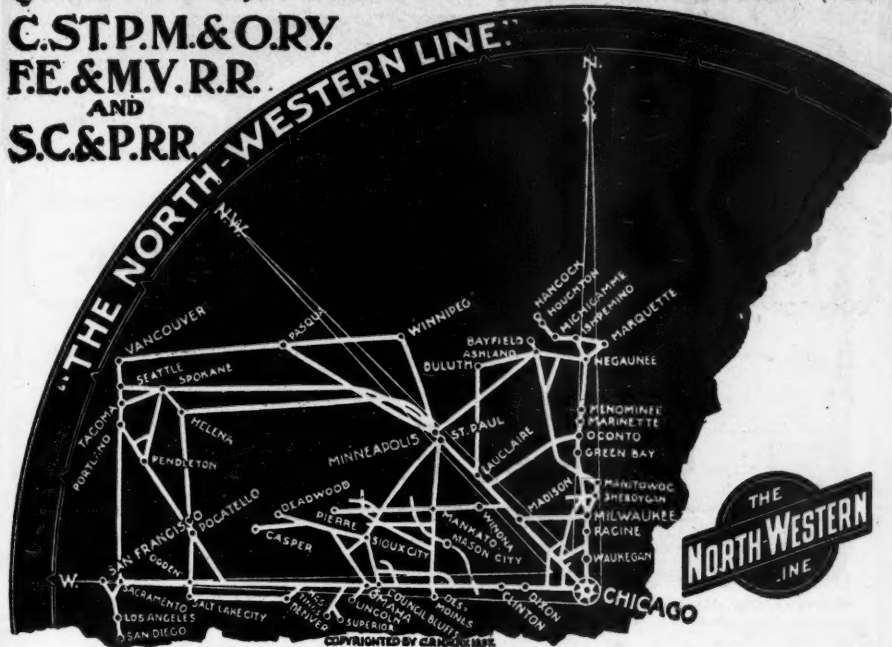
# CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

C. ST. P. M. & O. R. Y.

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THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

## FAST TRAINS

### *The Overland Limited*

California in 3 days

### *The North-Western Limited*

Electric Lighted—Chicago  
St. Paul and Minneapolis

### *The Colorado Special*

One night to Denver

### *Duluth and St. Paul Fast Mail*

Fast train to the head of the lakes

### *The Chicago-Portland Special*

Oregon and Washington in 3 days

### *The Peninsula-Express*

Fast time to Marquette  
and Copper Country

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## Yes Sir! Each Garment in its Place.

THE closet is ideally systemized so that every article of your and your family's wear is in sight.

### Goodform Closet Set

prevents your losing time and patience rummaging through a pile of clothes. No dodging of hooks or nails. And clothes look better and wear longer.

**LADIES' SET:** 12 shirt hangers, 12 garment yokes, 2 shelf bars, 2 loops . . . . . **\$3.00**

**GENTLEMEN'S SET:** 6 GOODFORM Trouser Shapers, 12 garment yokes, 2 shelf bars, 1 loop . . . . . **\$3.00**

The GOODFORM Trouser Shaper is entirely new; 1 for 35 cents; 3 for \$1.00; 6 and 1 loop for \$2.00. ALL EXPRESS PREPAID.

*FREE: Illustrated Catalogue sent on request.*

**CHICAGO FORM COMPANY,**

DEPARTMENT S. S.,

124 La Salle Street, Chicago.

GOODFORM CLOSET SETS are for sale by leading retailers everywhere.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

# JAP-A-LAC

Accept the advice of thousands of satisfied users and insist on having Jap-a-lac for

## Floors and Interior Woodwork.

Beware of imitations. No other finish is so durable, brilliant, and elastic as Jap-a-lac. Comparison always proves its superiority. Here is one instance out of many:

"THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Sirs:—I am pleased to say I have never used anything that gave the entire satisfaction that Jap-a-lac does. I have used many other floor preparations, **but none compare with it.** Wishing you success.

Respectfully,

Mrs. J. DABNEY SMITH, Hillhouse, Miss."

Instruct your architect to specify it. Use it yourself. Anyone can apply Jap-a-lac and secure good results. It gives to the home an air of refinement, saves carpet money, lessens household labor, keeps out disease germs, and

### "WEARS LIKE IRON."

Made in the following colors: Natural or Clear (best for natural woods), Cherry, Mahogany, Oak, Malachite-Green, Ox-Blood, Red, Walnut, Ivory, Spruce, Drab, Yellow, Brilliant and Dead Black. Sold by Paint Dealers.

Full quart can, any color, express prepaid, 75 cents.

**THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO., Cleveland, O.**

**FREE.**—Samples of finished woods and booklet mailed free.



## Pan-American Souvenir Coffee Spoon.

Quality Strictly  
First Grade.

This is a very fine quality souvenir spoon, made especially to order for the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, by the Oneida Community, at their factory, Niagara Falls, N. Y. It is fully guaranteed by that concern as an **EXTRA QUALITY SPOON**, and we fully recommend it.

The ornamentation on face and back is very fine. This very beautiful, appropriate and lasting souvenir sent postpaid to any address for twenty (20) cents in coin.

Detach coupon below, fill in your name and address plainly and mail direct to factory. If you do not wish to mutilate magazine, spoon will be sent upon receipt of price, without coupon.

**Lake Shore Pan-American Souvenir Coupon.**

**THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.**

Enclosed find twenty cents in coin for which send me one L. S. & M. S. Ry. Souvenir Coffee Spoon. Address

Name .....

No. .... Street


City ..... State .....

The facilities afforded by the Lake Shore for travel between the west and the Pan American Exposition are unsurpassed, no other line presenting so remarkable a train service or so interesting a route. Its through train service between Chicago and Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston, excels all others.

"Book of Pan-American" and "Book of Trains" sent free on request.

A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.

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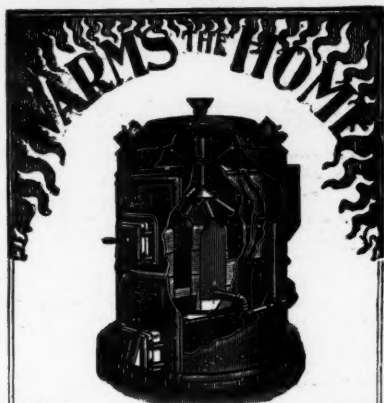
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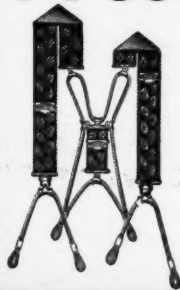
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